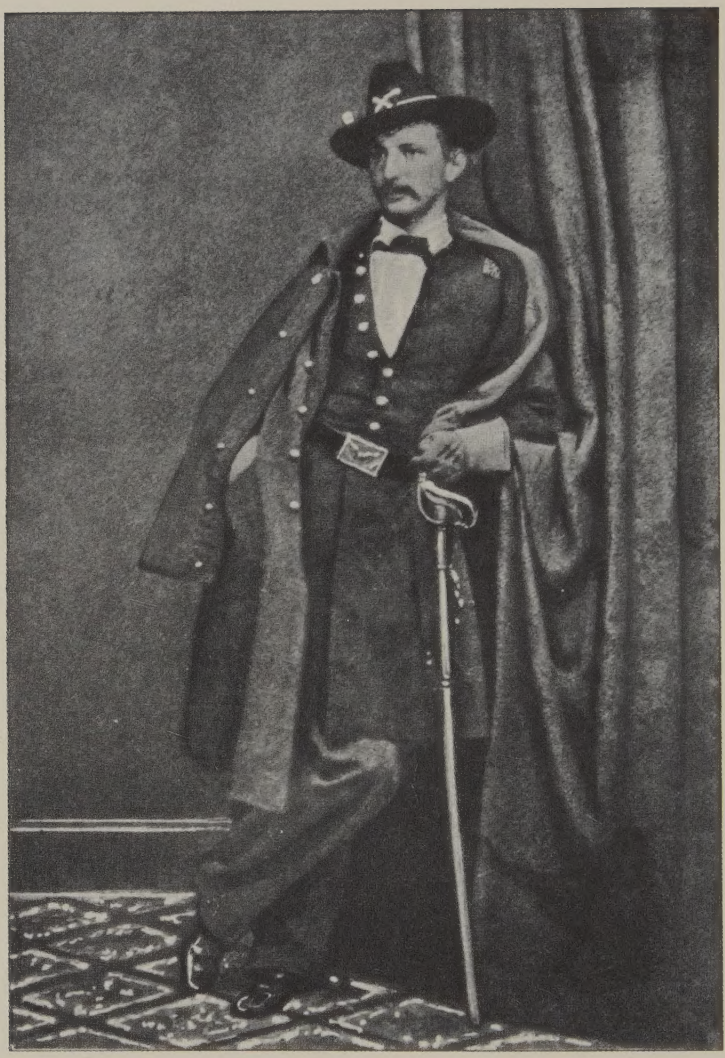
SLEEPER'S
Tenth Massachusetts
BATTERY



J. Henry Sleeper

THE HISTORY

OF THE

Tenth Massachusetts Battery

OF

Light Artillery

IN THE

WAR OF THE REBELLION

Formerly of the Third Corps, and Afterwards of Hancock's Second Corps, Army of the Potomac

1862-1865

By JOHN D. BILLINGS,

A Member of the Company.

Author of "Hard Tack and Coffee."

AUTHORIZED AND SANCTIONED BY

THE TENTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY ASSOCIATION

BOSTON

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INTRODUCTION

Soon after the close of the Civil War, Major J. Henry Sleeper, for his own information and enjoyment, obtained permission from the Adjutant General of the U. S. A., to have an exact copy of the Morning Report Book of the Tenth Massachusetts Battery made. For various reasons the historian of the company in preparing its history some years since made but slight use of this book. The lapse of time has shown the survivors of the Battery that this omission on the part of their historian was a mistake; that many of them could have been materially aided in establishing their claims for a pension had these records been available, and that other historical material omitted should have found place in the volume. Acting on this idea at the last meeting of the Battery Association a committee was chosen, consisting of John D. Billings, Maj. Milbrey Green and Lieut. Charles E. Pierce and given full power to print the contents of the Morning Report Book with such other valuable historical material as seemed desirable.

That committee, after careful deliberation, decided it to be the part of wisdom to publish these Morning Reports, adding to them the history written many years ago carefully revised and corrected with its roster made accurate and complete. The committee also voted to include in the volume such portraits of members as can now be obtained and as many camp and battlefield sketches as are available, with a mortuary list to date, thus embracing compactly the Battery's story as full and complete as it can now ever be told and more complete than most of the stories that have been written.

No attempt has been made to correct orthography or supply omissions in the records of the Morning Reports. They are reproduced as written (save the daily reports of the number of men and horses present which are omitted.) A few hiatuses in the narrative are due to the breaking off of pieces of the leaves in using, the book having been reduced to tinder in the safe of Major Sleeper during the great Boston fire of 1871.

The work of compilation, composition, and correction, though approved by the whole committee, was devolved on one who hereby assumes all responsibility for whatever faults the volume shall be found to have.

PREFACE

At the close of the war in 1865, John P. Apthorp, a member of the Company whose story is herein narrated, prepared for publication a manuscript history which he had designed to print in the autumn of that year; but when the work was complete, and his canvass of the members for subscriptions had been made, their response was so limited and inadequate to the outlay necessary for its issue that he abandoned the enterprise. That manuscript was made the basis of the present work. About thirteen years since it came into my hands by the courtesy of its author, with the object, on my part, of joining with one or two other members of the Company in assuming the expense of its publication. But a careful reading of it led us to the unanimous conclusion that thorough revision was necessary before doing so.

At the first reunion of the Company, held in Boston, in January, 1879, a committee on history was appointed, consisting of William E. Endicott and myself, to be joined by such others as we might designate. For obvious reasons most of the labor necessary in its preparation was devolved upon one individual; and that one hereby releases all others from responsibility for its faults.

In proper relation to the story of the Battery it has seemed desirable to incorporate so much of the history of brigades, divisions, corps or the army as shall serve to show members of the company causes and results of movements and campaigns which, at the time of their occurrence, were little understood.

My information in relation to the detailed history of the Battery not derived from the above manuscript was taken in large measure from my personal diary, and an almost unbroken series of nearly three hundred letters written home during our term of service.

I am under obligations to Maj. Gen. Winfield S. Hancock for ready access to his duplicate copies of official reports of operations of the Second Corps, as well as for the likeness of himself which adorns the volume; to Maj. Gen. A. A. Humphreys for duplicate copies of his official reports of operations of the Second Corps; to the late Maj. Gen. William H. French for official reports of campaigns of the Third Corps during our con-

nection with it; to the Hon. William Claflin for a complete set of government maps which have enabled me to trace with accuracy our lines of march in nearly all the movements in which we participated; to Maj. J. Henry Sleeper for his many kind offices during the progress of the work; to my associates of the committee, Messrs. William E. Endicott, Charles E. Pierce, Willard Y. Gross, George M. Townsend, and G. Fred. Gould, for the information and kindly criticism they have contributed; and to many more whose assistance has been less important only in degree.

In the prosecution of my researches, I have examined a large mass of war material, and have sought information by correspondence from commanders or eye-witnesses on both sides. I am also indebted to the past officers who have contributed their portraits.

With this introduction I now submit this volume to my surviving comrades and their friends, hoping that they will find enough of interest and value in its pages to make them lenient towards its defects. If they fail to do this no one will more sincerely regret it than their friend

THE AUTHOR.

Cambridge, Mass., July 19, 1881.

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Governor's Island, New York Harbor,
Feb. 25, 1880.

. . . I wish you success in your contemplated history of Sleeper's gallant Battery, — the Tenth Massachusetts. . . .

Very truly and respectfully yours,

Winfield S. Hancock.

Angel Island, Cal.,
Jan. 21, 1880.

. . . I have the most vivid and pleasant remembrances of the services performed by your Battery. . . .

Very sincerely your friend,

Wm. H. French,

Col. 4th Artillery, Brevet Maj. Gen.,
U. S. A.

New Orleans, Feb. 12, 1880.

I congratulate you upon your historical undertaking, and recollecting well the brilliant services of the Tenth Massachusetts Battery, I shall take great pleasure in seeing them revived and perpetuated in your work.

Very truly yours,

R. de Trobriand,

Brevet Maj. Gen., U. S. A.

THE TENTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY

CHAPTER I.

August 12 to October 14, 1862.

ORIGIN OF THE BATTERY — GOING INTO CAMP — INCIDENTS AND EXPERIENCES OF LIFE IN HOME CAMP.

It was mid summer of 1862.

The disastrous failure of the Peninsular Campaign had shrouded the country in gloom. Thousands of the flower of the nation's youth who, burning with the most ardent and unselfish patriotism had been marshalled in the ranks of the magnificent Army of the Potomac, had crossed another river never to return. It was one of the darkest periods in the history of the Civil War. A triumphant enemy was likely to be an aggressive one. The disaster must be repaired and that right speedily. Then it was that President Lincoln, cast down but not destroyed, issued his call for 300,000 more volunteers and under this call the following special order was issued from the State House in Boston:

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
Headquarters, Boston, Aug. 12, 1862.

Special Order No. 614.

Henry H. Granger is hereby authorized to raise a Battery of Light Artillery under U. S. Order No. 75, Battery to be full by 16th inst.

The Captain will be designated hereafter.

By command of His Excellency John A. Andrew, Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

(Signed) WM. BROWN,
Asst. Adjt. Gen'l.

The foregoing is a correct copy of the original order by which authority was given to recruit the Company afterwards known as the Tenth Massachusetts Battery.

In the "Boston Journal" of August 13, 1862, appeared the following notice:—

"Henry H. Granger has been authorized to raise a battery of light artillery to be filled by the 16th inst. As this is a popular arm of the service, there is no doubt of his ability to raise a company by the time specified."

So far as can be ascertained this is the first public notice of the company. In subsequent issues of the same paper occurred these notices:—

[*Aug. 14, 1862.*]

TENTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY.

50 more men wanted for the *Tenth Massachusetts Battery.* Apply immediately to 17 Old State House or 16 Howard Street.

H. H. GRANGER,
Recruiting Officer.

[*Aug. 18, 1862.*]

The 10th Massachusetts Battery recruiting by Lieut. H. H. Granger, is rapidly filling up, over 125 men having already enlisted. A splendid opportunity is here offered to those who wish to enlist in this popular arm of the service for three years.

[*Aug. 23, 1862.*]

TENTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY.

The 10th Battery, H. H. Granger commanding, is full, and has been ordered into camp at Lynnfield to-day. They will leave Boston at 12 o'clock on the Boston and Maine R. R. J. Webb Adams of this city has been appointed Junior 1st Lieutenant.

[*Aug. 23, 1862.*]

The 10th Battery for three years service, recruited by Capt. Granger, left Boston for Camp Stanton at Lynnfield via Boston and Maine R. R., in the noon train to-day.

As the above notices show, a recruiting office was opened at the Old State House, and also at 16 How-

ard Street, and but few days elapsed before the Company was recruited to the required standard of one hundred and fifty-six men. The readiness with which men rallied was undoubtedly due in large measure to the gentlemanly bearing and personal magnetism of the recruiting officer, Mr. Granger, whose many estimable qualities as a man won the affection of all who came in contact with him; and this regard, implanted thus early in the hearts of the men, continued unabated to the day of his death.

About thirty members of the Battery came from Worcester County, the home of Mr. Granger, thirty more from Charlestown, and the same number from Marblehead. The remainder were furnished by Boston and towns lying within a radius of twenty miles of it.

August 23 was the day fixed upon for the Company to go into camp. On the morning of that day, about a hundred men assembled at the Eastern Railway Station in Boston. At the command, "Fall in, Tenth!" we formed line and went on board a train standing near to receive us, bound for Lynnfield, at that time one of the rendezvouses established for the reception of regiments and companies prior to their departure for the seat of war. This assemblage of men constituted the first tangible evidence that there existed such an organization as the Tenth Massachusetts Battery.

While seated in the cars an opportunity was afforded to get a general impression of the kind of men composing the Company. There were a few heads silvered with gray. There were middle-aged men, and faces upon which the first down of youth had scarcely appeared. There were men of all trades and men of no trade. Side by side sat farm-

ers and seamen, blacksmiths and tailors, carpenters and teamsters, clerks fresh from the pen or yard-stick, teachers, hard-handed laborers, policemen and restaurant keepers. All these, with men of various other callings, combined to make up a motley collection of tastes, interests and prejudices, such as war always assembles. But all these differences of calling and taste were to be sunk in a common unity of purpose and interest. Henceforth we should know each other as soldiers and soldiers only. While we were getting acquainted the train moved on and in due time arrived at Lynnfield.

Here those whose duty it was to provide accommodations had nothing ready, thus giving us our first lesson in patient waiting, a lesson which soldiers have to learn early and practise long. There was the camp, it is true; but it was surrounded by sentries, armed with rusty muskets, whose valor we did not care to test by trespassing on their beat. While waiting outside the lines, a heavy shower came up, and we concluded, while hugging the lee side of contiguous buildings and becoming drenched to the skin, that we were having a fair initiation into the experiences of a soldier's life. Sunshine again appearing, our prospects brightened materially. A company of one of the regiments in camp, going away on furlough, vacated its quarters for us. These consisted of two rows of tents, known interchangeably by the names of Sibley and Bell Tents; the former derived from the name of the inventor, the latter given from their resemblance to huge bells. They were pitched in two rows of six each, with a park between about four rods wide, at the head of which stood two wall tents occupied by the officers.

These tents, located by themselves near a pleas-

ant piece of woods, formed a more inviting camp than had been anticipated, and we were not long in accommodating ourselves to them. Those who had been familiar with the culinary art took possession of the cook-house that stood near by, and in due time were dealing out tin dippers of black coffee and slices of bread, thus introducing us to the simple fare of army life.

Supper disposed of, we examined the interior of the tents. They were found to be supported by a central pole resting on an iron tripod. A plentiful supply of straw covered the ground. On this a dozen men in each stretched themselves, feet to the centre, and passed the first night, not in slumber, but in telling stories and shivering in the chill night air. The next day was the Sabbath, and camp life began in earnest. The guard, hemming us in on all sides, was at first rather chafing to free American citizens, but we accepted it as an annoyance inseparable from the service into which we had voluntarily entered. Some of us were detailed for guard around our own camp, while others went as supernumeraries to relieve the regular sentries at the central guard-house, and whiled away the hours in watching over certain wayward and drunken soldiers from the infantry near us, whose ambitious propensities to beat the guard over the head with a club, bite off the fingers of the corporal who remonstrated, and divers other offences against law and decency, had consigned them to confinement in the stall of an old stable, now dignified by the name of guard-house. So, in one way and another, we were inducted to our new employment. During the week our uniforms arrived, and with many jokes on the good clothes furnished us, we doffed the garb of civil life, and donning the uniform of light artillerymen,

became genuine soldiers in appearance so far as uniformity of dress could make us so.

This pleasant camp, however, was not destined to be our home long. In a few days a portion of the troops encamped with us were ordered to the seat of war, and those remaining were to be removed to Boxford. So, packing up our effects and getting down to the station promptly at nine o'clock in the morning, according to orders, we were fairly seated in the cars by five o'clock in the afternoon, and under way at sundown. After several hours ride, during which the train had the singular faculty of going backwards as much as forwards, and standing still more than it did either, we were landed in Boxford about ten o'clock at night, to find the ground soaked with rain, and the beans that had been stewed for our supper by an advance guard, sour as vinegar. While some of the men were striving to make themselves comfortable for the remainder of the night in the cars, which had been left standing near the camp-ground, a voice came ringing through the train: "Any of Captain Garlic's men here?"* Again and yet again was it repeated in anxious tones at every door, although greeted with the jeers and execrations of the would-be slumberers within; but the captain with the fragrant name seemed to think his reputation as a soldier depended on immediately gathering all his flock under his sheltering care, as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings; for when some of us left the cars for fresh air without, before we had fairly touched the ground, the same inquiry concerning the whereabouts of Captain Garlic's flock assailed us. We sought boxes and boards on which to sleep raised from the wet ground, and were just dropping off into dreamland

* A captain in the 40th Massachusetts infantry.

when a gentle touch on the shoulder drove us well-nigh frantic, followed as it was by the same disgusting inquiry, and we then and there wished the whole Garlic clan and all its satellites, present or prospective, were in the sunny South. Some even gave him and his men direct marching orders to the fervid heats of a less favored clime. At last the interrogatory ceased, and we passed what little remained of the night in comparative quiet; but whether the indefatigable captain ever succeeded in collecting his truant flock, or found any end to his restless search, we never knew.

In the morning Camp Stanton was established at Boxford. Here we pitched our tents and remained about six weeks, changing our location once during our stay. On the 9th of September we were mustered into the service of the United States by Lieut. M. Elder of the regular army, and received one month's pay in advance.

During September the Boston Journal made the following notes regarding us:

[*Friday, Sept. 5, 1862.*]

An order was promulgated yesterday that the 10th Mass. Battery, Lieut. H. H. Granger acting commander, should be mustered into the service Tuesday next, and that they should proceed to Washington on Wednesday, Sept. 10. The Battery is full and the boys are anxious to go; and such of them as are on furlough are requested to note the above arrangement and govern themselves accordingly.

[*Sept. 11, 1862.*]

MARRIAGE IN CAMP.

On the evening of the 9th inst. Mr. Tobias Beck of Charlestown was married at Camp Stanton, Boxford, to Miss Sarah Kilgore of Hampden, Me., by Benj. S. Barnes, Esq., J. P. The occasion brought together a great many of the ladies of Boxford and of the friends of the bridegroom and bride.

The officers of the 10th Mass. Battery, of which the bride-

groom is a member, were also interested spectators of the ceremony. Bond's Band volunteered their services and the whole party, military included, having formed a square, the ceremony was performed under the bright, shining moon. The happy pair afterwards received the congratulations of all present and then proceeded under escort to the house of the officiating magistrate where they were well entertained. The occasion was one of much enjoyment and interest.

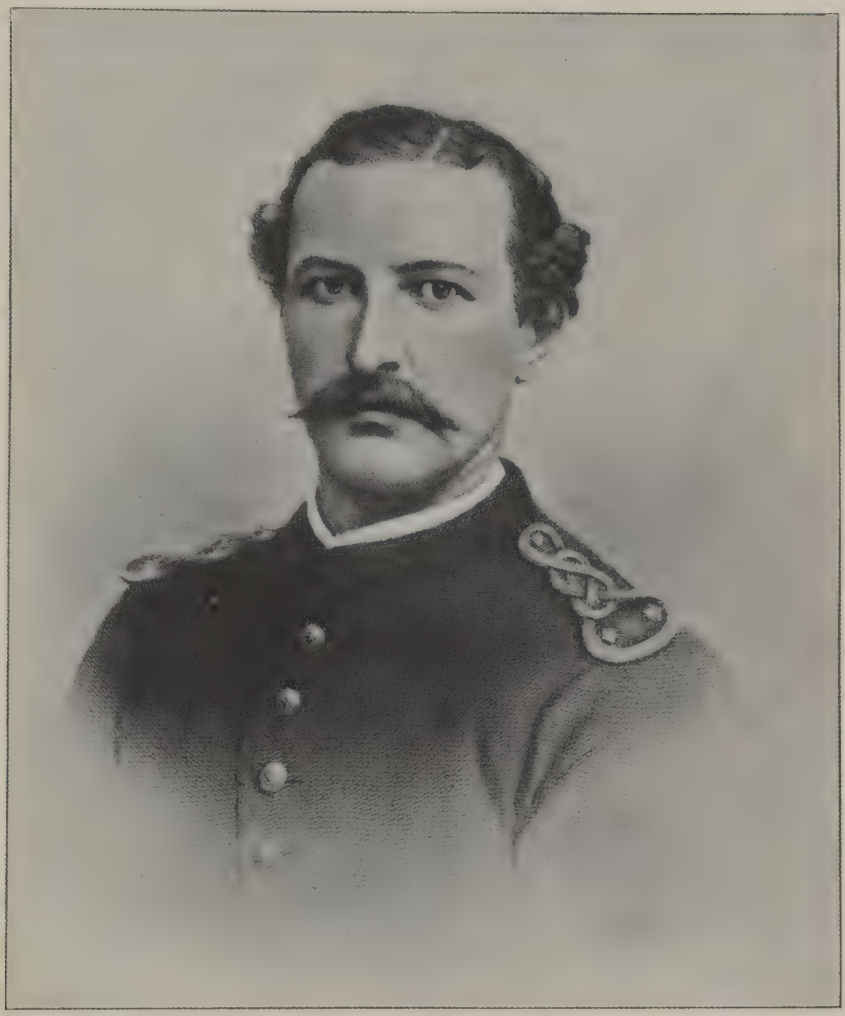
[*Thursday, Sept. 11, 1862.*]

TENTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY.

The 10th Mass. Battery was mustered into the United States service on Tuesday afternoon (Sept. 9) by Lieut. M. Elder, U. S. Mustering Officer.

While encamped here that disposition of the company to hang together which afterwards became proverbial, cropped out quite conspicuously; whether in rescuing a comrade from the Philistines of the Forty-first Regiment, among whom he was receiving a rough handling, or in taking one from the hands of the camp guard into whose power he had fallen for running in or out of camp without a pass, there was the same tendency displayed to stand by one another. Affairs finally came to such a pass that "Battery Boys" were allowed to go and come at will, with none to molest or make afraid. Passes to leave camp soon became an obsolete formality. It is true that trains could not always be taken with safety at the camp-ground without them, owing to the presence of provost guards; but there was another station about two miles away, and some of the more wary walked as far as Topsfield, a distance of six miles, in order not to be summarily cut off from their semi-weekly or tri-weekly visits to home and loved ones.

Daily drill was inaugurated and carried on, all things considered, with a fair measure of success. One day we received the compliments of the officer



J. HENRY SLEEPER

of the day for proficiency, and the next, drew down upon our defenceless heads the wrath of Col. Jones, the unpopular post commander, for setting his authority at defiance.

Oct. 1, J. Henry Sleeper, the newly appointed Captain of the Company, arrived. He had been promoted to this position from a first lieutenancy in the First Massachusetts Battery. By his interference we were relieved from camp guard, — a change which we heartily appreciated, having never taken kindly to it.

Capt. Jacob Henry Sleeper was a Bostonian by birth, son of the Hon. Jacob Sleeper of the Governor's Council. He was twenty-three years of age and entered the army at the beginning of the war as 1st Lieutenant in the Fifth Massachusetts Infantry, where he won praise from his superiors for coolness and bravery in the first battle of Bull Run. Almost immediately after his time was out he joined Captain Porter's First Massachusetts Light Battery as Lieutenant and gained much credit for dashing bravery, coolness under fire and skill as an artillerist. Thus highly recommended he was appointed commander of the Tenth.

The following letters are self-explanatory:

Headquarters Artillery Brigade, 1st Div. 6th Army Corps,
Camp near Harrison's Landing, Aug. 4, 1862.

Lieut. J. H. Sleeper of Porter's Battery "A," Mass. Vol. Art'y has been under my command some months. During that time I have observed him in the camp, on the march and on the battle-field, and it gives me pleasure to state that on all occasions and in all situations he has acquitted himself as a soldier should. He is an excellent officer and a good artillerist.

(Signed) E. R. PLATT,
Captain 2d Artillery, Comd'g Artillery Brigade.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Adjutant General's Office.

Boston, Sept. 9, 1862.

Lieut. J. Henry Sleeper, Porter's Battery, Mass. Vols.

Lieut.,—I am directed by His Excellency the Governor to inform you that you have been appointed and commissioned as Capt. of a new Battery now organized in this Commonwealth known and designated as the 10th Battery of Mass. Volunteers, and you are requested to get leave from your superior Officers and to report at once to these Head Quarters, where you will be ordered to take command of the new Battery.

Respectfully Yours,

(Signed) WM. SCHOULER,

Adjt. General of Mass.

The non-commissioned officers, with the exception of the second corporals, were now appointed; and our daily drill was carried on with two six-pounders, with which we waked the echoes of the camp and neighborhood at sunrise every day. But this peaceful state of affairs could not be expected to last forever, and, with the early days of October, there came rumors of orders to leave for the South.

MORNING REPORTS.

1862.

Sept. 11. Charles L. Bisbee, Henry B. Winslow, Moses K. Davis, William Buckman, George H. Strickland, John A. Stearns, Peter Savory, Jr., Henry L. Wheelock, eight recruits over maximum, transferred to Col. Jones, Com—by order of Lieut. M. Elder, Mustering Officer.

Sept. 14. The above eight recruits return to the care of the commander of the Tenth Massachusetts Battery.

Sept. 23. George H. Strickland, one of the recruits, discharged on account of disability.

Oct. 1. Capt. J. Henry Sleeper came into camp and took command.

Oct. 3. Charles H. Bisbee, Henry B. Winslow, John A. Stearns, Moses K. Davis, Peter Savory, Jr., William Buckman and Henry L. Wheelock, seven recruits, transferred to Fifth Massachusetts Battery.

Oct. 4. Samuel Abell received a surgeon's furlough Sept. 27, and it was extended to Oct. 4. Not being able he did not return to camp.

CHAPTER II.

October 14 to 17, 1862.

THE JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON — INCIDENTS BY THE WAY — PHILADELPHIA UNION REFRESHMENT SALOON.

The time spent in our own State may be regarded as the infancy of our organization. Song and sport prevailed, and from the appearance of the camp one would hardly have supposed it occupied by a body of men assembled with the serious purpose of devoting themselves to the deadly earnestness of battle. But when, at last, positive orders to depart for the seat of war came, the spirit of the scene changed. Men had run guard and *taken* furloughs for the last time, and all felt that the play of the past few weeks must now give place to the stern work and discipline of active service. Several false alarms were at last followed by positive marching orders; and October 14, 1862, saw us with well-stuffed knapsacks fairly under way. Our march through Boston called forth quite enthusiastic demonstrations from the citizens, which were continued until our arrival at the Old Colony Railway station, where we were to take the cars.

These notices appeared successively in the Boston Journal:—

[*Saturday, Oct. 4, 1862.*]

MARCHING ORDERS.

The 10th Massachusetts Battery in camp at Boxford have received marching orders for Monday, Oct. 6, and will probably reach this city about 1 o'clock. The following is a list of the

officers: — Capt., J. Henry Sleeper; Senior 1st Lieut., Henry H. Granger; Junior 1st Lieut., J. Webb Adams; Senior 2nd Lieut., Asa Smith; Junior 2nd Lieut. Thomas R. Armitage; First Sergeant, Otis N. Harrington; Quartermaster Sergeant, S. Augustus Alden; chiefs of Pieces with rank of sergeants, George H. Putnam; Philip T. Woodfin; Charles E. Pierce; Samuel J. Bradlee; Chandler Gould; George F. Gould. Gunners with the rank of Corporals; Andrew B. Shattuck, Charles W. Doe, John H. Stevens, George M. Townsend, Joseph H. Currant, Benjamin F. Parker; Guidon, William H. Fitzpatrick; Artificer. Amasa D. Bacon; Buglers, Joshua T. Reed, John E. Mugford; Company Clerk, Benjamin E. Corlew.

[*Monday Oct. 13, 1862.*]

THE DEPARTURE OF SLEEPER'S BATTERY.

The 10th Mass. Battery, Captain Sleeper, now at Boxford will certainly leave for the seat of war at 10 o'clock tomorrow forenoon. The horses for the battery have all been inspected and placed on board the car. The field pieces will be supplied the company on their arrival at Washington.

[*Oct. 14, 1862.*]

DEPARTURE OF THE 10TH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY.

The Tenth Massachusetts Battery, Captain J. Henry Sleeper, arrived in the city at 1 o'clock this afternoon from Camp Stanton, Boxford, and marched up State and Washington Street *en route* for the Old Colony and Fall River Railroad Depot. The company is composed of fine looking men who are thoroughly uniformed and provided with all the equipments necessary until they arrive in Washington. The Company received a cheering reception and hearty Godspeed from the citizens along the route.

[*Wednesday, Oct. 15, 1862.*]

THE TENTH BATTERY.

(Special despatch to the Boston Journal.)

Jersey City, N. J. Oct. 15, 1862.

The Tenth Mass. Battery arrived here safely at 8 o'clock this morning and left on the New Jersey R. R. at 9.45.

At the Old Colony station occurred the final leave-takings from a few of the wives, parents, and

friends who had succeeded in eluding the vigilance which would have denied them this last privilege. There were brave struggles made to appear calm, but the tears would come, and as the train moved away, the last view of a wife or mother to some, was a frantic gesture of the hand and streaming eyes that told how great the sacrifice to those who must stay at home and wait.

We arrived at Fall River about dark, and found the steamer "State of Maine" in readiness to receive us. After unloading our one hundred and ten horses from the forward cars, in which they had been shipped at Boston, and getting them unwillingly aboard and safely stored on deck, we took possession of the ample accommodations of the boat and made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. There was little sleep to be had that night, and many of us, though ordered to remain below, spent much time on deck, enjoying the brilliant starlight and weird phosphorescence of the dark waters until morning broke, and the attractions of New York harbor, which we were then entering, charmed our gaze.

It has been remembered of this voyage, by some of the comrades, that we drank water from a large ice-tank, in which, some, who professed to know whereof they spoke, declared that deceased soldiers had been packed and brought from Fortress Monroe early in the war. It is so much easier, removed from the event by a lapse of seventeen years, to vouch for the truthfulness of this statement than to prove its falsity that we shall pass it by unquestioned, leaving each comrade of the Battery whose eye meets the above to supplement the statement for himself with any facts in his possession.

In passing up New York harbor we sailed near

the steamer "Great Eastern," then anchored there, and obtained a very good view of her gigantic proportions.

We were not destined, however, to land at New York, but were headed directly for the opposite shore, and disembarked at Jersey City, amidst a perfect Babel of apple, peach, and pie women. Here, after stowing away the horses so closely that they could do but little at kicking and biting, we again took cars, bound for Philadelphia. All day long we rolled on through New Jersey, with its brick-red soil, its extensive level fields now mostly harvested, its fruited orchards ripening in the October sun, and its patriotic inhabitants greeting us as we rode along with hearty tokens of good-will. Tired, hungry and thirsty, we reached Camden late in the afternoon, and, crossing the ferry, entered Philadelphia, fittingly named the City of Brotherly Love. Nowhere else on the route were such ample preparations made for our comfort as here. Ushered first to a long row of basins with an abundance of water to wash off the grime of travel, we were then shown into a hall filled with tables laden, not with luxuries, but what was far more to our taste, plenty of plain, wholesome food, and overflowing dippers of hot tea and coffee.

Waiters were on every hand as obliging and assiduous in their attentions as at a hotel; and all this the Volunteer Relief Association, composed of citizens of Philadelphia, furnished from their own pockets to every regiment and battery that passed through their city during the entire war, whether they came at morning, evening, or the midnight hours. Warm were the praises on the tongue of many an old veteran at the front for the noble-souled people of Philadelphia, as he called to mind

the cheering spot in his experience at the Philadelphia Union Refreshment Saloon.*

When supper was ended, we began our march across the city, with such a hand-shaking with old and young of both sexes, and such a God-speed from all the population, as came from no other city or town through which we passed, and this was continued until our arrival at the Baltimore depot. Could the wives and sweethearts left behind have seen the affectionate leave-takings at this place, it might have aroused other than patriotic emotions in their breasts. We recall at this moment the slight figure of Company Tailor Barker as it appeared extended on the pavement full-length, the result of a misstep while making an ambitious attempt to salute a young lady standing near the procession; and the sad picture that he presented in camp for some weeks afterwards as he tenderly dressed his nose, which had been wounded by contact with an unfriendly paving-stone at the "Fall of Man," rendered him the mark for frequent jests from those conversant with the facts.

By midnight we were under way, the cars containing the horses having been drawn across the

* The above institution was organized shortly after the "Cooper Shop" was opened. This movement of relieving the hunger and hardship of the soldiers originated with the women of Philadelphia, who, as early as the latter part of April, 1861, when the troops began to pass through that city, formed themselves into a committee and collected and distributed refreshments among them. They were aided in the work by the gentlemen, and as the troops increased in numbers the necessity of better accommodations was felt. It was then that William M. Cooper (firm of Cooper and Pearce), whose wife was one of the pioneers in the movement, gave up first a part, then nearly all of his establishment, for *four years* to the purpose of assisting the soldiers.

The "Union Saloon" was established later, but the two worked in perfect harmony to the end of the war. They were located near each other, and a committee from each worked without friction in arranging for the reception of troops.

See History of the Cooper Shop Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, by James Moore, M.D.

city without change. The dim gray of morning found us at Havre-de-Grace, where, in the black remnants of the old bridge burned while the mob held sway in Baltimore, and in the fires of the picket guards stationed along the road, we began to recognize the first indications of war. Near this place we saw our first persimmon tree loaded with its golden fruit, so beautiful to the eye, but so execrable to the taste at this season of the year. Later when the fruit had become fully ripened by the frosts, we formed better opinions of it.

Having arrived at Baltimore, we were greeted by waving handkerchiefs and other tokens of welcome, and could but contrast the peaceful and apparently loyal attitude of the city at this time with its state of wild tumult when the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment passed through a year and a half before. The elements of rebellion here reduced to such thorough subjection, we accepted as an augury of what would ultimately be accomplished throughout the entire South. Each car containing a portion of the company was drawn across the city by eleven horses in tandem, the driver, from the front platform, with blast of horn and crack of whip urging his ponderous team to livelier gait. Having breakfasted at a saloon something like that at Philadelphia, we waited till long past noon for the Washington train. When at last it was provided, we no longer found luxurious passenger-cars, but common box-cars, ventilated by knocking out alternate boards in the sides, and furnished with rude plank seats. An engine drew us a mile or two out of the city, and then left us to our fate. Three or four hours afterwards just as the sun was setting, a nondescript object came puffing and wheezing along the track and attached itself to our train. It was apparently a ma-

chine of three stories. The first of these consisted of four driving-wheels, about three feet in diameter, upon which the whole rested. The second contained the boiler; and the third, directly over this, comprised the pilot-house and tender. The driving-wheels were moved by pistons which worked vertically, and the whole structure rattled as if in momentary danger of flying apart into its original atoms. It maintained its cohesion, however, and we began to move along. Dodging his way as best he might, and waiting at nearly every station for any trains likely to arrive within an hour, our engineer finally succeeded in rolling us into Washing-

"SOLDIERS REST."
Picture Taken About 1896.

ton about two o'clock Friday morning. Having disembarked in pitchy darkness and a pouring rain, we were ushered into a commodious barn-like building, known as the "Soldiers' Rest," and throwing ourselves on the floor, were soon sound asleep.

MORNING REPORTS.

1862.

Oct. 14. Started from Boxford at 11.30 o'clock en route for Washington, D. C., with orders to report to the Adjutant General. At Boston we took a special train in which there were 111 horses turned over to us by Capt. McKim.

Oct. 17. Arrived in Washington and encamped near Bladensburg Tollgate about 6 o'clock P.M.

CHAPTER III.

October 17 to December 26, 1862.

WASHINGTON — CAMP BARRY — ORGANIZATION — DRILL — INCIDENTS.

"Everything is a hundred years behind the age here," was the general exclamation the next morning, as daylight gave us our first view of the surroundings. The Capitol loomed up grandly with its massive proportions, a few hundred yards distant, but was so surrounded by wretched Southern hovels and dirty beer-shops, instead of the costly dwellings and clean streets which would have distinguished the locality in a Northern city, that it seemed like a precious jewel cast into a basket of rubbish. The noble structures reared by the government, which in a city otherwise beautiful would be its highest adornment, now seemed by contrast like the ornaments of a belle dangling from the unsightly rags of a beggar.

After getting fairly waked up, we made it our first business to look after the interests of the poor horses that had been boxed up in the cars for two days and nights without a mouthful to eat or drink during that time. They were sorry-looking creatures indeed, gaunt with hunger, bruised and bitten in their quarrels, and evidently pretty well used up. A few days of feeding and fresh air, however, brought them back to good condition again.

About nightfall we were ordered to our future quarters at Camp Barry, named for Gen. Barry, an artillery officer.* The camp was situated a mile or

* Died July 18, 1879.

so from the Capitol at the toll-gate of the Bladensburg pike. The Eleventh Massachusetts Battery, already here, greeted us with a cup of coffee all around, and furnished shelter for many of us, while the rest passed the night on the ground. Many of the Battery men will recall an incident which happened the next morning while a few were still sleeping on the ground; but we will refer the general reader, for particulars concerning the warm bath innocently administered to the ear of our late comrade George L. Clark, to any one of the original members, who made the camp resound with laughter for days after, whenever the matter was mentioned.

On the 17th of October we established our camp on an eminence of the field in which we had passed the night, having been provided with "A" tents (so called from their shape), which accommodated four men each. Having got fairly established in camp, the work of organization, begun in Boxford, was carried on to completion. The non-commissioned officers, already alluded to as appointed at Camp Stanton, have been given in the roster. Six other corporals, called chiefs of caissons, were appointed on our arrival at Camp Barry. They were as follows:

Lewis R. Allard,
James S. Bailey, Jr.,
William B. Lemon,
William H. Starkweather,
Tobias Beck,
George A. Pease.

The duties of the first sergeant were mainly executive, consisting in taking charge of all general or special roll-calls, in exercising an oversight of stable duties, and in calling for details of men under the direction of the Officer of the Day or Com-

mander of the Battery. The duties of the quartermaster sergeant consisted chiefly in supplying rations for the Company and subsistence for the horses, upon requisitions signed by the commander of the Battery. To each chief of piece was committed a body of men called a Detachment, in which were a first and second corporal, the former, known as gunner, sighting the gun in action and issuing the immediate orders to the gun's crew. The second corporal had charge of the caisson and its ammunition. These detachments were a distribution of the Company into six divisions as nearly equal as possible, and to each was assigned a gun and caisson.

Two detachments with their pieces and caissons constituted a Section, which was commanded by a lieutenant. The men composing the detachments were classified as Cannoneers, Drivers and Spare Men. To each driver was committed a pair of horses that it was his duty to care for and drive. There were three drivers to a piece and three to a caisson. A gun's crew included a sergeant, two corporals, and seven cannoneers. The duties of the corporals have already been stated. The duties of the cannoneers, who were designated by numbers, were as follows: number *One* sponged the gun and rammed home the charge; number *Two* inserted the charge; number *Three* thumbed vent, changed the direction of the piece by the trail handspike at the beck of the gunner, and pricked the cartridge; number *Four* inserted the friction primer with the lanyard attached into the vent, and at the command fired the gun; number *Five* assisted the gunner at the trail in limbering and unlimbering, and carried ammunition to number Two; number *Seven* furnished ammunition to number Five, and number *Six*

had charge of the limber, cutting fuses, fitting them to shells and delivering the ammunition, one round at a time, to number Seven.

The spare men were to take the place of any who might become disabled in battle or by disease, and also had the care of spare horses.

ALVAN B. FISHER
Assistant Artificer

Besides the six guns and caissons there were a portable Forge and Battery Wagon, which constituted a part of the regular outfit of the Battery. Each was drawn by six horses. The forge was in charge of a blacksmith called an *Artificer*,* who had one assistant. Their duties consisted in doing all the shoeing and any other repairs that came within their province.

The battery wagon was in charge of a mechanic also styled an artificer. It was filled with carpenter's tools and extra equipments of various kinds likely to be needed in the ordinary wear and tear of service.

In addition to the foregoing, three Army Wagons, each drawn by four horses, were supplied to carry the forage, rations and camp equipage. Later in our experience, when horse-flesh became scarcer, each of these was drawn by six mules, and Messrs.

* Amasa D. Bacon held this position throughout our term of service.

Slack, Johnson, and Abbott learned a new tongue, which, although mastered with some difficulty, eventually became, with the aid of a little of the "black snake," a powerful agent in toning down or spurring on the recalcitrant mule.

An Ambulance, drawn by two horses, designed to carry the sick and wounded, completed the *materiel* of the Battery. Two *Buglers*, Joshua T. Reed and John E. Mugford, had been appointed to sound the calls for the various camp duties and for movements in drill, and William H. Fitzpatrick was selected as *Guidon*, or standard bearer.

All other preliminaries having been properly arranged, the horses were distributed to the drivers, and taken to the Washington Arsenal to be fitted with harnesses and to draw back guns and caissons. The former having been accomplished, with no trifling amount of opposition on the part of some of the animals, they were hitched to an old worn-out battery of small brass guns furnished us for drill. It may be added that two or three of the horses, acting as if conscripted, obstinately refused duty, and only yielded the contest with their lives, giving way in a few days to the rigors of a discipline to which they would not submit.

The following Monday regular drills began. At first the movements were slow and executed at a walk; but as they became familiar, we manoeuvred with a promptness and precision that would have reflected credit on older batteries. These drills, with one or two exceptions, always took place either on Capitol Hill or near the Toll-house at Camp Barry.

As time wore on, other batteries came and joined us, until a large brigade of artillery was assembled here. Among them was the Twelfth New York Battery, of which Lieut. Adams afterwards had tempo-

rary command. The mild, clear autumn days, which we had improved by four or five hours drill a day, were beginning to give place to the alternate frosts and drenching rains of a Southern winter, when we exchanged our "A" tents for the Sibley pattern, now provided with conical stoves to set in the centre. This caused us to think we were to spend the winter here; but in a very few days there came rumors that we were to go to Texas. These were renewed at short intervals, until Texas became the veriest bugbear, for we were bitterly opposed to going into any section of the Gulf Department. On the 17th of December we received orders to exchange the unserviceable guns we had drilled with for a new battery complete in all its equipments.

The new guns, known as the Rodman,* were of steel, had a three-inch rifled bore, and carried an elongated shell of about ten pounds weight. With this outfit for active service came fresh batches of rumors. The Ninth and Eleventh Massachusetts batteries had left Camp Barry for parts unknown, and we should probably go next. This prospect of a change was not wholly displeasing to us, for, although we were not anxious to go to Texas, we *were* desirous of leaving the brigade, as it was under the charge of a man who had the faculty of accomplishing the smallest amount of service with the greatest amount of inconvenience to the men under his control. In his discipline he was a most rigid martinet and exacted unflinching obedience to disgusting requirements. The neighborhood of his headquarters was disgraced daily by the presence of victims undergoing his varied and villanous tortures; in short, his love of display, his absurd regulations, an undue parade of his "brief authority," and his outrageously

* In honor of Maj. Gen. Thos. J. Rodman, their inventor.

severe punishments of trivial offences, caused the name of Maj. Munroe to be execrated by all soldiers who were ever so unfortunate as to come under the dominion of this small-souled officer.

We have not forgotten in this connection that the constraints of military service were yet new to us, and that in consequence we bore the exactions it permitted with less patience than afterwards. Nevertheless, looking back through our entire term of service, it is our calm, deliberate conviction, sustained by the judgments of history, that the war was greatly prolonged, the loss of life much increased, and the service in many other ways suffered material detriment, by the appointment of officers morally and intellectually unfit for their positions, to whom love and justice, the very foundation principles of all lasting control over men, seemed entirely unknown.

But whatever drawbacks the discipline of Camp Barry interposed to our happiness as individuals, it must be admitted (not, however, as in any way due to the management of the Post Commander) that we became good soldiers here. The frequent and vigorous drills of our efficient Captain made us, on the authority of a no less competent judge than Gen. Barry himself, accomplished as artillerists, and of this education we were reasonably proud.

Leaves of absence were frequently granted to go up into the city, and even as far as Alexandria, when approved by Gen. Casey.

In the earlier part of our sojourn here it was decided to build a stable large enough to accommodate eight hundred horses, and details of men for this purpose from the various batteries then in the brigade were ordered to report to David R. Stowell, our artificer, who was to have charge of its construction.

A violent rain-storm and wind threw down the stables when only partly finished; but they were afterwards carried on to successful completion. As we were told there would be an extra allowance of forty cents per day made for our labor, we looked upon the enterprise as something desirable, especially as it exempted us from all camp duties; but as the wages expected never came to hand, the question of interest to the detail from the Battery afterwards was, why not?

With the arrival of Thanksgiving there came to many of the men boxes freighted with good things from home. Capt. Sleeper generously added to the occasion a contribution of six turkeys, which, with others already purchased, enabled us, so far as eatables affected the subject, to pass the day in a manner at least approximating its accustomed dignity and importance.

December 13th the bloody battle of Fredericksburg was fought, and we recall at this moment the sadness that pervaded our camp on the two succeeding days, when we saw over across on Capitol Hill the long line of ambulances passing slowly along, depositing their suffering loads of human freight, from that disastrous field, in the Lincoln hospitals just erected here as if in anticipation of this very event.

At Camp Barry the practice of baking our beans in the ground in a hole dug and thoroughly heated for the purpose was initiated, and this innovation on the previous custom of stewing them became so popular that it was ever after adopted whenever our stay in a camp was long enough to permit it.

Our situation was now becoming daily more vexatious from continued innovations on former customs and the principles of common sense, when the

long expected and now much desired order to move was received. It arrived Christmas day, which this year came on Thursday. The evening was spent in packing up and making all necessary preparations for departure on the morrow.*

At this place we took our first lesson in sundering tender ties that had grown up between ourselves and the little conveniences we had devised and arranged to make camp life more cosy and comfortable. The amount of baggage we could take was necessarily limited, and such a selection should be made as would result only in the "survival of the fittest." Many little knick-knacks sent from home must be left behind, or in some inconceivable way taken along; and this experience was repeated over and over again in our subsequent history, more especially when about to leave winter-quarters. No one not a soldier can appreciate the emotions of the soldiers when the time came for them to part with the little seven-by-nine huts they had made their homes for a few weeks, — structures rude enough at best, but to which they were none the less attached, — fitted up with bunks, closets, shelves, fireplaces, and other such conveniences; intimately associated, too, with social pastimes and dreams, and news of home and dear ones. These they must leave to go, whither? to return — in all probability never; for in the uncertainties attending the duration of human life in active service, that very day might be their last on earth. Can it be wondered at, then, that like the Indians, as stated by Story, they should turn and take a last sad look at the roofless houses they were leaving behind?

* The preparation for departure was temporarily enlivened by Capt. Sleeper's tent taking fire and burning down.

MORNING REPORTS.

1862.

Oct. 18. Received from Quartermaster Dana, 14 horses, 3 baggage wagons and 1 ambulance — making in all 125 horses.

Oct. 19. One horse died from influenza and cold, contracted while being transported.

Nov. 4. Senior 2nd Lieut. Asa Smith arrived in camp and reported for duty.

Nov. 5. One horse died from cold, &c.

Nov. 7. James J. Woodard left camp without leave.

Nov. 8. One horse died from inflammation and influenza.

Nov. 11. One horse died from stoppage and one horse strayed and never found.

Nov. 15. Private Jonathan E. Childs died at Emory Hospital of typhoid fever. Six horses condemned and returned to quartermaster Dana.

Nov. 16. George M. Dixon was carried to Ebenezer Hospital.

Nov. 21. Samuel Abell still remains at Boston, sick. Received from Quartermaster Dana 12 horses.

Nov. 23. Alonzo N. Merrill sick in quarters and George K. Putnam finger jammed badly.

Nov. 24. George K. Putnam sick in quarters.

Nov. 25. George K. Putnam, A. A. Blandin and Franklin Ward sick in quarters. One horse died of * *

Nov. 26. George K. Putnam, Charles E. Prince and A. N. Merrill sick.

Nov. 27. James Dwight, Charles E. Woodis, J. L. W. Thayer, S. A. Hanson sick in quarters. George M. Dixon sent to Emory Hospital.

Nov. 28. Franklin Ward and George K. Putnam

sick in quarters. A. B. Fisher assigned to extra duty since Sept. 9, '62 (?) by Major Munroe, by request of Captain * *

Nov. 29. Prince sick in quarters.

Nov. 30. Prince returned to duty.

Dec. 1. Sergt. Woodfin sent to Post Hospital. Corp'l Starkweather sick in quarters. J. J. Woodard deserted Nov. 7, 1862.

Dec. 2. Three wagoners, Chas. E. Bruce, Alvin Abbott and F. A. Chase detailed on extra duty.

Dec. 3. Corp'l Starkweather returned to duty.

Dec. 4. One horse died of inflammation of the bowels.

Dec. 6. Ward, Putnam and Woodfin returned to duty.

Dec. 7. John W. French, Alvin B. Fisher, Chas. E. Bruce, Alvin Abbott, F. A. Chase and Charles Slack detailed on extra duty as per Special Order No. 17, Headquarters Camp Barry, from Oct. 17, '62. H. B. Winslow and Franklin Ward sick in quarters.

Dec. 8. H. B. Winslow returned to duty.

Dec. 10. M. G. Critchett, John Pedrick and R. B. Wendall sick in quarters.

Dec. 11. M. G. Critchett returned to duty.

Dec. 12. Chas. N. Packard and Joseph Cross sick in quarters. One horse shot, disease glanders, by order of Capt. * *

Dec. 13. Chas. N. Packard returned to duty. The Battery, books, quarters, stables &c., &c., were fully inspected by Col. Webb.

Dec. 14. Chas. E. Bruce relieved from extra duty and pay the 12th and Roswell Bemis takes his place and pay as ambulance driver and extra duty man from Dec. * * Joseph Cross and John Pedrick returned to duty.

Dec. 15. R. B. Wendall returned to duty.

Dec. 19. Franklin Ward sent to Emory Hospital. R. B. Wendall and George W. Park sick in quarters.

Dec. 20. Geo. W. Park returned to duty. One horse died of gravel in foot which caused fever. No. 1 on inspection report.

Dec. 21. R. B. Wendall sent to Post Hospital.

Dec. 23. James Peach sick in quarters.

Dec. 25. H. B. Winslow, 2nd., sick in quarters.

Dec. 26. Received 12 horses from Quartermaster Dana. Six horses condemned and turned over to Quartermaster Dana. Started for Poolsville, Md., about 10.30 o'clock. H. B. Winslow and R. B. Wendall left in hospital at Camp Barry.

CHAPTER IV.

December 26, 1862, to June 24, 1863.

ON THE MARCH — POOLSVILLE — CAMP LIFE — DISCONTENT — DRILL — INCIDENTS — BENSON'S HILL — ALARMS — RETROSPECT.

Friday morning, Dec. 26, about 10.30 o'clock, we turned our backs on Camp Barry with little reluctance, and moving up Maryland Avenue past the Capitol into Pennsylvania Avenue, thence on through Georgetown, we entered the main road leading to the upper Potomac. The weather had been mild for several days, and the roads being dry and hard enabled us to move along easily. The tempting persimmon trees near the roadside, bending with their luscious fruit, now fully ripened by the frost, allured the cannoneers to frequent excursions from the main body. At noon we halted in a grove near a running stream and prepared and ate dinner. Thus far the journey seemed more like a holiday trip than the advance of a military detachment.

At 3 P.M. we halted for the day and put our guns "In Battery." A stack of unthreshed oats near by, for which certificates of indebtedness were given to the owner, furnished supper for the horses and excellent beds for many of us, while others slept between the folds of the tarpaulins. These latter were large squares of canvas used to cover the guns and caissons. They were frequently employed afterwards for a night's shelter when on the march, as they afforded protection from storms, and could be

folded and strapped upon the limbers at short notice.

Passing on through Darnestown, Tenallytown, and Rockville, we bivouacked one more night, and the next day, Sunday, Dec. 28, about 11 o'clock A.M., arrived at Poolsville. This was a little settlement, of strong secession proclivities, on the upper Potomac, near Edwards Ferry, interesting as the scene of frequent guerrilla raids. In the most recent of these Maj. White and a party of his followers, who belonged in this neighborhood, had surprised and captured a body of fifty or seventy-five Union cavalry one evening while they were at church in the town, the officer in command having neglected to leave any one on guard. One of the assailing party fell. His grave is still to be seen (1879) in the little cemetery near the church.

Partly through the influence of a Mr. Metzger, the postmaster, who, except one Dr. Brace, was the only Union man in the town, more troops were at once sent, and we found already encamped here the Fourteenth New Hampshire and Thirty-ninth Massachusetts regiments, commanded by Colonels Wilson and Davis, respectively. "How are you, Boxford?" was the greeting from the latter regiment as soon as we were recognized, and it seemed like meeting old friends to fall in with those who had been encamped with us on the soil of Massachusetts.

We were now considered to be in the enemy's country, and great vigilance was thought necessary. On the second morning we were aroused at 4 o'clock, and turning out in the darkness, hastily harnessed, only to find when everything was ready, that it was a hoax to see how quickly we could be on hand in an emergency. Such artifices are frequently resorted to by officers when either they or their commands, or both, are "green."

At first we pitched our tents on a level tract of land outside and near the town, but it being considered by Dr. Brace too flat to be healthy, we moved soon afterwards to a rise of ground a few rods distant. Here we laid out a plan for a permanent camp. From the quarters occupied by Gen. Stone's troops prior to Ball's Bluff disaster, and from the barn-yards and rail fences of the neighboring farmers, we obtained materials for building a stable; this was erected around three sides of a square and thatched with straw. The walls were constructed by setting up rails a foot apart and weaving among them huge ropes of straw twisted by hand. Thus comfortable quarters were made for the horses. This structure was finished towards the last of January, and occupied the centre of the camp. The tents were arranged as at Boxford, six on either side, removed from the wings of the stable by a street about two rods wide. Within the square stood the harness racks, while in front the Battery was "parked."

The weather being pleasant for some days after our arrival, our drills were resumed with the customary vigor. In one of these a sham fight was had between the Battery and a body of "Scott's Nine Hundred" cavalry that had recently encamped near by. As the contest waxed warm and men became excited, Frank Loham, No. Two man on the second piece, was quite seriously wounded in the face and breast by a premature discharge.

Once in a while the whole or a part of the Battery was taken out for target practice. On one of these occasions a distant pig-pen was the object aimed at, and immediately after a well-directed shot, the occupant, who, it seemed, was at home, issued forth very promptly, attended by her family,

CAMP OF THE TENTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY, POOLSVILLE, MD., WINTER OF 1862-3.

FROM A SKETCH DRAWN BY JOHN P. APTHORP.

unharmed, but amazingly astonished. On another occasion the colors were set up as a target, and the staff was cut in halves by a ball from a spherical case shot.

The stormy season came at last, with its accompaniment of mud, and drilling was at an end for a time. Through what "Sloughs of Despond" our teams wallowed in their quests for fuel! And what a seemingly bottomless bed of liquid mortar was the principal street of the desolate little town, where luckless pedestrians picked their uncertain way from stone to rail, knowing that a single misstep would be hazardous! But let us leave the mire of the town, and returning to our own well-drained camp, get a closer view of a soldier's life in winter-quarters. Passing the officers' tents, which occupy an elevated spot slightly removed from the rest of the camp, among locust trees, thence, leaving the cook-house, the orderly's tent, the saddler's, which stand first on the left flank, we will enter one of the Sibley tents. In the centre is a circular hearth of stone or brick, on which is erected an oven-like structure a foot high. On this oven rests the conical stove, glowing with cheerful heat, while before it kneels one of the inmates, striving to bake a bannock of corn meal in an old cracked spider picked up somewhere. Around sit the other occupants of the tent, on their ticks of straw (a luxury which we left at Poolsville) now rolled up and covered with the blankets, or upon camp-stools of home manufacture, engaged in mending, playing cards, checkers, or chess; while yet others are writing home, or reading newspapers not three days old. Suddenly the canvas flap is pushed aside, and the broad face, broad lips, broad body, and broad feet of an aged negro apper. His jet-black face is set off by scanty clusters

of snow-white hair. His loosely hung frame totters somewhat on his misshapen legs, whose strength is eked out by a stout cane. His features express that odd mixture, so common to his class, of profound ignorance, fatherly benevolence, and patronizing interest, which old age seems to confer. On one arm he bears with difficulty a large basket.

"Good morning, uncle Walter! How do you do?" is the kindly greeting on all sides, showing him to be no stranger; and a half-dozen hands are stretched out to relieve him of his load, and lead him to the best stool in the tent.

"What have you to sell this morning, uncle?"

"Wal, I brought you ober a few biscuits, gemlum."

He removes the clean white napkin, and reveals his really tempting supply, still fresh and warm from the oven. They are evidently the work of a skilful hand.

"Why, uncle, how is it you always have so much better biscuits than any one else?"

"Wal, I reckon de ole woman knows how to make 'em good, and I tells her not to cheat de boys, but to gib 'em good measure; dey're hungry and need it."

After buying a plentiful supply of the biscuits we allow him to go and peddle his wares through the camp, knowing that in every tent he will receive a warm welcome, and finally depart with an empty basket and heavier purse.

As February advanced the weather became still more inclement, confining us quite closely to the tents, and enforcing an amount of leisure that gave opportunity for an abundance of grumbling — that time-honored prerogative of the soldier.

February 22d, we turned out in a driving snowstorm, that would have done New England credit,

to fire a national salute of thirty-four guns, in honor of the Father of his Country.

The long continued absence of the paymaster, whom we had not seen since our departure from home, was the theme of frequent speculation and the source of much of the grumbling. Our food, too, was not always of the most appetizing kind, and when, on being supplied with flour, we, in the simplicity of our hearts, traded it at the bakery in the town for bread, judge of our dismay on being informed that we had committed a crime of whose enormity we could be little aware. We might cook the flour ourselves (an easy task without stoves or ovens!), or we might hire it cooked, (another easy task with our pay nearly six months in arrears!), or we might leave it undrawn and allow its value to accumulate in that mysterious investment known as the *Company Fund*, — a bourne from whence no profits ever returned, certainly not to the members of the Tenth Massachusetts Battery, and whose unwritten history would make entertaining reading, — but to swap it off for bread was a heinous offence indeed; and in the interest of the *Fund*, whose amount was to be divided at the end of the war, so much per capita coming as a kind of endowment, the swapping should cease.

The scarcity of tobacco, through the absence of its purchasing power, acted on the nerves of some; and the slow progress of the war spread a gloom over others, who were ready to make common cause with the copperheads in their discussions. There was probably more downright grumbling in our camps at Poolsville than during our entire subsequent experience, when greater hardships had begotten a spirit of greater patience, and when we had become more accustomed to the constraints that military service entails.

But this winter of our discontent was by no means devoid of enlivening scenes. Sometimes, when the beef known as "salt horse," served out to us for dinner, was extremely unsavory, straightway a bier was improvised from a hard-tack box, the remains of the poor horse laid thereon in state, and a worn-out currycomb or a dilapidated bridle placed beside it as appropriate insignia of rank. The whole was then borne off in solemn procession to the mournful music of a jews-harp and two cracked bugles. The cortege in its passage through the camp received numerous accessions from those anxious to do honor to the fallen hero, and the remains, having been carried to the sink, were consigned to their last resting-place and a volley of pistols fired over the grave.

Then there were other scenes enacted under the cover of darkness which the impartial historian must not fail to notice. The inhabitants of this neighborhood had done their part to bring on the war, and now it was simply just that they should help feed the soldiers who must carry it on. So reasoned the men who took the trouble to reason at all, and the following specimen extracts from a private diary show that the premises of many a farmer were laid under contribution for the benefit of the soldiers of the Union:

"Friday night, Jan. 9, a sheep came into camp."

"On the night of Jan. 26, the army was reinforced by a carcass of veal."

"Night of Feb. 3, a hen-house contributes five fowls and two rousing turkeys to our happiness."

On one of these midnight forays, which a reckless sergeant of the guard led in person, he having communicated the general countersign to his entire party, quite a commotion was excited. One of his select body was the Guidon, whose tendency to *em-*

bon-point showed conclusively to those who knew him most intimately, that nothing but an intense love of good living had enlisted his interest; for although an urbane gentleman, an accomplished knight of the quill, and an expert at cribbage and euchre, his comrades always expected him to do the ornamental part when any detail was made for fatigue duty. On this particular occasion it seems a flock of sheep was the object of the expedition. As soon as the raiders came upon them in the darkness, naturally enough they cantered away, and equally natural was it that their adversaries should pursue. This they at once did, and foremost in the van was the Guidon, who led off with an impetuosity rarely equalled and truly surprising; but the sheep were more accustomed to this kind of business than he was and seemed to be gaining on him. This was too much for the equanimity of the gallant color-bearer. In his mind's eye he had already made a savory repast off one of them, — had scented the delicious odors from broiling chops, — had buried his knife deep in a hind-quarter roasted and done to a turn by "Black Mary," — and now to be cheated out of his prey was too much to expect of human nature. He draws his revolver and dashes forward with renewed determination. His blood is fully up, and as he nears the flock he empties at least three barrels among them, which appears to result in no bodily injury to the sheep, but calls down the maledictions of the sergeant on his head for his indiscretion. This in a few moments becomes apparent, for the fire of the pickets is drawn, the Long Roll is sounded, and the infantry turned out to repel an expected attack, the shots by the Guidon having been supposed to be from the enemy. The marauders skulked back to camp by the quickest route,

bringing with them three sheep that had been quietly captured by the other members of the party; but no one, outside of a small interested number in the Battery, ever knew the cause of all the tumult in camp that night, and, so far as can be ascertained, it was the final appearance of the Guidon in the role of a raider.

One of the men, an expert in the business, took poultry from the premises of Dr. Brace near by, in open daylight. He was detected, however, and by order of the Captain taken under guard to the house to return the fowls, now ready for the pot, and make a suitable apology for his offence, which he did. He remarked to the Captain in extenuation of his guilt that people ought to know better than to padlock a door hung with leather hinges.

Here, too, three or four swine belonging to Tom Gott, a neighboring farmer, were sacrificed; but these were all paid for by those who indulged in the luxury, their offence being too public to let pass unpunished.

A minstrel troupe comprising nearly a dozen members of the Company was organized, and frequently played in the Captain's mess tent. During the winter and spring several concerts were given in the Town Hall near by to quite large audiences, composed mainly of the officers of the brigade and their friends from in and around the town.

At one time it devolved upon Capt. Sleeper to inspect the detachment of "Scott's Nine Hundred" cavalry, to which reference has already been made. As might have been expected by any one who knew anything about this body, he reported them to be in a poor state of discipline and generally in an unsoldierly condition. This was mild in the light of the actual facts; but it so enraged the German Cap-

tain in command of them, that, stimulated by commissary whiskey, he afterwards rode up to Capt. Sleeper's tent, revolver in hand, bent on his destruction. Fortunately, however, the Captain was away, or the recklessness of the frenzied Teuton might have cost one or the other his life; and although it is said to be sweet and pleasant to die for one's country, it certainly would be no gain to the country or glory to posterity to fall a victim to the rage of a drunken idiot.

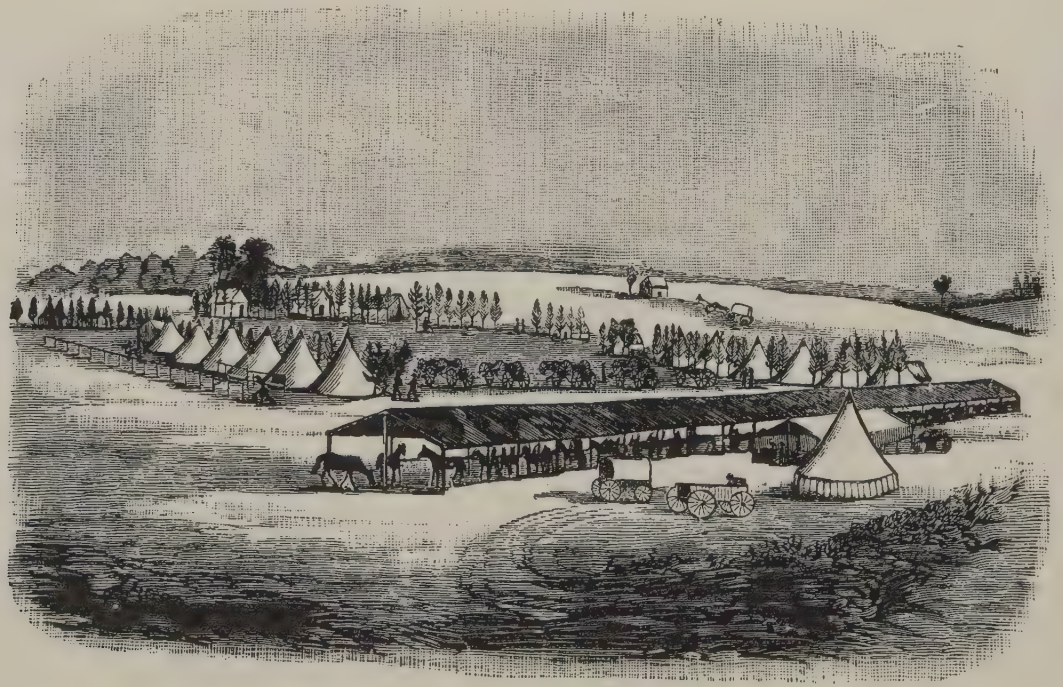
Spring at last appeared, bringing clearer skies and the advent of the long expected paymaster. The mud gradually dried up, drills and target practice were resumed, and grumbling and despondency ceased. Rumors of enemies hovering near, suspected plans of the citizens to capture our camp by a sudden night attack, and the large number of prisoners brought in by the cavalry pickets, caused increased watchfulness and excitement. The bread question was still unsettled and seemed as perverse as Banquo's ghost. In some mysterious manner the flour still disappeared daily, and the men continued to have bread fresh from the bakery. At last a compromise was effected, a large oven drawn from the commissary department, and thenceforward our bread was baked in camp.

By the middle of April the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts and Fourteenth New Hampshire regiments were ordered away, and *our* prospects became a matter of interest. The Twenty-third Maine and Tenth Vermont regiments, which had been distributed along the river at the fords, and the squadron of cavalry, constituted, besides our own Company, the entire force remaining; seemingly just weak enough, so we thought, to tempt a surprise from Mosby and his gang the first favorable opportunity. However,

he did not appear to think so, and everything remained quiet until the 18th of April, when we struck our tents, packed up, bade adieu to Camp Davis, as it was called in honor of the Colonel of the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts, and moved out of town nearly a mile to spend an indefinite season. Our new camp (called Heintzelman, in honor of the commander of the defences of Washington under whom we then were) was located on the premises of one Henry Young. An airy awning was built over the picket to shelter the horses; trees, both pine and cedar, were cut and set about our tents; arbors were built in front of some; and, on the whole, we seemed likely to have quite a desirable summer residence.

Having got fully established once more, the usual routine camp duties were resumed. These were the halcyon days of the Battery, when it had reached its highest state of proficiency in drill.

As proof of our expertness an observer might have seen the Battery drawn up on the drill-ground on Benson's farm, adjoining the camp, some morning, unlimbered for action, the cannoneers standing about the guns. At a given command they spring at them. Each man has his own special part to perform, and this he strictly attends to or confusion would ensue. The handspikes, sponge buckets, and other implements are stripped off with the utmost dispatch; the trail is raised in air, the gun at once tipped and poised on its muzzle, freed from the carriage, and dropped on the ground. The wheels are next removed and laid beside the axle, and the battery lies in pieces on the turf. The cannoneers then resume their stations. Again, at the command, they spring to the work; the wheels instantly slip to their places; by a strong pull altogether four men raise the gun with handspikes till it is again poised



CAMP OF THE TENTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY, POOLSVILLE, MD., SUMMER OF 1863.

FROM A SKETCH DRAWN BY JOHN P. APTHORP.

on the muzzle; meanwhile, the carriage has been pushed up with elevated trail, and the heavy piece falls back promptly with its trunnions in their appointed sockets. A few nimble leaps restore the implements to their respective places, and the Battery is ready for action. When all is completed, if the observer has noted the time, he will find that the carriages have been taken to pieces, put together again, and the motions of loading and firing gone through with, in less than a minute. This manoeuvre was once accomplished by the Fourth Detachment in *forty-nine seconds.*

In this camp, as in Camp Davis, occasional incidents occurred to enliven the monotony of drill. At one time we were inspected by a lieutenant from the Tenth Vermont Infantry, who evidently knew but little of artillery matters, and being under the influence of too much "commissary" ventured criticisms on no point except our dishes, taking the opportunity to recommend to us a new improvement, sold by a Capt. Dillingham of his regiment, consisting of a dipper furnished with a wire bail. He returned in transports at our appearance, and, having seen double, reported Capt. Sleeper's Battery of twelve guns and three hundred men as in splendid condition. We, on the other hand, took the hint about the dippers, and from that day forward a tin vessel fitted with a wire bail was known among us as a "Dillingham."

The weather becoming quite warm, nearly every man appeared under a straw hat, purchased in the town at the store of Jesse T. Higgins, one of two grocers then located there.

During the first week in May the battle of Chancellorsville was fought and lost. Soon afterwards the Rebel movement northward began, and our days

of quiet were broken in upon by frequent rumors of a move. The centre section, commanded by Lieut. Asa Smith, was sent to Edwards Ferry the 9th of May, and its guns put in position to command the crossing of the Potomac and the mouth of Goose Creek opposite. It was supported by a squadron of cavalry under command of Capt. Closson.

During its stay there Capt. Sleeper concluded to try an experiment, which was, to see how long it would require, should any emergency arise demanding it, to hitch in the rest of the Battery and join this section at the Ferry. The "Boot and Saddle" call was sounded, the horses taken from the picket, harnessed, hitched in, the cannoneers mounted, and the two sections driven at rapid speed over the more than two miles that intervened, reaching their destination in just forty-four minutes after the bugle call. Satisfactory as the result was in the testing of this particular question, it nevertheless came near resulting disastrously; for the centre section, unapprised of the experiment, made up of fearless men, and commanded by one of the same kind, when they saw the continuous cloud of dust raised by the approaching column, very naturally surmising it to be a squadron of Rebel cavalry dashing down upon them, manned the guns, and in another instant would have sent their deadly compliments among their own brethren when, providentially they caught a glimpse of the colors, and the disaster was averted.

Another incident in which this detached section played an interesting part has been the subject of much pleasantry inside and outside the Company. It happened that one Sunday afternoon the cannoneers on lookout at the guns reported a party issuing from the woods into an opening some distance

across the river. The suspected body was at once carefully scrutinized through field glasses, and declared by some to be Rebel cavalry, while this was doubted by others. At all events, a field officer of the Tenth Vermont Infantry,* who was present, gave orders to fire upon the intruders, which was done, and they scattered with dispatch. Shortly after the occurrence, perhaps a day or two, the story was reported in camp that the shells had been directed at a negro funeral; that the mourners were just about to consign the deceased to his final resting-place when thus rudely interrupted. Whether this was or was not true still remains a mooted question, but, true or false, the author has thought it too good a story to be lost to the Company, and therefore has reproduced it in brief.

One incident more and we leave the Ferry. One day, in the absence of Lieut. Smith at the main camp, a cavalry picket came galloping at full speed to Capt. Closson's tent, informing him that a column of Rebel cavalry was approaching. He at once went to Serg. Fred Gould, in command of the guns, and ordered him to fire upon the advancing column. This the sergeant declined to do, not feeling quite so sure that it was a hostile party. Thereat the valiant Captain waxed quite irate, and, laying his hand on his sabre, contemplated some deed of violence; but the sergeant's delay had warded off disaster, for just then the advance of the so-called enemy, which was no other than the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, appeared above the banks of the road which wound around up the hill into camp. How much life was wasted during the war on both sides by just such blundering as this might have been, will never be known.

* Major Chandler.

One day a long, lank negro, full six feet six inches in height, whom we had seen a few times before, made his appearance in camp. He was one of those individuals whose legs and arms are of such unconscionable extent, that it is impossible to find pantaloons and sleeves long enough to cover more than two-thirds their length. As he took a seat on a camp-stool, his legs, coming up grasshopper-like to a level with his ebony face, recalled to one's mind, in all except color, the quaint portraiture of Ichabod Crane, the schoolmaster of Sleepy Hollow. He passed by the name of William Walker. He professed to be a spy, employed by Gen. Hooker on very secret service, frequenting the Rebel camps to pick up information, and claimed to have saved our camp from a surprise, early in the spring, by giving timely notice at headquarters. We enter into conversation with him, and derive the usual slight amount of satisfaction from his answers to our inquiries. Every sentence is mysterious and indefinite, and winds up with a round guffaw. He talks with great volubility, telling us he has just come from the enemy's camp, and that we must get out of here, as the "Rebs" are coming with men enough to eat us all up. After this exhibition of wit, he rolls up his eyes with intense delight, and watches the effect of his remark on his auditors. He was a good-natured genius, and was never permitted to leave camp until he had danced and patted "Juba," which he did in true plantation style, himself furnishing the music with his voice. The picture his ungainly figure presented on these occasions was ludicrous in the extreme. We could learn nothing definite from the man this time, which was the last we ever saw of him. Whether he really was a Union spy, or, on the other hand, a Rebel or an impostor, we never

could determine. But whatever his testimony was worth, it tended, with other vague rumors which came to our ears, to show that some important movement was at hand. No papers had come from Washington for some days, and we were left to the mercy of Dame Rumor for all the news we obtained, which was usually scarce worth repeating. At last there came something definite.

On the morning of June 11, before sunrise, three or four cavalrymen, hatless, coatless, and covered with dust, came galloping into camp with their horses in a reeking sweat. It seems that a band of Mosby's cavalry surprised their little camp of forty men — located at Seneca, some six miles down the river — before they were up, killed four, took seventeen prisoners, and fell to plundering the tents. The remainder of the detachment fought desperately a few moments, but being overpowered, took to flight, having killed one and wounded several of their assailants. They belonged to the Sixth Michigan.

As soon as the story of the terrified fugitives could be learned, "Boot and Saddle" was sounded, everything was hastily packed up, and our little force marched breakfastless to higher ground in rear of the camp, towards Poolsville, and took position in line of battle, our guns being in front, the Tenth Vermont and Twenty-third Maine infantry supporting us, and the cavalry on both flanks. In rear of all was a stone wall, which was to serve as a "last ditch" if worst came to worst. In the excitement of the scene how we strained our eyes up the road and longed for the enemy's line to appear! Ever and anon the dust rose in clouds, but revealed only galloping orderlies, and excited officers riding to and fro with no inconsiderable amount of the pomp

and circumstance of war. Col. Jewett, of the Tenth Vermont, was in command of this formidable array. While we were thus boldly awaiting the onset of the Rebels, their band was doubtless trotting leisurely back across the river with their booty, chuckling over the success of their morning's adventure. Could they have seen our martial array, six miles in their rear, their enjoyment would have been sensibly increased. Some of our force, with vision preternaturally acute, saw an enemy in every bush, and one or two averred that a whole troop had passed through the woods a quarter of a mile distant and turned our flank. Others there were thirsting for glory. One lieutenant of infantry saw a stirring among the bushes in a ravine in front. At once his purpose was formed. With a look of pale determination and lofty courage, he unsheathed his sword, and alone charged fiercely down the glen.

"Bright gleamed his blade
And terribly flashed his eye."

Tearing apart the shrubbery that held the foe in concealment, he dragged him to the light, and beheld — an astonished hospital nurse in quest of water.

Thus ended the ever memorable event known in our company as the battle of Benson's Hill, so called, from the name of the man on whose farm it might have occurred; on which occasion we seemed in all but numbers like the King of France, as sung by Mother Goose, who with forty thousand men marched up a hill and then marched down again.

We returned to camp at noon; but our troubles did not end here. Gen. Lee was now fairly launched on his great invasion of the North, and our isolated

position seemed one fraught with much danger. Now and then the sound of distant cannonading told of cavalry contests between opposing armies as both were pressing northward, but we could hear nothing definite about what was actually taking place. Four days after the raid at Muddy Branch, or Seneca, the centre section was summoned from the Ferry. We threw up rifle-pits on Benson's Hill (our first experience in this kind of engineering, which paled before our later efforts), and kept everything packed ready to move at a moment's notice. Some of us packed up superfluous clothing and conveniences, and expressed them home by way of Adamstown. Night after night the harnesses were placed on the horses, and at 3 o'clock in the morning we were turned out, sleepy and cross, to hitch them to the pieces in anticipation of an early attack. At daybreak the harnesses were taken off. One night, about one o'clock, an officer rode into camp with the tidings that Rebel pickets were in possession of our rifle-pits.

"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro" in the darkness, and silent mustering and mutterings of warriors. "All communication with Washington is cut off!" was whispered round. "We are to fight desperately if attacked, and fall back on Harper's Ferry." A truly agreeable prospect, that historic place being more than thirty miles distant! One section of the Battery was sent out with a reconnoitering party, which returned in a half hour reporting a false alarm. It arose, as we ascertained in the morning, from three or four cavalrymen who had strayed from a detachment of Hooker's army and lain down by the wall to sleep. We treated them to a good breakfast, and from them received our first reliable news of the great invasion. Soon

after, men from Edwards Ferry reported the Army of the Potomac as crossing there. An army telegraph was being stretched past our camp, said to connect with Gen. Hooker's headquarters and we now felt safe from attack, but seemed likely to be swept into the current and borne on to the great battle which all felt must soon be fought. The scattered companies of the infantry regiments that had been out at various points on picket were called in, and our brigade received orders to be ready to march. All our tents and superfluous camp equipage were turned over to the quartermaster to be sent to the rear, our personal baggage reduced to the smallest possible limit, then stowed in our knapsacks, now not quite as distended as when we left Massachusetts. These were then strapped upon the pieces and caissons, and having at last received marching orders, at 6 o'clock in the afternoon of June 24, 1863, we bade adieu, most of us forever, to our old camp and the village of Poolsville.

As we turn in retrospect upon our sojourn here, removed from the occurrence by a lapse of so many years, there are thoughts which present themselves perhaps not unworthy of noting down in passing. And first, with regard to our bodily comfort. Those of us who were fortunate enough to keep off the sick-list underwent no privations worthy of mention save absence from our families, which was of course inseparable from the nature of the case; and those who were seriously sick were at once removed to Washington, where good nursing and medical attendance were always to be had. Dr. Child, of the Tenth Vermont, was the brigade surgeon, and, so far as we know, was competent in his calling. Our living was, in the main, good enough. It was not what we were accustomed to at home, and very

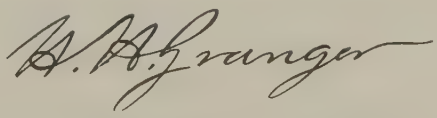
properly should not have been. On the other hand, many of the men who grumbled loudest and were the daintiest, in all probability lived no better before their enlistment, and perhaps have not since their discharge, than they lived during their six months' stay here. We are making no apology for the animated hard-tack, or stale beef that was too frequently served out to us; but taking a broad and dispassionate survey of the whole field, it is our candid conviction that the Company was not badly served in the matter of rations, on the whole. We did believe, however, and with good reason as we still think, that inasmuch as the Battery did not use all its allowances, a large surplus had or ought to have accumulated in the Company Fund, already mentioned; and this should have been properly accounted for, and ultimately inured in some manner to the benefit of the Company. This being the case, we do not know how much better we might have been served under proper management, and hence a foothold is made for the complaint of unjust administration in the department of subsistence.

The disposition to improve our bill of fare at the expense of neighboring farm-yards seemed to have died out with our departure from Camp Davis. A more extended familiarity with the adjacent territory, and, as a consequence, a better acquaintance with the people, who, although secessionists, appeared more like human beings than we had believed it possible for Rebels to do, had made us somewhat more merciful to their effects. And again, whether we condemn or approve the character of the government rations furnished us, there was certainly a very perceptible increase in the pounds avoirdupois of a large portion of the Company, whose daily routine may be fairly stated as

follows: breakfast, sleep, drill; dinner, sleep, drill; supper, sleep; — the result of which was a condition of body and mind positively antagonistic to tiresome raids over fences, fields, and ditches in the darkness, and in the uncertain and sometimes dangerous pursuit of *special* rations.

Our living was at times obtained quite independently of the government, by means of the boxes from home, that were received with greater or less frequency. These were always inspected at headquarters before they came into our possession, and all contraband articles, in the line of liquors, confiscated. This seemed one of the singular anomalies of the war, that intoxicants were regarded a dangerous indulgence for the private soldier, who, in comparison had *no* responsibility, but the correct thing for the commissioned officer, upon whom devolved *every* responsibility. Could this state of affairs have been exactly reversed, or, better still, could all liquors, save for hospital uses, have been proscribed in the army, we believe the war would have been ended long before it was, and many a hearthstone, now desolate, would be gladdened by the presence of the unfortunate ones who, in various ways, fell innocent victims to this great curse.

To see the eager crowd gather round the recipient of a box and watch the unpacking and unwrapping of every article, and each commend as approvingly as if the contents were his own, would have rejoiced the hearts of the kind friends at home. It was downright enjoyment to them. If they belonged to the same tent's crew with the owner of the treasure they were sure of a closer interview than a simple observation gave them; for the war, with its community of interest, developed sympathy and large-hearted generosity among the rank and file, and



BREVET LIEUT. COLONEL

they shared liberally, especially with those who had no one at home to remember them in this pleasant manner.

With our departure from Poolsville more than nine months of our term of service had expired. If we had not made our mark in active service the fault was not our own. We obeyed orders, we did not originate them. It was not unusual for troops to be inactive several months after their muster. It will be remembered, too, that there was little activity in the main army after our arrival at Washington. The Army of the Potomac lay inactive nearly five months subsequent to the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg. But there is no doubt whatever about our having been serviceable here, and that the presence of our brigade at the upper fords of the Potomac did prevent frequent incursions of Rebel raiders into this section.

But there are other reasons for claiming that these were valuable months for the Company and the government. First, then, there is of necessity a broad chasm to be spanned between the citizen and the full-fledged soldier. The citizen possesses certain rights in whose exercise he is restricted when he becomes a soldier. As a citizen he has a voice in deciding who shall be his rulers; as a soldier, usually none: as a citizen he is justly bound to obey all laws intended to promote the general welfare, since he had a voice in making them; as a soldier he is held rigidly accountable for the infringement of all military laws, in whose making he had no voice. It matters not if they are the mandates of the veriest tyrant in the army, or if they violate every principle of reason, common-sense, or justice; the laws of the service are inexorable, and its exigencies require an unflinching and exact obedience. The existence

of a conscience in the person of the offender is not for a moment to be considered. As a citizen his time is wholly his own; as a soldier there is not a second to which he can surely lay claim. The citizen calls no man master; the soldier may be compelled to bow before a man infinitely his inferior in every respect, — illustrations of which were very frequent during the war. In view of these and other considerations that might be cited, time was a very desirable and potent agency in bringing about the adaptation of the citizen to the new order of things.

Again, the fact of our proficiency in light artillery tactics has already been alluded to, and we only refer to it here as a second advantage derived in these early months. Instances were not wanting, during the Rebellion, of batteries being sent to the front, under a pressing demand for troops, as soon as they received their guns, without this thorough preparation. They had the implements of warfare, it is true, but were the merest apprentices with them, and consequently, when involved in an action, had no confidence in themselves and felt comparatively helpless. There can be but one result under such circumstances, — that of confusion and disaster to this particular organization, and, perhaps, through it to others. Hence, whenever we reflect upon our record at Camp Barry and at Poolsville in this respect, it arouses our pride, and we feel that these were valuable months in the school of the soldier. If the Tenth Massachusetts Battery was a unit during its nearly three years of service, — and it certainly was; if the men were subordinate to their superiors, — and the residents of Poolsville say they left a good impression there in this respect; if the Battery did its full duty whenever its services were called

for, — and the official reports do it ample justice on this head; if its members ever stood up manfully to their work, confident in their own strength, fearlessly dealing out death and destruction among the enemy, silencing battery after battery, under adversity defiantly contesting every inch of ground,—and we challenge any company in the service, engaged the same number of times, to show a better record; if the history of this organization in its entirety is one of which its members, its friends, and the Commonwealth may justly be proud, — and this fact has received recognition on many public occasions; — the pages of that history were heightened in their glory and brilliancy by sharp general and individual discipline in the schools of Camp Barry and Poolsville.

Before taking our leave of this camp, it is proper to note that Frederick F. Brown and Moses G. Critchett had added their names to the list of deserters, the former decamping before the Company's arrival at Poolsville, and the latter from Camp Heintzelman. To the credit of our organization it may here be stated that these were the first and only original members to desert their flag and the cause in which they had volunteered.

MORNING REPORTS.

1862.

Dec. 27. Horse died of glanders.

Dec. 28. One horse died of disease of the liver. Arrived at Poolsville about 11 o'clock A.M.

Dec. 31. Mustered in for pay by Maj. H. M. Tremlett, 39th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers.

1863.

Jan. 3. George H. Innis, Samuel J. Bradlee, E. T. Atwood and Harmon Newton sick in quarters.

Jan. 4. George H. Innis returned to duty. Serg't. Geo. H. Putnam sick.

Jan. 5. William Rawson sick in quarters. Serg't. Alden sick in quarters.

Jan. 6. Wm. Rawson returned to duty. Joseph Brooks and John Norton * * *

Jan. 7. Francis Loham sick in Camp Hospital. Serg'ts Alden and Putnam returned to duty.

Jan. 8. Harmon Newton returned to duty. C. N. Barker sick in quarters.

Jan. 9. S. J. Bradlee and Joseph Brooks returned to duty.

Jan. 10. Joseph Cross and W. S. Roundy sick in quarters.

Jan. 11. James Dwight returned to duty.

Jan. 12. W. S. Roundy returned to duty.

Jan. 14. C. E. Woodis sick in quarters.

Jan. 15. Wm. Rawson sick in quarters.

Jan. 18. John M. Ramsdell sick in quarters.

Jan. 19. Wm. Rawson returned to duty. Richard Martin and A. D. Bacon sick in quarters.

Jan. 20. Richard Martin returned to duty. John W. French and James Dwight sick in quarters.

Jan. 21. James Dwight and John M. Ramsdell returned to duty. Received notice of G. M. Dixon's discharge.

Jan. 23. Amasa D. Bacon returned to duty. Wm. Edwards sick in quarters. One bay horse died of glanders.

Jan. 24. Error in a horse made 26 Dec.; 7 horses were condemned, not 6 as there stated.

Jan. 25. Chas. E. Woodis, Jos. Cross and Wm. Edwards returned to duty. J. L. W. Thayer sick in quarters.

Jan. 26. J. L. W. Thayer returned to duty. Joseph Brooks sick in quarters.

Jan. 27. S. A. Hanson returned to duty.

Jan. 28. Jos. Cross and S. A. Hanson returned to quarters.

Jan. 29. Harrison Chase returned to quarters.

Jan. 30. Joseph Cross and John (Harmon?) Newton returned to light duty.

Jan. 31. Harrison Chase returned to duty. John (?) Newton, Jos. Cross, John P. Brown and F. A. Chase sick in quarters.

Feb. 1. John Pedrick sick in quarters. The Battery, books, quarters, stable &c., were fully inspected by Col. P. S. Davis, 39th Massachusetts Regiment.

Feb. 2. James Peach returned to duty. One bay horse, white faced, ridden by Sergt. Townsend, died of lung fever. Harrison Chase and John H. Knowland sick in quarters.

Feb. 3. E. T. Atwood, C. N. Barker, Frank A. Chase, and John H. Knowland reported for duty. Capt. Sleeper went on furlough. Benj. H. Phillips' sentence having expired he is reported for duty.

Feb. 4. Joseph Cross and John Norton reported for duty. Frank A. Chase sick in quarters.

Feb. 5. Frank A. Chase reported for duty. John Norton reported sick in quarters.

Feb. 6. Jos. Cross reported sick in quarters.

Feb. 8. J. P. Brown, Jos. Cross and John Pedrick returned to duty. Received four horses from Quartermaster Colonel Rucker at Washington. Henry B. Winslow, 2nd., discharged from Emory Hospital and returned to duty.

Feb. 9. J. W. French being sick is relieved from extra duty since Jan. 1st and Chas. E. Bruce is detailed in his place as Farrier.

Feb. 10. John P. Brown and Jos. Cross reported sick in quarters.

Feb. 11. John P. Brown and Jos. Cross reported for duty.

Feb. 12. E. T. Atwood reported sick. J. W. French having his discharge dated Feb. 5th, started for Washington and home.

Feb. 13. One bay horse died of congestion of the lungs.

Feb. 14. Joseph Brooks reported for light duty.

Feb. 15. E. T. Atwood sent to General Hospital, Washington.

Feb. 18. Waldo Pierce sick in quarters. Capt. Sleeper returned from furlough.

Feb. 19. Harrison Chase reported for duty.

Feb. 21. Waldo Pierce returned to duty.

Feb. 22. Washington's Birthday. We are having the severest snow storm of the season. Fired a salute of 34 guns at 12 o'clock M.

Feb. 26. William H. Martin placed under arrest for disobedience of orders. Frederick F. (?) Brown not having returned we have dropped him from the Report, as a deserter.

Feb. 27. Norman H. Butterfield and C. N. Barker reported sick in quarters. Lieut. Smith went on furlough of 7 days.

Feb. 28. Jos. Brooks reported sick in quarters. Battery mustered (for pay) by Capt. Sleeper.

March 1. N. H. Butterfield returned to duty. Lieut. Adams leave of absence till Wednesday morning.

March 2. Chas. E. Prince and John C. Frost reported sick in quarters.

March 3. Sergt. Chandler Gould reduced to the ranks and Corporal L. R. Allard promoted to Sergt. vice Gould removed. One horse shot per order Capt.

Sleeper, disease glanders. J. P. Brown reported sick in quarters.

March 4. John Norton reported for light duty. J. L. W. Thayer reported sick in quarters. Lieut. Adams returned.

March 5. Nine horses condemned (5 turned in and 4 shot), 50 nose bags and 1 linen wall tent also condemned per Col. A. B. Nowell (?) (Jewett) commanding brigade.

March 6. Chas. E. Prince reported for duty. John H. Knowland reported sick in quarters.

March 7. Lieut. Asa Smith returned from furlough and reported for duty yesterday afternoon. J. H. Knowland reported for duty.

March 9. S. A. Hanson reported for light duty. Corporal Shattuck reported for quarters. Received from Quartermaster Tompkins 11 horses.

March 10. W. H. Martin pardoned, it satisfactorily appearing that he is insane. Emil Floytrop reported sick in quarters, also W. H. Martin.

March 11. Chas. G. Colbath reported for duty.

March 12. John Norton, Emil Floytrop, Corporal Shattuck reported for duty.

March 13. One bay horse, Baxter's, shot; disease glanders. George W. Parks sick in quarters. J. C. Frost reported for duty.

March 14. One bay horse, Martin's, shot; disease glanders. Hanson, Pierce (?) and Thayer reported to quarters. Corporal Conant (Currant)? started on furlough to Boston.

March 16. Wm. Herring, E. Ashcroft, Wm. Endicott and D. R. Stowell reported to quarters.

March 17. Wm. H. Martin sent to insane hospital, Washingon, D. C. C. E. Pierce reported to duty.

March 18. Hanson reported for stable duty and Mugford and Chase reported to quarters.

March 19. Mugford, Herring, Ashcroft and Stowell reported for duty. Alex. W. Holbrook reported to quarters. One sorrel horse ridden by Merrill, shot; disease glanders.

March 20. Lieut. Adams returned and reported for duty last night. Herring reported for quarters. Holbrook reported for duty.

March 21. Lieut. Armitage started on furlough for Washington and Boston yesterday. J. W. Thayer reported for stable duty. Hanson, White, Newton, reported for quarters.

March 22. Endicott, Herring, Chase, White, Newton, and Prince reported for duty; Ring reported for quarters.

March 23. Corporal Conant (Currant)? returned from furlough. Ham, Thayer and Prince reported for quarters. Hiram P. Ring reported for duty.

March 24. Brooks, Hanson, Barker and Norton sent to General Hospital, Washington, D. C. Ham reported for duty. Corporal Stevens to quarters.

March 26. Prince and Corporal Stevens returned to duty. Capt. Sleeper started for Washington on business.

March 27. Received notice of R. B. Wendall's discharge Feb. 24. Prince returned to quarters.

March 30. Prince reported for duty. Lt. Armitage returned and reported for duty.

March 31. Serg't. Harrington started on 10 days' furlough to Boston. Capt. Sleeper returned from Washington.

April 1. Prince and Blaney reported to quarters.

April 2. Blaney reported for duty.

April 9. Prince reported for duty.

April 10. Serg't. Harrington reported for duty, having returned from furlough.

April 11. Thayer reported for duty.

April 13. Frank Loham started on furlough for 15 days on account of disability.

April 14. Redfield reported to quarters.

April 15. Orcutt (?) reported to quarters.

April 16. Redfield reported for dismounted duty. Stowell and Pierce (?) reported for quarters.

April 17. Pierce (?) reported for duty.

April 18. One bay horse died and 2 horses (one chestnut and one bay) shot, per order Capt. Sleeper; disease, glanders.

April 19. Orcutt (?) and Stowell reported for dismounted duty; Pierce (?) and Chase reported for quarters.

April 20. C. E. Woodis taken to Camp Hospital yesterday; H. Chase reported for dismounted duty.

April 22. Pierce (?) Colbath and Stowell reported for duty.

April 23. Crawford reported to quarters.

April 24. Crawford reported to duty; Thayer to quarters.

April 25. White reported for duty, also Thayer.

April 26. Corp'l Smith reported to quarters.

April 27. Corp'l Smith reported to light duty; Parks started for home on 20 days' furlough; John C. Frost sent to hospital.

April 28. C. E. Woodis reported for stable duty. T. G. Redfield started for Washington on furlough.

April 29. Chas. E. Woodis reported to quarters. One black horse died; disease * * *

May 2. Leverett Pierce reported to quarters. Capt. Sleeper started for Washington on business.

May 4. Herring and Chase reported sick. Pierce (?) and Chase sent to Camp Hospital.

May 5. Woodis reported for stable duty. Packard reported to quarters.

May 6. Frost and Herring reported for stable duty.

May 7. Packard reported for duty. Hunt reported for quarters. Received notice of the discharge of Wm. H. Martin, April 22, 1863.

May 9. Colbath reported to quarters.

May 10. Pierce (?) and Colbath reported for stable duty.

May 12. Billings reported for quarters. One horse shot per order Capt. Sleeper; disease glanders. Capt. Sleeper returned from Washington. Redfield returned from furlough. Chase reported for stable duty.

May 13. Billings reported for duty. One horse died; disease lung fever. Lieut. Adams started for Washington on 48 hours furlough.

May 14. Fifteen horses condemned (11 shot, 4 turned in) per order Col. A. B. Jewett commanding brigade.

May 15. Samuel Abbott (Abell)? having been discharged is dropped from the roll. Lieut. Adams returned.

May 17. Leroy E. Hunt returned to duty.

May 19. Received notice of the discharge of Joseph Brooks on the 11th inst. for disability.

May 20. Received notice of the discharge of John Norton on the 11th inst. for disability. Frost and Beal sick in quarters.

May 21. Sergeant Alden started yesterday on 48 hours leave of absence for Washington. Beal reported for duty and Corp'l Shattuck to quarters.

May 22. George H. Nichols reported sick and in hospital.

May 23. Moses G. Critchett absent without leave.

May 24. Serg't Alden returned from Washington yesterday.

May 27. Dropped Critchett from the rolls as a deserter. Received notice of Samuel A. Hanson's discharge.

June 1. Nichols reported for quarters.

June 2. Wilson reported for quarters. Received notice of the discharge of E. T. Atwood for disability May 13, 1863.

June 3. Received of Capt. Tompkins at Washington 23 horses. Wilson reported for duty.

June 7. J. T. Goodwin reported to quarters.

June 11. George H. Nichols reported for duty.

June 15. Serg't Allard, privates Corlew and Damrell reported to quarters. Private G. W. Parks returns from extended sick furlough and reported for duty.

June 16. Donnelly reported to quarters.

June 17. Privates Damrell, Frost and Donnelly, and Sergeant Allard reported for duty. Corp'l Shattuck and Private Corlew sent to General Hospital, Washington, D. C.

June 18. Millett reported to quarters.

June 19. Millett reported for duty.

June 20. Privates John Knowland, John Millett, Frank A. Chase, John W. Bailey reported to quarters.

June 21. Privates Knowland, Millett, Chase and Bailey reported for duty. Corp'l William H. Starkweather and Private Asa Richardson reported to quarters.

June 22. Private Waldo Pierce reported to quarters. Corp'l Starkweather reported for duty.

June 23. Private Waldo Pierce reported for duty.

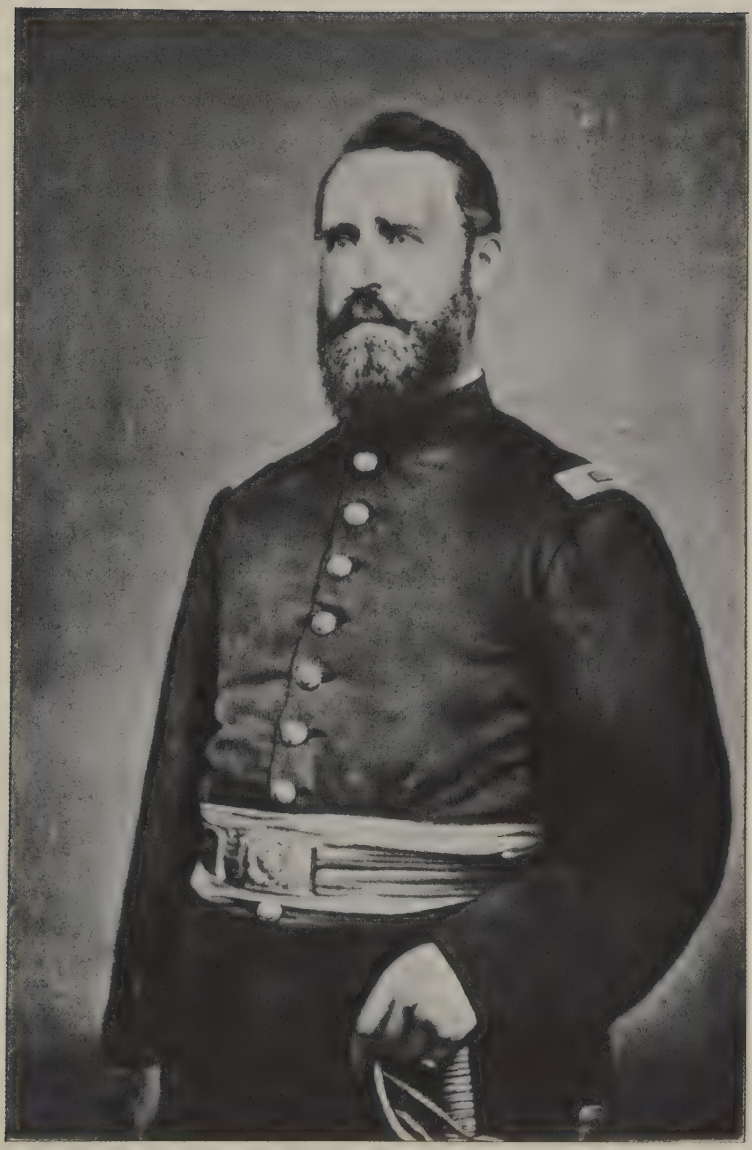
June 24. Started for Maryland Heights with Battery at 5 o'clock P.M. Camp equipage ordered to (be)? abandoned by order of Col. A. B. Jewett, com'd'g Brigade.

CHAPTER V.

June 24 to July 31, 1863.

MARCH TO MARYLAND HEIGHTS — JOIN FRENCH'S COMMAND — MARCH TO FREDERICK — GUARDING THE MONOCACY BRIDGE AT FREDERICK JUNCTION — RUMBLINGS OF GETTYSBURG — HANGING OF A SPY — WE JOIN THE THIRD CORPS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC — MARCH TO SOUTH MOUNTAIN — WILLIAMSPORT — ESCAPE OF LEE — CHAGRIN OF THE ARMY—ANTIETAM BATTLEFIELD—THROUGH PLEASANT VALLEY INTO LOUDON VALLEY — FOUR MEN PRISONERS — WAPPING HEIGHTS — WARRENTON — CAMP AT SULPHUR SPRINGS.

After leaving Poolsville we marched until 10 o'clock P.M., when, having travelled about six miles, we halted for the night, going into park on a little knoll near the roadside. This spot will be remembered by comrades of the Company for the sickening stench, filling the night air, from some animal carcasses rotting near by. We unharnessed and stretched the picket-rope across the caissons, a plan usually adopted in temporary camps. To this the horses were hitched, between caissons, soon to be fed and groomed; then, spreading the tarpaulins on the ground, and arranging our blankets upon them, we "turned in," and slept soundly till the shrill bugle notes broke our slumbers at half-past two in the morning. About 4 o'clock the infantry filed off into the road. We soon followed, and when the sun rose hot and scorching, and we saw them toiling along under their load of musket, knapsack, cartridge-box,



J. Webb Adams

haversack, and canteen, we considered ourselves — required to bear only the two latter articles — especially fortunate in belonging to artillery.

At 8 o'clock we stopped for breakfast, munching our hard-tack and drinking our coffee with the relish which a march is wont to confer. During the day we crossed the Monocacy River, passing through Licksville, a small settlement on its left bank. In the afternoon some one blundered and sent the brigade off two miles on the wrong road. In attempting to make up for this loss the troops became scattered for miles along the road, and two or three of our horses dropped in their traces. At night, however, all came together again, and, thoroughly weary, we went into camp at a place called Petersville. As a drizzling rain had set in we pitched our tarpaulins for the first time with the aid of rails. This day we marched little, if any, less than twenty miles. We recall the fact that our spirits were not a little cheered by the abundance of cherries along the line of march, to which we helped ourselves with our accustomed liberality, and this, too, with little compunction, as they generally grew by the roadside and seemed to be county property.

Morning of Friday, June 26, broke wet and dripping, but we early resumed our march, and toiling on over a rocky road traversed by gullies rushing with water, at 9 o'clock entered the mountain region and the magnificent scenery of Harper's Ferry. Passing on through the dirty, desolate little settlements of Knoxville, Weverton and Sandy Hook, and following the narrow road in its winding, with the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal on one side and the perpendicular rocks of Maryland Heights on the other, we came at last opposite the historic town of Harper's Ferry. Set as it is in one of the angles formed

by the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers, and nestling at the foot of grand old mountains, its houses rising one above another on the bank of the former river, in time of peace it must have seemed a gem of beauty; but now, with the once splendid bridge of the Baltimore and Ohio Road, which crosses the river at this place, half destroyed, the long armory buildings a row of blackened ruins by the river side, and the whole place deserted and desolate, it seemed singled out as a victim for the blighting hand of War.

But we moved on. A long, winding ascent, often rugged and in places quite steep, finally brought us to the high ground known as Maryland Heights, situated opposite the Ferry. Here we found about eight thousand troops, representing eleven different States, encamped, under the command of Maj. Gen. William H. French, a native of Maryland, who served with distinction in the Mexican War.* A part of the troops were located in our immediate neighborhood, a part on commanding ground to the north, while yet others occupied the lofty ridge of the Heights that rose above us several hundred feet towards the south, which, though often enveloped in clouds, was strongly fortified and well provided with troops.

Along the crest of these mountains, which are the continuation of the Blue Ridge into Maryland, Kershaw's and Barksdale's brigades, of Stonewall Jackson's command, marched the year before and captured the place, having forced their way through what was thought to be an impassable forest. The bones of the Rebels slain in the attack on the outer

* Since writing the above, General French has deceased, dying in Washington, in May, 1881, of apoplexy. He had but recently been placed on the retired list.

work were plainly visible, protruding from the shallow graves in which they had been hastily buried by friend or foe.

The morning after we reached the Heights, the clouds, which had been discharging their watery contents upon us with unpleasant constancy since our arrival, broke away, and promised fair weather and a burning sun. We could see along the lofty ridge huge guns pointing off over the plains, and the white army wagons slowly toiling up its rugged sides; in the afternoon, however, dense clouds rolled over the mountain and drenched everybody and everything with showers of tropical intensity. So, for every one of five days spent in that locality, we were alternately cheered by transient sunshine in the morning, and saturated by copious showers in the afternoon.

On the 29th, the Twenty-Third Maine, whose term of service had expired, went home rejoicing. It had not seen any fighting. It was made up of stalwart men, and was quite well drilled in the manual of arms, better, perhaps, than any other at Poolsville. On the same date, one of "Scott's Nine Hundred," shot while picketing on Bolivar Heights, was brought into camp, and a Dutch lieutenant and nineteen men were captured. This, of course, was a sensation for us. It made war seem more of a reality than hitherto. Thirty Rebel prisoners were also brought in this day. One forenoon * Gen. Hooker came riding up the Heights on his white horse. †

* June 26th.

† "All doubt as to the enemy's purposes being now dispelled, Gen. Hooker crossed the Potomac near Edwards Ferry, and advanced to Frederick, himself visiting by the way Harper's Ferry. He found there, or rather on Maryland Heights, Gen. French with 11,000 men, whom he very naturally desired to add to his army in the momentous battle now pending. . . . Hooker had already drawn from the garrison at Washington all that Halleck would spare — leaving but

This was our first and last sight of that gallant soldier while the war lasted, as he was relieved on the 28th, and saw his next active service in command of the Eleventh and Twelfth corps, when they were sent to Sherman's army.

11,000 effectives under Heintzelman, which was none too much. But having crossed the Potomac, he had very properly inquired by telegraph of Halleck, 'Is there any reason why Maryland Heights should not be abandoned after the public stores and property are removed?' and been answered: 'Maryland Heights have always been regarded as an important point to be held by us, and much expense and labor incurred in fortifying them. I cannot approve of their abandonment except in case of absolute necessity.' Hooker at once rejoined:

'I have received your telegram in regard to Harper's Ferry. I find 10,000 men here in condition to take the field. Here, they are of no earthly account. They cannot defend a ford of the river; and so far as Harper's Ferry is concerned, there is nothing of it. As for the fortifications, the work of the troops, they remain when the troops are withdrawn. No enemy will ever take possession of them *for* them. This is my opinion. All the public property could have been secured to-night, and the troops marched to where they could have been of some service. Now they are but a bait for the rebels should they return. I beg that this may be presented to the Secretary of War and his Excellency the President.

'*Joseph Hooker, Major-General.*'

"In regard to this grave matter of indifference, Hooker was clearly in the right; *not* clearly so in sending this despatch immediately afterward:

'*Sandy Hook,* June 27, 1863.

'*Maj. Gen. H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief*

'My original instructions require me to cover Harper's Ferry and Washington. I have now imposed upon me, in addition, an enemy in my front of more than my numbers. I beg to be understood, respectfully but firmly, that I am unable to comply with this condition with the means at my disposal, and earnestly request that I may at once be relieved from the position I occupy.

'*Joseph Hooker, Major-General.*'

"The next day brought Col. Hardie to Hooker's headquarters at Frederick, with instructions relieving Hooker, and devolving the command on Gen. Meade, who was therewith advised that he might do as he pleased with the Harper's Ferry men. . . . Such a change of commanders, for no more urgent reasons, on the very brink of a great battle, has few parallels in history. Whatever his faults, Hooker was loved and trusted by his soldiers, who knew less of Meade, and had less faith in him. Had that army been polled, it would have voted to fight the impending battle under Hooker *without* the aid of French's 11,000 men, rather than under Meade *with* that reinforcement." — *American Conflict,* Vol. II.

Rumors now began to prevail that the Heights and Harper's Ferry were to be evacuated, and soon the order came to be ready to move, June 30, at six in the morning. We were ready at the time appointed, but vainly waited hour after hour for further orders. The heavy artillerymen were busily employed in removing siege guns down the mountain to the canal, where they were loaded on canal boats to be sent to Washington; also in removing quartermasters' stores, preparing to destroy ammunition, etc.; so that we knew the evacuation was certainly determined upon. During our wait the usual showers visited us at short intervals, and we huddled as best we could under the tarpaulins hastily stretched over the guns and caissons. In the height of one of these, several explosions occurring in rapid succession led us to suppose the work of destruction had begun. We afterwards learned that they were the result of carelessness. Some one with more zeal than discretion struck a percussion shell with an axe, intending to destroy it. He accomplished his object, but not in accordance with his expectations. The shell exploded, communicating fire to a small magazine near by, and this in turn exploded, all of which resulted in killing eleven and wounding sixteen men. They were members of the Fourteenth Massachusetts and One Hundred and Fifty-first New York heavy artillery.

Shortly after 3 o'clock orders finally came to start, and down we went over rocks and through streams of water, retracing our course hither, until, having traversed some six or seven miles, we went into camp for the night, about a mile distant from our former stopping-place, near Petersville. It was with no feelings of regret that we turned our backs on Maryland Heights, for it rained when we ap-

proached them, it rained as we ascended them, rained every day we remained, rained a second deluge when we left; and had not the writer satisfied himself to the contrary during a visit to the place in July, 1869, when he spent a delightfully clear and cool night upon the summit with William Endicott, he would be ready to affirm that it has rained there ever since.

The night of June 30th was one of the dreariest in our whole career. We were new to the rough experience of campaigning in all weathers, and various circumstances conspired to cast a gloom over our prospects. With the arrival of darkness, the rain commenced to fall again with fresh violence, and our tarpaulins, pitched on the wet ground of a side hill, proved a poor protection. Although themselves tolerably impenetrable to water, they did not prevent the rain from driving in at the open ends, or miniature mill-streams from coursing down the slope beneath us. In the midst of this discomfort we were called into line to learn that we were to join the Army of the Potomac, that Gen. Hooker had been relieved and Gen. Meade appointed in his stead. We knew that the Rebel army in unknown numbers was sweeping through Maryland, and that, as a fierce battle was more or less imminent, a change of leaders at this important juncture might dampen the ardor of the Union army and make it a less confident opponent of its old-time antagonist. In this dark period of its history we were to join that army and cast in our lot with it for victory or defeat, for life or death.*

* Had Hooker been permitted to take French's troops from Maryland Heights, there is good reason for believing that we should have become a permanent part and parcel of the Twelfth Corps, as the following extract from Swinton's "Army of the Potomac" will show. After speaking of the moves open to Hooker from Frederick, where he had concentrated, he says:

When at last we were at liberty to return to our quarters we lay down, and, all things considered, slept well till morning, at which time we turned out steaming, to continue our march. As we moved out of the charmed circle of Maryland Heights, the clouds broke away and the sun came forth intensely hot and scorching. Many of the infantry gave way under it. Some were sunstruck, and we now longed for the clouds as anxiously as before we had looked for the sun. Passing through a settlement called Middle Creek, and the pretty little village of Jefferson, at which we tarried awhile at noon, we arrived about sundown at the city of Frederick, since made famous by Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie." The city lay in a section of country whose beauty was truly charming; and, indeed, the whole of Pleasant Valley, — that being the name of the stretch of territory over which we had just passed, — with its fresh green fields, and dwellings betokening an air of unusual thrift and comfort, having the Blue Ridge as a background, presented a picture of rural loveliness still distinct on the tablets of memory. On every side waved fields of grain and other crops just yielding to the reaper. The people seemed kind and loyal, and the general appearance of industry reminded us vividly of our own New England.

July 2d was a general drying-day, for the frequent rains of the preceding days had not only completely soaked the clothing we wore, but had also pene-

"There is yet evidence that he purposed making at least a strong demonstration on Lee's line of communications. With this view he threw out his left well westward to Middletown, and ordered the Twelfth Corps, under General Slocum, to march to Harper's Ferry. Here Slocum was to be joined by the garrison of that post, eleven thousand strong, under General French, and the united force was to menace the Confederate rear by a movement towards Chambersburg."

trated the contents of our shoddy knapsacks, so that shirts, blouses, jackets, and blankets were to be seen stretched upon every available fence or carriage to dry. We learned here that the Army of the Potomac had been passing through Frederick for two days, but instead of pressing on to overtake it, we were sent at 3 o'clock P.M., with the Tenth Vermont Regiment and a company of cavalry, three miles from the city to Frederick Junction, a station on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, from which a short branch extended to the city.

Our business here was to guard the railroad bridge across the Monocacy.* A block house erected for the same purpose stood near by. The spot was rather attractive as a whole, and the prospect of ample opportunity to wash and bathe in the river was quite gratifying.

On the morning of July 3d, before we had turned out, a faint rumbling of cannon was perceptible to the ear. It was the incipient muttering of the third day's battle at Gettysburg. Often during the day did we kneel to the ground, and the quick throbbing sounds heard at irregular intervals told us the two great armies had indeed met, forty miles away, and were engaged in deadly struggle for the mastery.

* "Nor is Meade justly blamable for not pushing forward at once on the heels of his beaten foes. . . . . His real and grave error dated several days back of this. He had, on assuming command, been authorized to do as he judged best with French's force on Maryland Heights, and Couch's in Central Pennsylvania. Had he, on deciding to fight Lee as soon as circumstances favored, ordered both these to join him at the earliest moment, he would now have been consciously master of the situation, and might have blocked Lee's return to Virginia. But he gave no such order to Couch; and having at Butterfield's urgent suggestion withdrawn French's 11,000 men from Maryland Heights, he left 7,000 of them standing idle at Frederick, sending the residue as train guards to Washington, and actually apologized to Halleck, on meeting him, for having moved them at all! Had Gettysburg been lost for want of these 11,000 men, his would have been a fearful responsibility." — *American Conflict*, Vol. II.

This day the rest of Gen. Morris's brigade, to which we were attached, came to the Junction and camped near us. The morning of the Fourth dawned, with the contest still undecided. Our anxiety for the result, however, as the day wore on, was in part overcome by an intense desire for food. Our hard-tack was crawling with weevils, and the meat cooked some days before had become equally animated with maggots. Our next resort was to the pork-barrel, and a slice of raw pork, sandwiched between hard-tack from which the tenants had been expelled by fire, formed our Fourth of July dinner. This day news came that Lee was retreating, and at 6 o'clock in the afternoon we received orders to march; but before we had gone over half the distance to Frederick, the order was countermanded, and we returned to the Junction about 9 o'clock. The next day was the Sabbath, and the wildest of reports were brought by engineers on passing trains. We believed only what we pleased of these, but the great fact that the Rebel army had been defeated and was in full retreat could no longer be doubted. Numerous trains came along from Washington, laden with fresh troops, and with horses, forage, and rations for the army, and we felt that the most energetic efforts were being made to crush the enemy before he could recross the Potomac. In the midst of this excitement came news of Vicksburg's surrender, and it seemed as if the war was about to close and that the Battery was not likely to get its full share of the glory. It was but the temporary lifting of the clouds before they again shut down under another dark night of bloodshed and disaster in which we were destined to be swept to the front of the tempest.

Several trains, loaded with Rebel prisoners taken

in the battle, passed along at intervals. Many of these men were quite talkative and discussed the situation very freely and pleasantly; while others, who evidently took matters less philosophically, were sullen, and either said nothing when addressed or growled in monosyllables. We gave them only kind words, however.

On the morning of the 5th, Gen. French caused a spy, bearing the name of Richardson, to be hung at Frederick, and for example's sake allowed his body to remain hanging to the tree all day.

WILLARD Y. GROSS

The Eighth, Forty-sixth and Fifty-first Massachusetts, and the Seventh New York regiments arrived at the Junction on the 6th, and two sections of the Battery (the right and centre) were sent up to the city to do provost duty, with strict orders for all ragged and patched pantaloons to be doffed, and nothing but the best worn. Scales and boots were to be brightly polished and kept so. All of which was done. But when the old soldiers of Potomac's army passed the men as they stood on duty, and such expressions as "Bandbox Battery" and other derogatory remarks on their gay appearance reached the ear, the blood of would-be veterans was roused, and scales, which had always played a conspicuous part on parade occasions, vanished, never to appear

again. Just one pair in the whole Company is known to have survived this indignant uprising, and any comrade wishing to renew his acquaintance with that article of ornament is referred to our respected past artificer, Willard Y. Gross.

On the 8th of July marching orders came, and the left section, having been relieved by the Twelfth New York Battery, which had just arrived from Camp Barry, rejoined the rest of the Company in Frederick at 2 P.M. Here we found the Army of the Potomac still passing. The troops from Harper's Ferry were to join the Third Corps, — the celebrated fighting troops of Gen. Sickles, who, having lost a leg at Gettysburg, had left his command and was succeeded by Gen. French. We soon found ourselves in the midst of the great army, cheek by jowl with the men who fought under McDowell, and McClellan, and Pope, and Burnside, and Hooker, as principals, and under the more immediate direction of such leaders as Sumner and Franklin, Keyes and Kearny, Heintzelman and McCall, Sedgwick, Reno, and Banks in the earlier days of the war, and now were fresh from the gory fields of Gettysburg, where Reynolds, of precious memory, and Buford, and Hancock, and Sickles had immortalized themselves; and we rejoiced at our good fortune in being thus associated.

When we left Frederick, Capt. Sleeper was placed in charge of the entire supply train of the Third Corps. The long lines of ammunition and forage wagons stretching with their white coverings as far as the eye could reach on every road, pressing noisily on in seeming confusion, yet really moving harmoniously under a definite system without any collision; the long, dark-blue columns of infantry, their bayonets glistening in the sun, winding down

across Middletown Valley and up the opposite slope in advance of the trains; and the bodies of troops temporarily bivouacking by the roadside waiting to take their proper place in column, or perhaps lunching upon hard-tack and coffee after a forced march, combined to give us our first distinct impressions of a large army in motion.

We were rapidly moving towards the South Mountain range, and continually met ambulances loaded with the wounded from recent cavalry skirmishes in the mountain passes. As we moved up out of the valley towards the mountains, and cast our eyes back over the course we had traversed, a charming scene was presented to the view. The whole expanse of Middletown Valley lay before us, its fields ripe for the harvest, mottled with dark groves of fruit and shade trees from which peeped white buildings belonging to large estates. In the midst stood the modest little hamlet of Middletown and the glittering city of Frederick; while over all was poured a flood of mellow light from the sun just sinking behind the mountains.

Among many of the older troops we found the love of McClellan still strong and deep. How was it that, after successive failure and defeat, after having lost the confidence both of the government and the people, this man succeeded in implanting such imperishable sentiments of love and devotion in his soldiers? They declared he had never been whipped, that they had driven the Rebels in every fight on the Peninsula, and if the General could have had his own way, Richmond would have been ours long since. Nor could we make the absurdity of their views, as they appeared to us, at all plain to them by any argument or appeal to facts. Their devotion seemed something inexplicable, and we at-

tributed it to the tact of the man and the favoring circumstances attaching to him as their first commander.

We camped for the night on the slope of the mountain, near a brick house occupied as headquarters by Brig. Gen. Morris, on a portion of South Mountain battlefield. Here we lay quietly until 9 P.M. of the next day (Thursday, July 9), while the Sixth Corps and a numerous body of cavalry filed past.

Having freighted our haversacks with three days' rations, we, too, moved on as part and parcel of the Army of the Potomac, considering ourselves now fully identified with it, and justly proud, too, of our connection. The fear of being sent into the Department of the Gulf was no longer a bugbear to us. Our fondest hopes were realized. The future was yet to show whether we should reflect credit or disgrace upon our distinguished associates.

It was quite dark when we entered Turner's Gap. The road was terribly rough and rugged, which made our night march toilsome in the extreme; but we labored on until after midnight, when, having got through the Gap, we turned into a field on the right of the road, and bivouacked for the rest of the night. With the first streak of dawn the shrill bugle summoned us again into readiness for moving. Shortly after there came sounds of cannonading in our front, which made our pulses beat quick with expectation of battle, but we remained quiet; and when, about 10 o'clock, the column finally moved on, the firing had died away. The road was encumbered with wagon trains belonging to troops in the advance, and the weather was quite warm, so that we marched no more than five or six miles during the day. We passed through the little village of Kediesville about 6 o'clock, and camped just beyond,

on a portion of the Antietam battlefield. But the harnesses were hardly off the horses before orders were received to be ready to march at once. Hungry and tired as we were, it was hard to think of moving on before taking the expected rest and refreshment on the fresh green knoll where we were in position. Nevertheless we were soon ready and awaiting orders, which did not come, as so often happened. About midnight, as we lay scattered upon the ground asleep, orders came to unharness, and we passed the rest of the night in comparative quiet, disturbed only by the columns of passing infantry that went on and camped near Boonesboro', where we joined them the next morning (July 11). Boonesboro' bore marks of a cavalry brush that occurred there the day before. Here we fell in with the Ninth Massachusetts Battery, — our first interview with it since it left Camp Barry. It had been severely handled at Gettysburg, its first fight, losing twenty-nine men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. This day we remember as the one on which we were weaned from the Company cooks, and received our rations uncooked, for each man to prepare to his own taste.

Continuing our march leisurely from Boonesboro', crossing Beaver and Antietam creeks, we arrived, at midnight, at Sampsonville, or Roxbury Mills, in or near Williamsport.

The next day was the Sabbath, but all was bustle and excitement. A great battle seemed imminent. Orderlies were galloping rapidly from point to point, and everything was in readiness to move at a moment's notice. The army was in excellent spirits, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. The soldiers felt that they had Lee where he could not escape. His army was beaten, demoralized, panic-

stricken. "Our forces," it was said, "had it surrounded in a horse-shoe, and across the opening stretched the swollen, impassable Potomac." We never afterwards saw men so eager to be led to battle.* They would have fought with the utmost zeal, for they felt that one more decisive blow would end the war, at least in Virginia; but matters lingered mysteriously.

About noon, we, with other batteries, were ordered into position a mile beyond Antietam Bridge. Rumors of fighting at Hagerstown reached us, but still no sound of battle. The afternoon passed with several hard showers, and at night we unharnessed. Monday came and went with no active operations, and Tuesday morning brought no change. Soon it began to be rumored that Lee had escaped across the river. The report sounded painfully ominous. We would not believe it. Again, and yet again, it came with greater definiteness and a persistence which marked it true. Disheartened and indignant, we advanced at noon, passing several lines of rude breastworks thrown up during the past forty-eight hours, and camped for the night near St. James College, a Catholic institution, which we found deserted and ravaged, having evidently been occupied by the Rebel army.

Wednesday morning the army took up its retrograde line of march. We now knew definitely that Lee had been permitted to escape across the river, and it was proposed to intercept his return to Richmond by keeping continually on his flank, and head-

* "*Question.* What was the condition of our army after the fight was over?

"*Answer.* I have never seen the army so confident of success, in most admirable spirits, and so anxious for a fight." — *Testimony of Maj. Gen. David B. Birney before the Committee on the Conduct of the War.*

ing him off at every pass. But how changed the spirits of the army! Hope and enthusiasm, so conspicuously prevalent during the past three days, had given place to disgust and indifference. The men had been robbed of their prey, as it seemed to them, and now, instead of enjoying the laurels they had been confidently expecting as victors, they were to return into Virginia, to renew their weary marches over its dusty plains and through its miry roads, to combat the foe anew in his chosen strongholds. It could not be expected that they would be otherwise than dissatisfied; but they had been so thoroughly schooled in disappointment that they did not carry their disgust beyond the point of giving it very frequent and emphatic expression: nor was this feeling limited to the rank and file, but was shared also by the officers. It is not within the province of this unpretentious work to discuss the wisdom or mistakes of the movements immediately subsequent to Gettysburg, nor is it necessary. The seal of disapproval has been set upon them by the verdict of history. It is an easy matter after an act is performed to show wherein it might have been bettered; but an ounce of such philosophy before a battle is worth a ton afterwards. We shall always believe, however, that Gen. Meade did what seemed best to him at the time and under the circumstances.*

It may be permitted the writer to make, as his contribution to the fund of *post proelium* wisdom, a

* "But neither Lee's army nor his troubles were yet over. The heavy rains following the battle had swelled the Potomac to an unfordable state; while Gen. French, who with 7,000 veterans had been left idle at Frederick during the great events in Pennsylvania, had, without orders, sent a cavalry force to Falling Waters and Williamsport, which captured the weak guard left by Lee to hold his bridge, which they forthwith destroyed. Lee's hold on the Maryland bank was therefore compulsory, while he collected material, and repaired

statement made to him by an ex-Confederate * connected with Lee's supply train, that the Rebel army was all but destitute of ammunition at Williamsport and had sent its train back to Staunton for a supply, which did not reach them on its return until after they had recrossed the Potomac. The same authority further stated that his army was utterly demoralized and without organization, and that the Rebels supposed our army refrained from attacking because in substantially the same condition.

Our line of march takes us through a place called Wilmington and across a part of Antietam battlefield. On our left, a narrow strip of green extending back over the hill, half a mile in length, marks the limits of a trench in which it is said there are three thousand bodies buried. Other patches of green, less in extent, indicate still further the resting-places of the slain in this great battle.† On the hill at our right stands the "Chapel," ‡ whose battered walls, together with the many scarred trees near it, attest the severity of the conflict, and the efficacy of the shooting done, we are told, by the First

or renewed his bridge. Ere this was accomplished, Meade's army was before him, strengthened by French's division and by part of Couch's militia, which had reported at Gettysburg and joined the army at Boonesboro'. The 12th having been spent in getting our troops into position, Gen. Meade called a council of his corps commanders to consider the expediency of attacking next morning. The council sat long and debated earnestly. Gens. Howard, Pleasanton, and Wadsworth (in place of Reynolds, killed), urged and voted to attack; but Gens. Sedgwick, Slocum, Sykes, French, and Hays (in place of Hancock, wounded at Gettysburg), opposed it. Gen. Meade having heard all, stated that his judgment favored an attack—that he came there to fight, and could see no good reason for not fighting. Still, he could not take the responsibility of ordering an assault against the advice of a majority of his corps commanders — four of them ranking officers of the army next himself. . . . At all events, he did not take it; so our army stood idle throughout the following day, and in the night Lee withdrew across the Potomac." — *American Conflict*, Vol. II.

* In April, 1879

† All these have since been exhumed and buried in the National Cemetery.

‡ Known in history as the "Dunker Church."

Massachusetts and other batteries, to dislodge the enemy from this position. The scattered bones of horses that still lay bleaching were the only other witnesses left by the farmers to bear testimony to the indecisive contest of ten months previous. We make these observations while passing, for the army does not halt, but moves on, arriving soon after at the town of Sharpsburg, through which we pass and camp for the night about three miles beyond. This town, by whose name the Rebels designate the battle of Antietam, because their line was established near and in it, also gave evidence of warlike treatment. It was a low, filthy settlement, showing need of the healing arts of Peace, rather than the destroying tendencies of War.

Resuming our march Thursday morning by way of Pleasant Valley, we passed through the villages of Rohrersville and Brownsville, camping near the latter until 5 o'clock P.M. the next day. Here, for some reason we never understood, but for which we were afterwards more or less grateful, we were ordered to turn in our knapsacks and do up our effects in rolls or "bundles." Although but about six miles from Harper's Ferry, we did not reach its vicinity until midnight. It was raining there still, just as when we left. We lay along the railroad, passing the dreary hours as comfortably as we could, and at 5 o'clock in the gray of morning crossed the turbid waters of the Potomac by pontoon, and entered the Ferry. The town was entirely deserted by its inhabitants, and the empty houses and glaring signboards seemed to stare at us as if ghosts of departed happiness and business prosperity. No faces peered from the lonely windows; no smoke curled from the cold chimneys; the shelves of the stores displayed no piles of tempting goods; no vehicles save those

of the army waked the echoes of its quiet streets: everything stood as it had been left, the life of the place having been suddenly paralyzed by the touch of a monster — the monster War.

Passing on by another bridge which spanned the Shenandoah, and winding round by a narrow road under the cliffs of Bolivar Heights, we entered Loudon Valley and began our experience in war-swept Virginia. It was a beautiful country which we had entered. The route lay through forests of oak, against which the woodman's axe appeared never to have been lifted, and then emerged in the midst of fertile fields waving with wheat and other grains. On our right stretched the Blue Ridge, like a sheltering wall against the rude blasts of winter, and the country seemed fitted to be a garden of plenty. The inhabitants were evidently not in harmony with the natural beauty around them. The poor in their miserable hovels, and with scanty gardens, were contented if they could maintain a bare existence and keep starvation from the door. The estates of the wealthier, while having some show of comfort and plenty, wore a neglected and decaying appearance, partly because war had stifled all thrift and enterprise, and partly owing to the deadening influences of slavery.

During our first day in Virginia we marched about eleven miles, and the next day seven more, camping near an insignificant settlement, known as Woodsgrove, amidst a profusion of blackberries. From this place Sergt. Allard and privates Alden, Abbott and F. A. Chase were sent, mounted, back to Berlin on the Maryland side of the Potomac, with requisitions for a supply of mules to take the place of the horses on our baggage wagons. While returning they were captured by guerrillas and taken

to Belle Isle, Virginia. A detailed account of their experience will be found in the Appendix.

Monday morning, the 20th, we continued our line of march, passing through Snickersville, near Snicker's Gap, Bloomfield, and Paris, all small villages, and camped at Upperville near Ashby's Gap, where we remained until the afternoon of the 22d, leaving at 5 o'clock, the right and centre sections advancing about six miles and camping at Piedmont. The left section having been detailed as rear guard to the supply train, was on the road all night in that capacity, and the next morning made a rapid march of twelve miles to rejoin the Battery. We overtook it at mid-day pushing on into Manassas Gap. We met a body of cavalry and flying artillery coming out of the gap. They had been holding it until the army arrived. We were immediately ordered into position on one of a series of eminences known as Wapping Heights, commanding the road through the Pass. It was thought Lee intended to get possession of these heights, and a battle was momentarily expected.* But no sooner were our guns in position than, wearied with the march of the last twenty hours, many of the men fell down beside them and slept soundly. At sundown we began to

* "Gen. Meade crossed the Potomac . . . on the 18th, . . . moving to Warrenton. This movement being in advance of Lee, who halted for some days near Bunker Hill and made a feint of recrossing the Potomac, Meade was enabled to seize all the passes through the Blue Ridge north of the Rappahannock, barring the enemy's egress from the Shenandoah save by a tedious flank march.

"Meade, misled by his scouts, had expected to fight a battle in Manassas Gap — or rather on the west side of it — where our cavalry under Buford found the enemy in force; when the 3d Corps was sent in haste from Ashby's Gap to Buford's support, and its 1st division, Gen. Hobart Ward, pushed through the Gap, and the Excelsior brigade, Gen. F. B. Spinola, made three heroic charges up as many steep and difficult ridges dislodging and driving the enemy with mutual loss, — Gen. Spinola being twice wounded. . . .

"Next morning, our soldiers pushed forward to Front Royal, but encountered no enemy. Unknown to us, the Excelsiors had been

cast about for something to eat, rations being in arrears as well as forage. A neighboring cornfield furnished a meal of green stalks for the horses, and from the remains of a cow that had been slaughtered by some of the infantry who had preceded us, several of the Company gleaned meat enough for supper. Others, making a raid on a neighboring barn-yard, secured a calf and a sheep, which were promptly offered up as victims to the needs of the present hour.

In the morning several rapid volleys of musketry were heard, and we expected soon to be engaged, but the sounds at length died away. The dark masses of infantry that were encamped on the hills around began to file down into the road and retrace their steps. Then we knew that the Rebels had gone. Of course the sanguine circulated rumors that there was but one gap left by which they could escape to Richmond, and that, our forces could reach first; but we put little confidence in them, and, as it proved, these were the last sounds of battle heard in this campaign. We soon followed the infantry, and having arrived at Piedmont, where we encamped for the night, found the welcome supply trains awaiting us.

Another day's march took us through the settlements of Oak Hill and Salem. The latter stood on the flattest piece of territory we had yet seen in Virginia. It had been quite a flourishing village in its day, but now, left in charge of its old men and a few faithful blacks, it was fast going to decay. We bivouacked for the night nearly three miles beyond the town, and on the morrow (Sunday) completed

fighting a brigade of Ewell's men who were holding the Gap, while Rhodes' division, forming the rear guard of Lee's army, marched past up the valley, and had, of course, followed on its footsteps during the night. No enemy remained to fight; but two days were lost by Meade getting into and out of the Gap; during which Lee moved rapidly southward, passing around our right flank, and appearing in our front when our army again looked across the Rappahannock." — *American Conflict*, Vol. II.

the remaining distance of six miles to Warrenton, arriving there about 11 o'clock A.M., parking just outside the town. Our halt here was brief, however, for soon an order came for us to go on picket at a post three miles beyond the town, which we did, having a support of four or five thousand infantry accompany us.

Warrenton is the capital town of Fauquier County, and in 1860 was recorded as having a free population of 605. As we were marched around instead of through the town, much to the disgust of our Yankee curiosity, we could take no note of its interior. What we could see of its suburbs, however, was in its favor. A visit to the place in 1879, under more favorable circumstances, enables us to give some description of it. It is a "city set on a hill," and, therefore, can be seen for a long distance. Its present population is said to number 2,000. It has but one business street, perhaps one-fourth of a mile in length, which was innocent of all attempts at grading, being lowest in the centre and the receptacle of more or less rubbish. There are wretched attempts at sidewalks in spots, and horse-blocks, or their equivalent, are found in front of many of the stores and dwellings. Most of the buildings on this main street are unpretentious structures, many of them the typical Southern store, one story high, with pitched roof, and a piazza in front seemingly for the shelter of the loungers that are always to be found under it. Three or four churches, a court-house, and a small jail behind the latter, of a somewhat rickety appearance, seeming hardly strong enough to hold securely the highly civilized type of criminal found in the Middle and Eastern States, comprise the public buildings. The court-house has been called "handsome" in its day, but on what

ground it would be somewhat difficult, at present, to tell. Although a two-storied building, it is quite low-studded, and a part of its outer wall finished in plaster presents evidence that the "scaling down" process, of late so popular in some parts of the quondam Confederacy, is becoming general in its application. The Circuit Court was in session while we were here, engaged in trying a negro for the murder of a white man at Manassas Junction some weeks before. A large crowd, composed of both colors, was assembled in and about the court-house, but as good-natured and free from excitement as could be found anywhere in the North under similar conditions. The prisoner certainly seemed to be having a fair trial.

The suburbs are by far the most attractive and creditable part of the town. There are a number of very fine residences on the four or five roads that centre in this place. Many of them have been built since the war. Spacious and ornamental grounds surround them, showing the existence of a refined taste and the means of gratifying it, and proving rather conclusively that not every Rebel exhausted his resources in the interests of the Confederacy, — for Warrenton was a stanch Rebel stronghold during the war, and, as we were informed, still deserves that reputation.

A private conversation with some of the colored men, however, assured us that they exercise their suffrages entirely untrammelled. As we journeyed on beyond the town we met horsemen at short intervals, isolated or in pairs, Virginia gentlemen of the old school going to "Circuit." This is one of the "field days" of the county, when almost every man within a radius of twenty miles may be found at county headquarters; and from the number of sad-

dled horses picketed along the streets and in vacant lots, one might easily imagine either Kilpatrick's or Stuart's troopers in possession, were it a time of war. Approaching the town later in the day, on our homeward journey, we met several of these same gentry, also wending their way homeward, many of whom maintained a very unstable equilibrium in the saddle. In brief, during Circuit, liquors flow with the utmost freedom, each gentleman of the F. F. V.'s drinking with every one of his acquaintances whom he meets, if his capacity is equal to it. But we must not linger longer in this representative and interesting town of the Old Dominion.

One feature of our march through Virginia thus far was the untold abundance of blackberries with which we were almost constantly regaled. In some sections they literally lined the roads and overran the fields. It was possible for a soldier to seat himself in their midst, and without once changing his location, to fill his stomach, or his coffee dipper, or both. It is to be further noted that the fruit was unusually sweet and delicious, putting our northern products into the shade in this particular. To what extent it was instrumental in toning up the health and spirits of the army cannot be estimated, but that it was eminently beneficial, and warded off a vast amount of summer disease, is beyond all question.

OTIS N. HARRINGTON
Orderly Sergeant

We remained at our post on picket for five days. From this camp, First Sergeant Otis N. Harrington, who had been ailing for some time with chronic diarrhoea, was sent to Washington, the 29th, but did not live to reach there, dying on the journey July 30th. He left his saddle when the army crossed into Virginia, saying at the time that the last hope of recovery had left him. The rigors of the campaign to this point had so aggravated his disease that his courage had deserted him, and his strength nearly so, when we crossed at Harper's Ferry. From this time the hardships he underwent multiplied, so that when at last it was permitted to send him to the hospital he had not sufficient vitality left to reach there. He was an efficient officer and a good soldier, and was much respected by the entire Company, which deeply lamented his death. Sergt. George H. Putnam was promoted to fill the vacancy on the 8th of August.

John C. Frost also left us the same date, and was discharged from the service for disability the following September.

Before we left this camp, a large mail, which had been accumulating at Washington for three weeks, arrived, and opened to us once more the outer world from which we had been so completely excluded.

July 31, we moved forward and took post at Sulphur Springs.

MORNING REPORTS.

1863.

June 26. Battery arrived at Maryland Heights at 10 o'clock A.M.

June 27. Gen. French took command of this post to-day.

June 28. Private Charles Slack reported to quarters.

June 29. Private Charles Slack reported for duty. Privates Frank M. Estee and Warburton reported to quarters.

June 30. Privates Estee and Warburton reported for duty. Started from Maryland Heights for Frederick City.

July 1. Arrived at Frederick City at 6 o'clock P.M.

July 2. Started from Frederick City at 4 P.M. and arrived at Monocacy Junction 6 P.M.

July 3. Private John T. Goodwin reported for duty.

July 4. Privates Clark (?) and Orcutt (?) reported to quarters.

July 5. Privates Orcutt (?) and Nowell reported to quarters.

July 7. Privates Clark (?), Orcutt (?) and Nowell returned to duty. Two sections of this Battery returned to Frederick City.

July 8. The sections at Frederick Junction joined the Battery. The Battery started for South Mountain to join the Third Army Corps at 2 o'clock.

July 9. On the march Alvah F. Southworth and S. G. Richardson appointed teamsters vice Abbott and Chase reduced.

July 10. Camped on Antietam battleground.

July 12. Quartermaster Serg't S. A. Alden and Corp'l W. W. Starkweather reduced to the ranks. Private W. G. Rollins appointed Q. M. Sergt. in place of Alden reduced to the ranks. Private B. C. Clark appointed corporal in place of Starkweather.

July 13. Two horses shot. Disease glanders. Three horses abandoned as worthless and worn out.

July 18. Crossed the Potomac river from Maryland to Virginia.

July 19. Serg't Allard and privates Alden, Chase and Abbott sent to Berlin for horses and mules with four horses mounted.

July 25. Three horses abandoned as worthless and worn out.

July 27. First Sergeant Otis N. Harrington and private John C. Frost reported sick to quarters. Captain J. Henry Sleeper absent sick at Warrenton on surgeon's certificate.

July 28. One horse abandoned as worthless and worn out.

July 29. First Sergeant Otis N. Harrington and private John C. Frost sent to Gen'l Hospital, Washington, D. C. One horse died, disease inflammation of the bladder.

Privates Northey, Ellsworth, Ramsdell, Ham, Chase, Peach, Innis, Clark (?), Bickford, Ring, Newton, Parks, Pierce (?) reported to quarters.

CHAPTER VI.

July 31 to October 19, 1863.

SULPHUR SPRINGS AS IT WAS — CAMP LIFE — THE ADVANCE TO CULPEPPER — BACK TO THE RAPPAHANNOCK — AUBURN — OUR MAIDEN FIGHT — CENTREVILLE — FAIRFAX STATION — OVATION TO GEN. SICKLES — SHOT FOR DESERTION.

Sulphur Springs — or Warrenton Sulphur Springs, as they are usually termed to distinguish them from the more famous White Sulphur Springs in West Virginia — the spot selected for the encampment of the Third Corps, is situated some six miles from Warrenton, on the north bank of the Rappahannock River. Before the war it had been a fashionable watering-place for wealthy planters and their families, who frequented it in large numbers from the States farther south. The buildings originally consisted of two large hotels, one on either side of the road, with a capacity of eight hundred guests. Both of these were in ruins, having been set on fire by shells thrown, we were told, by Union troops the summer previous, to dislodge sharpshooters. It seems that they were actually thrown by the Rebel army, — perhaps the 24th of August, when Sigel's detachment of Pope's army occupied the place, as he was heavily shelled by the enemy at that time, from the ridge of land across the river.

The spacious stable, too, that stood near by, was completely destroyed. The walls of the larger hotel and a part of its roof were in tolerably good condition. It was a four and one-half storied structure.

A slat bedstead, minus the slats, still remained in nearly every chamber, and a hundred bells hung voiceless in the office. Running back *en echelon* from either flank of the building were two rows of cottages for the accommodation of families. These were in a fair state of preservation, as was also the bath-house with its twenty tubs, and a central fountain, supplied with water from the springs by means of a hydraulic ram. A small upright engine of about five horse power, evidently used for pumping water and for carrying the shafting to what appeared to have been a small wheelwright's shop, was still standing. In rear of this hotel was a beautiful grove of large trees, which formed what must have been a most charming auxiliary to the other natural and artificial attractions of the spot. In the early history of the watering-place this was a deer park. We were informed by a most veracious gentleman who at one time lived there, that he himself has counted forty-two deer in this enclosure at a time, besides monkeys, numerous beautiful birds, and other imported objects of animated nature. This feature, however, had disappeared before the war broke out. From the rear of the hotel the ground fell away in an easy descent to the springs, a distance of perhaps twenty or twenty-five rods. Over one of these springs stood, with uncertain stability, a wooden canopy, while encircling it, at a distance of eight or ten feet, was erected a wooden bulwark three or four feet high, banked outside with earth to keep out all surface water. On the seat which surrounded this enclosure hundreds of well-to-do Southern planters and farmers had sat and sipped sulphur water, to many a healing beverage, but to our unschooled taste a very unpalatable one. Beyond the springs the ground rises again, and again

falls away to the Rappahannock. A few rods below stood the piers to a bridge then destroyed. The road crossing the river at this point leads to Culpepper Court House. It seemed a truly picturesque and favored spot, and we looked forward to our stay near it with pleasurable anticipations.

The grounds in the immediate vicinity of the hotels were appropriated for the headquarters of Maj. Gen. Birney, he having command of the First Division, to which we were then attached. Going on past the hotels up the road which leads to Fredericksburg, some four hundred yards, we turn into an apple orchard on our left, overrun with blackberry vines, and on this rise of land locate our camp. There was no fruit on the trees, but an abundance on the vines, and we almost literally rolled in berries for some time. Having cleared up the ground, pitched the officers' quarters and the tarpaulins, and put up a brush shelter over the horses, but little remained for us to do, and a reaction set in. Scarcely a man in the Company felt strong and vigorous, although there were but few cases of serious and protracted illness. Lying and sitting on the ground to the extent we had done were not conducive to a healthful bodily condition, and the systems of many became so relaxed that the slightest exertion was most distasteful. On the 17th of August shelter tents were furnished us, and just one week afterwards we pitched them, each man selecting a chum (or "chicken," as the Marbleheadmen called them), to share his quarters. Six streets were laid out, one to a detachment, and the camp presented a neat and orderly appearance. The tents were supported in most cases on ridge-poles averaging five feet from the ground, which gave opportunity to build rough cots within. This change produced an improved

healthfulness throughout the Company. Then there were bowers of branches built over the tents and some of the streets, thus adding very materially to our bodily comfort; so that we have always looked back upon our camp life at Sulphur Springs as being, on the whole, rather delightful.

The eminence now occupied by us had at some period or periods in 1862 been the theatre of active operations, as numerous unexploded shells and fragments of shells that lay scattered about bore ample testimony. One of these was accidentally the cause of quite a commotion in camp for a few moments. It seemed that the brigade on our right had "policed" their camp, and swept the rubbish, composed mostly of dry grass and twigs, into a hole, excavated for the purpose of getting at the red clayey loam for chimney-building. Amongst this rubbish was a loaded shell. Some time after, the mass was innocently fired, when the shell exploded, startling the whole camp, but injuring no one.

Several times in the previous year, during the movements prior and immediately subsequent to the Second Bull Run battle, the river below us had been crossed and recrossed by divisions of either army, and on some of these occasions, perhaps the one already alluded to, our present position, being occupied by one party, had been subjected to a heavy artillery fire from the other. The position was also a good one from which to deal blows, and some quarter, perhaps the high land across the river, may have received an equivalent number of iron compliments from it.

During our stay here we were ordered to adopt the badge of the Artillery Brigade, Third Corps. It was the lozenge worn by the corps, but subdivided into four smaller lozenges, two of which were blue, one

red, and one white, to be worn on the side of the cap. So little is known in relation to the origin of the corps badges, that the author has thought a paragraph on that subject would be of value introduced in this connection.

The idea of a corps badge originated, as far as can be ascertained, with Gen. Kearny. During the seven days' battle on the Peninsula he saw the necessity of having some distinctive mark by which the officers and men of his division could be recognized. He therefore directed his officers to wear a red patch of diamond shape as a distinguishing mark, for the making of which he gave up his own red blanket. Not long afterwards the men, of their own accord, cut pieces out of their overcoat linings to make patches for themselves. At the same time Kearny adopted a plain red flag to denote his division headquarters, and Hooker adopted a blue one for his headquarters.* At Harrison's Landing, July 4, 1862, Kearny issued a general order, directing officers to wear a red patch of the diamond or lozenge shape either on the crown or left side of their cap, while the men were to wear theirs in front. From this apparently insignificant beginning the idea of division and corps badges was developed by Maj. Gen. Butterfield when he was made Chief-of-Staff of the Army of the Potomac in 1863. Hooker then took up the matter, and, having done away with the Grand Divisions, divided the army into seven corps, and designated a badge to be worn by each. To the First Corps he gave the circle; Second Corps, trefoil; Third Corps, diamond; Fifth Corps, Maltese cross; Sixth Corps, Greek cross; Eleventh Corps, crescent; Twelfth Corps, star. Each corps was constituted of

* See De Peyster's "Personal and Military History of Philip Kearny," from which many of these facts were taken.

FIRST CORPS.

1ST DIV.

2 NO DIV.

3RO DIV.

SECOND CORPS.

1ST DIV.

2 NO DIV.

3RO DIV.

THIRD CORPS.

1ST DIV.

2NO DIV.

3RO DIV.

THIRD CORPS ARTILLERY BRIGADE. (1863)

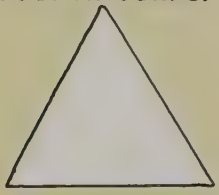
1ST DIV.

2NO DIV.

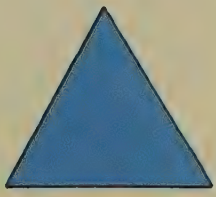
3RO DIV.

FOURTH CORPS.

1ST DIV.



2 NO DIV.



3RO DIV.

three divisions. The patch worn by the first division was red, the second white, and the third blue. General Orders No. 53, issued by Hooker in May, 1863, and before me as I write, order provost marshals to arrest as stragglers all troops (except certain specified bodies) found without badges, and return them to their commands under guard.

This scheme of badges, originated by Kearny and perfected by Hooker, continued, substantially unaltered, to the close of the war. The system of headquarters' flags, inaugurated by McClellan, was also much simplified and improved by Hooker. The accompanying plate shows the badges of the first four corps and the artillery brigade of the Third Corps.

Our camp duties at Sulphur Springs were by no means onerous, especially during August. Once established, there was very little drill or fatigue duty required of us. On the 6th a national Thanksgiving was proclaimed by President Lincoln, in recognition of the victories at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, and our gratitude took on a deeper tinge on account of the appearance of the paymaster with two months' pay. On the 15th, the gentlemanly soldier, Capt. Geo. E. Randolph, Chief of Artillery of the Third Corps, and commander of Battery E, First Regiment Rhode Island Artillery, inspected the Company. His bearing on this occasion, and afterwards whenever we came in contact with him, made a favorable impression upon us that only strengthened with time, for he certainly seemed to us a thorough gentleman and soldier. While in the latter capacity he may not have excelled either his predecessor in command over us, or his successor, as a gentleman in the administration of his functions as Chief of Artillery he was unquestionably their superior, and we deplored the change which afterwards deprived us of his leadership.

September 7th the corps was reviewed near Bealeton by Gen. Meade, and made a fine appearance. A corps review was a new experience to us, but one that became commonplace enough, later.

September 9th was the anniversary of our muster, and Capt. Sleeper gave us the day to celebrate as each should choose, consistently with the requirements of the service. Several received passes to visit friends in other regiments, but the greater part remained in camp.

On the 12th the paymaster again made us happy by the disbursement of an additional two months' pay, and by paying balances to such as had not drawn the full amount of clothing annually allowed by government, — forty-two dollars' worth. Those who suffered deductions from their wages for overdraft of their clothing allowance, however, far exceeded the number having a balance.

On the 13th Maj. Gen. Birney reviewed the First Division, which was the last parade of this kind in which we participated at Sulphur Springs, for now heavy movements of cavalry betokened a speedy breaking-up of the peace and quietness that had reigned so long in both armies. On the 15th of September marching orders came, — suddenly, as such orders usually came. At half-past two in the afternoon the orderly delivered his charge, and at 5 o'clock we were on the move, leaving, according to instructions, our tents standing and four or five sick men in them. A part of these came on in the baggage wagons the next day. The others, after various refusals, succeeded in getting passage in some division ambulances, well filled without them. Two hours after they left, Rebel guerrillas were roaming through the camp.

The cavalry that we had seen crossing were part

of a large force destined on a reconnoissance under Gen. Pleasanton.* Supported by Gen. Warren with the Second Corps, they met and pressed back Stuart's cavalry across the Rapidan.† The infantry, however, were at no time engaged. This movement revealed the fact that Lee had depleted his army to reinforce Bragg in Tennessee, having sent away Longstreet's corps for that purpose, which decided Gen. Meade to assume the offensive at once, and was the cause of our sudden departure. We marched not more than three miles, probably less, before camping for the night in a field of tall weeds on the left of the road. We were astir at 4 o'clock, and in the advance of the corps, supported by the Third Division (?), made a march of at least twenty miles, camping about 8 o'clock P.M., on "Bloomingdale farm," which was owned, or had been, so said report, by Gen. A. P. Hill, of the Rebel army. It was a very warm day, and quite a large number of the infantry fell out of the ranks, a few dying from being overheated. We crossed the Rappahannock and Hazel rivers this day, the former at Freeman's Ford. At the latter crossing, the battery wagon, not following the course indicated for it, struck a rock and capsized in the river.

At 5 o'clock on the morning of the 17th we harnessed and hitched in, but did not move out of park until 2 P.M., and then to advance only a mile or so,

* September 13.

† "Some time after this, about the middle of September, I received information which induced me to believe, or which satisfied me, that Longstreet's corps, or a portion of it, from Gen. Lee's army, had been detached to the southwest. Immediately upon receiving this information, and without waiting for instructions, I sent my cavalry across the Rappahannock, drove the enemy across the Rapidan, and subsequently followed with my whole army, occupying Culpepper and the position between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan." — *Gen. Meade: Testimony before Committee on the Conduct of the War*, Vol. I., 1865.

when we went into position amid a low, scattering growth of trees and bushes, with Clark's New Jersey Battery on our right, and the whole of the Third Division in the woods on our left. The roofs and spires of the town of Culpepper * were visible something more than a mile away. It was Army Headquarters, and a visit to this old-fashioned but substantial and interesting town took one through an almost continuous sheet of canvas comprising the thousands of tents and army wagons environing it. Its appearance, aside from that occasioned by the presence of military intruders, wore such an atmosphere of antiquity, that we readily conjured up the shades of its lordly namesake and his associates with whom to people it, although it is probable that this section of country never came under their observation.

We remained on picket here a few days, with little to disturb us worthy of mention. A part of the time was occupied in the erection of board cabins for our better protection from the cold, — which by night was quite intense for the season and latitude, — and from rains that had been unusually copious. During this period, too, our three teamsters were ordered to turn in their horses, and received in return three complete teams of six mules each. To see these untrained drivers attempt to establish control over them was rare sport indeed. A mule is an animal which has the peculiar faculty of doing just the opposite of what is wanted of him. If he ought to move in a straight line he is certain to describe a circle, and vice versa; and to run wheels into pitfalls and against stumps seems his special delight. The

* The actual name of the town is Fairfax. It is the capital of Culpepper County. But the name of the county has well nigh usurped the name of the town. Both are named in honor of English lords.

management of the mule is a very simple matter when he is once trained. With the six mules hitched to the pole of their own wagon when in camp, on duty, with their mischief-loving propensities, sundry entanglements ensue, and a confused pile of mule apparently involved inextricably is a common sight at such times; but the appearance of the driver with his "black-snake," or whip, changes the scene amazingly. Only one or two cracks of it are necessary for them to become disentangled, unaided, and stand, as it were, at a "present" to their master. In the mule-driver's code the whip is the panacea for all the ills mule disposition is heir to. Yet there have been cases where the law of kindness has worked its gentle way even through his thick hide and skull. A team becomes manageable as soon as there is established a community of feeling and mutual understanding between the mules and their driver. By certain jerks of the single rein which he holds, that is attached to the bit of the near lead mule, and by outlandish sounds unintelligible to outsiders, he makes known his commands, and they obey with alacrity. Our drivers, after various ludicrous mishaps, attained a skill in the control of their teams equal to the best "professors" in the wagon trains, and to the uninitiated whose eyes may see these pages, it remains to be said that a six-mule team in the hands of an experienced driver, with his single rein can be handled more promptly than a six-horse team by far, and, except under fire, is more reliable in other respects. They were of immense service to both armies in the Rebellion.

Early in October orders were received at Company headquarters to keep eight days' rations on hand. The significance of this we did not at the time understand fully, but the fact was developed later that

Gen. Meade was on the point of pushing his offensive operations still further by making a flank movement on Lee's position across the Rapidan, as it seemed too strong to be carried by a direct assault, when he was suddenly brought to a halt in its execution by being ordered to send the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps (Howard's and Slocum's), under the command of Gen. Jos. Hooker, to reinforce the Army of the Cumberland. This put Gen. Meade, in turn, on the defensive; but, by the arrival of recruits and the return of troops sent to keep the peace in New York during the draft, towards the middle of October, he felt sufficiently strong to again assume the aggressive. On the 10th he sent Gen. Buford with his cavalry division across the Rapidan to uncover the upper fords preparatory to advancing Newton's First and Sedgwick's Sixth corps. Lee, meanwhile, having heard of the reduction of our army, was preparing for an offensive movement at the same time. He felt perfectly competent to cope with our force; and it is stated, on no less reliable authority than Gen. Longstreet, who may be presumed to know, that Lee proposed the audacious measure of a direct march on Washington with his entire army, being willing, if necessary, to leave Richmond exposed and exchange capitals. This, as might be expected, Jeff. Davis would not permit, and the Rebel commander was forced to content himself with an attempt to turn the right flank of our army, and by crippling it, as he hoped to do, keep it near Washington, so that more reinforcements might be sent to Bragg. Thus it happened, that, whereas Buford crossed the river on the 10th, Lee had anticipated him, having crossed to the north side on the preceding day, and by unfrequented and circuitous routes gained the right of our army before the movement was suspected. Of

these facts we, of course, knew nothing until later, so that when, about 11 o'clock in the forenoon of Saturday, October 10th, we received orders to "harness and hitch in as quickly as possible," it gave us something of a surprise, which was by no means lessened by our being immediately ordered into line of battle a few rods from camp. The beating of the "Long Roll" had already assembled the infantry. The report was that the enemy was flanking us, and an attack was imminent on any part of the line; but as no enemy appeared immediately, the infantry were permitted to return to camp, one company at a time, and pack their effects. We did the same by detachments, and lay there all that day and the decidedly cool night which succeeded it, shivering and dozing alternately around the fires, until morning of the next day, the Sabbath, when, at 8 o'clock, the column was put in motion rearward. The trains had all been sent on with the utmost dispatch, and now began the memorable race between the two armies. Our caissons were put in the lead, and our guns to the rear, where the danger was supposed to lie. The Hazel River was again crossed, this time by a pontoon, to facilitate the retreat and prevent the recurrence of such accidents as befell our battery wagon on the advance. The Rappahannock was reached after dark, and crossed by fording at Fox's Mill Ford,* lucky artillerymen riding over, dry shod, on their carriages, whilst the infantry were obliged to wade, and their shouts and halloos at one another's mishaps in crossing were heard far into the night. We were among the first to cross, going immediately into park on a low flat of land next the river, where we passed the coolest night of the sea-

* This ford is less than two miles below Sulphur Springs.

son thus far.* The frost could be scraped from our blankets by handfuls the next morning. At 6 o'clock we were again under way, but proceeded no more than three miles before making a halt near Bealeton on Bell Plain, our old review ground. Here we passed the rest of the day and succeeding night, up to about 3 A.M., of the 13th; then we were again turned out and on the move at 5, travelling at a moderate speed until we arrived at what is known as "Three Mile Station," on the Warrenton Branch Railroad. We there heard that the Rebels had driven our cavalry out of Warrenton that forenoon. From this cause, or on account of other information in possession of the corps commander, line of battle was at once formed and skirmishers thrown out. Meanwhile the Battery had been placed on a very commanding hill; but after waiting fully half an hour, with no demonstrations from the enemy, we moved down into the road again and resumed our advance. Shortly after this Capt. Sleeper was ordered to send a section of his Battery to the front. In obedience to this order, the right section moved

* "My division brought up the rear and left, and we crossed the Rappahannock expecting to occupy our old position at Sulphur Springs. . . . . I was met, however, by an aid to Gen. French, with orders to mass my troops at Freeman's Ford, and not take my old position at Sulphur Springs.

"About two o'clock in the afternoon of that day an order reached me, stating that the whole army would be prepared to advance; that it would recross the Rappahannock. I held my division in readiness until night. I was then upon the right of our army, and little before dark the cavalry under Gen. Gregg, who was stationed at the fords formerly held by me, reported that the enemy was there. That was beyond the line assigned to me, and I sent a staff officer, . . . asking instructions. I received orders to be on the alert and ready to receive an attack, and hold my command in readiness to move. I remained there all night. The enemy crossed within two miles and a half of my command, and I did not interrupt them at all. The next morning I received an order to fall back with the rest of the corps, which we did, and upon the extreme left of the retreating army marched to Greenwich, and then bivouacked." — *Maj. Gen. Birney: Testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War*, Vol. I., 1865.

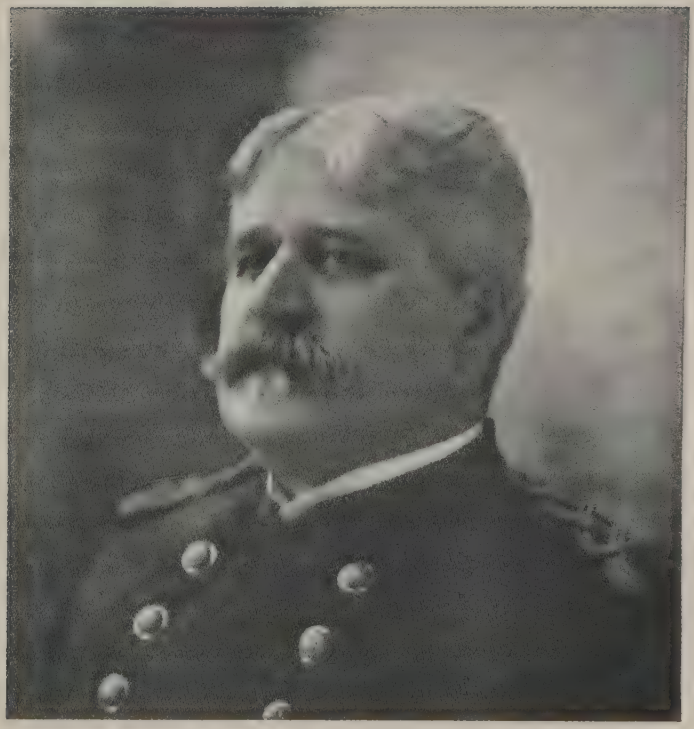
to the head of the column at a trot. The order of the troops in march was now as follows: first, a small body of cavalry as advance guard, followed at a few rods distance by Gen. French and staff; then came a small regiment of infantry; and after it our right section, followed by the First Brigade of the First Division, Col. Collis commanding; and this, in turn, succeeded in column by the rest of the Battery; then came the remainder of the First Division.

In this order the column had just crossed Turkey Run, and was marching along less than half a mile south of where the road, sloping gently down, debouches suddenly on Cedar Run and the little settlement of Auburn on its north bank. A continuous piece of woods stretched along on our right, but on the left was an opening, beyond which also extended another tract of woods. Scarcely had the right section reached the position in column assigned it, before Capt. Clark, assistant chief of artillery, came galloping back to say to Lieut. Granger, "Gen. French wants your guns immediately at the front." The caissons were at once halted, the order to "gallop" given, and on dashed the pieces, soon meeting "Old Winkey" (as the General was often called on account of the emphasis and frequency with which he shut his eyes) cantering to the rear, who immediately ordered them to "go into battery and load with canister." But ere this the Rebels, who were posted for the most part in the woods beyond the opening, were sending their whizzing compliments at the column in unpleasant profusion. The road here was not wide, and was somewhat sunken, and to get the two pieces from column "In Battery" was a task which under less exciting circumstances might have been attended with some difficulty, and, possibly, confusion. It will be readily judged, then, that un-

der fire, and that, too, for the first time, the difficulties would be greatly enhanced. Nevertheless, the guns were unlimbered and put into position with commendable promptness and coolness,* with barely room enough left between them for the cannoneers to execute their duties, and a double discharge of canister at once sent hurtling down the road. "Sock it to them, boys!" said the General, who sat on his horse near by, winking with unusual vehemence, watching operations. But the "boys" needed no second bidding, and vigorously plied the woods with their canister and case shot.

Meanwhile, where was the rest of the Battery? The first intimation they had of trouble ahead was the general skurry of staff officers to the rear, hurrying on the men and issuing orders to various commanding officers. Our caissons were immediately halted, cannoneers, as many as were at hand and alert enough, mounted the pieces, the infantry opened ranks before us, and away we went at a lively gallop towards the scene of the fray, making a break through the rail fence, which skirted the road, into the open field. Tokens of conflict had ere this become manifest to the ear in the familiar boom of our own guns, already mentioned, and the hostile hiss of musket-balls about our heads, producing a new and decidedly unpleasant sensation. The centre section went into battery next the road, and the left section still farther to the left, thus bringing all six guns into line; but no sooner did these latter sections enter the field than the fire of the enemy was concentrated upon them, having them within shorter range and plain view, especially the left section, which was less screened by the scattering under-

* The colonel of the regiment supporting this section afterwards said he thought they were old troops, so coolly did they take the matter.



COL. PHILIP T. WOODFIN

growth. Before its guns are fairly unlimbered, Sergt. Philip T. Woodfin, chief of the left piece, falls from his horse severely wounded by a bullet, which enters his upper jaw, knocking in two teeth and lodging in his neck. Private Joseph Hooper, Number Three man on the same piece, receives a shot through his arm shortly after, while another grazes him on the hip. Private Alexander Holbrook is struck in the breast by a bullet which has passed through the lid of the open limber of the fifth piece, but which does him no serious injury. Two more spend themselves, one on the gun, the other on the limber chest of the fourth piece; and Lieut. Adams's horse plunges wildly with a wound in the leg. But all this has happened in less time than it has taken to write it. Our turn had now come. From the first moment we came under fire we were nearly consumed with the burning desire to get to doing something, for the numerous duckings of the head that we had executed out of respect to the "Minies" that met us with rebellious hisses, made us nervous to send back our compliments, and this we now do in good earnest. It is give as well as take, and every cannoneer is thrilled to the very core at the first belch of his own ten-pounder. It is his first blow from the shoulder for self-defence and Union, and it braces him up for the work before him. We send our shells crashing into the woods with great rapidity, and while thus engaged, Chief of Artillery Randolph rides up behind us as cool as if on review, and in a clear voice, which by its deliberate accents inspires confidence, calls out, "Don't fire so fast, men! Wait till you see a flash, then fire at it." But the flashes have grown less frequent.

Meanwhile Col. Collis's First Brigade filed rapidly in and took position on our left and left front, pro-

tected in part by a rise of ground. After the action had lasted about twenty minutes the firing of the enemy ceased, as did that of the Battery. Then the infantry rose, and pouring in a volley, charged with a ringing cheer into the woods; but the Rebels had retreated before them, and the fight was ended. Our foe was said to be a body of Stuart's Cavalry, variously estimated at from five hundred to two thousand in number.* Now came another new chapter in our experience. Wounded men hobbled to the rear or were carried thither, and a few, half an hour since in the full enjoyment of a vigorous manhood, lay pale in death. Our two wounded were taken to the ambulance train to be cared for. Private Hooper underwent the amputation of his arm. Sergt. Woodfin never rejoined the Company. He gradually recovered from his wound, and March 10, 1864, was promoted to a second and afterwards a first lieutenancy in the Sixteenth Massachusetts Battery.

For the commendable behavior of the Battery on this occasion, mention was made of it in the following General Order of the division commander:—

Headquarters, First Division, Third Corps,
Fairfax Station, Va., Oct. 18, 1863.

General Order No. 93.

Especial credit is due to the First Brigade, Col. Collis, and to the Tenth Massachusetts Battery, Capt. Sleeper, for their gallantry in repulsing the enemy's attack on the head of the column

* Lossing gives the latter figures in his "Civil War in America." On what authority, I am unable to state. The following is undoubtedly a good synopsis of the affair:

"My division had a little fight at Auburn before we reached Greenwich. Two brigades of cavalry under Stuart attacked the head of my column. The fight lasted about thirty minutes, and resulted in a retreat of the enemy, leaving their dead and wounded. I lost about fifty in killed and wounded from my leading brigade. Stuart was cut off by this repulse at Auburn and bivouacked that night to our right within our army." — *Gen. Birney: Testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War,* Vol. I., 1865.

at Auburn, and to Col. Collis for his skill and promptitude in making the dispositions ordered.

By command of Maj. Gen. Birney, F. BIRNEY,
Major and Assistant Adjutant-General.

The course being once more clear, our march was resumed and continued with spirit a distance of fully six miles, which brought us, in the darkness, at 9 o'clock, to the little settlement of Greenwich, where we bivouacked for the night. Daylight of the ensuing morning gave us a better view of our surroundings. There was one large house located at some distance from the road, with quite extensive grounds about it. Around the estate the following notice was posted:

BRITISH PROPERTY.
PROTECTED BY ORDER OF GEN. MEADE.

The same notice was conspicuously posted on nearly every house in the settlement. Later, we learned that a Mr. Green, who owned the large house, making it his summer residence and living at Savannah in the winter, was a man of means and influence, and instead of this being a knot of British settlers, as at first appeared, the other people living here had persuaded the above gentleman to have the same safeguard thrown about their premises as his own.

As early as 6 o'clock A.M., we were again on the move, our line of march this day taking us across the plains of Manassas and a portion of the old Bull Run battle-ground. Sounds of fighting to our right and rear had fallen upon our ears in the early morning, but we pursued our journey unmolested, being in the advance of the First Division and the Corps

as before. At noon the right section went into battery in one of the numerous earthworks around Manassas Junction, for the protection of the wagon train from guerrillas, subsequently making the best of its way to the head of the column again. By mid-afternoon the Third and Sixth corps jostled and crowded one another as both in hot haste pressed on to reach the desired goal — the heights of Centreville. We were passing over the trampled fields and old corduroys of the first Bull Run ground and about 4 o'clock the head of the column marched into and took possession of the earthworks on the rise of land between Bull Run and Centreville. The point was gained, and the Army of the Potomac was now in a position to covet rather than avoid an engagement. But no one understood our advantage better than Gen. Lee, who, having failed to intercept our communications, as he had fondly hoped, gave up the struggle with the close of day.

Before pursuing our own personal narrative further, it will be of general interest to connect our movements in this campaign with those of the army as a whole, both in respect to their causes and their relations to those of the enemy. It seems that Gen. Meade learned on the morning of the 12th that the Rebel army had halted at Culpepper, and thinking he might have been too hasty in his retreat, sent back the cavalry with the Second, Fifth, and Sixth corps to the vicinity of Brandy Station. This was the day we spent in waiting near Bealeton for the purpose, it would seem, of being within easy aiding distance in case Meade offered battle, which he contemplated doing at or near Culpepper. But the foe did not wait for any such demonstration, for that very day he had commenced another flanking movement, of which our commander became first ap-

prised through Gen. Gregg, who was watching the upper fords of the Rappahannock, when he was assailed by Lee's advance, and after a gallant resistance hurled back across the river, the latter then crossing with his army at Sulphur Springs and Waterloo, a ford a few miles higher up. Our corps at the time was but a short distance down the river, and had our isolated situation been known to the Confederate commander, he might easily have turned aside and demolished us before aid could have come from the other corps. But luckily this was not to be. The race between the two veteran armies was now pressed with the utmost vigor, Lee aiming to strike our line of retreat along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and Meade bending every energy to prevent him.*

Gen. Stuart hung closely about the skirts of our army, picking up stragglers, and it was while eagerly pressing on that he encountered the head of our corps at Auburn, with the result already given;

* "My desire was to give battle to Gen. Lee; but his movement so far to my right satisfied me that he was not going to attack me, and that he was moving off to seize the Rappahannock, . . . cut off my communications, and compel me to move out and attack him to my disadvantage. With this view I directed a retrograde movement of the army to the line of the Rappahannock, which was accomplished. . . .

"Under this belief, and being anxious to give him battle, it not being my desire at all to avoid a battle, except to avoid it upon his terms, I directed the movement of three corps early the next morning, amounting to about 30,000 men, with which I marched back again in the direction of Culpepper with the expectation that if Gen. Lee was there we would have a fight. . . .

"*Question.* When you retired on that retreat to Centreville it was not with any view to avoid a battle?

"*Answer.* Not at all. . . . This matter must be settled by fighting.

"*Question.* Your constant object was to bring on a battle on advantageous terms?

"*Answer.* My object was to maneuver so as to bring my army into such a position that when giving battle to the enemy I would have a reasonable probability of success; and in the event of a disaster I would have a line of retreat or line of communication open."—*Gen. Meade: Testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War.*

but at the close of the engagement it seems that he made off to our right instead of our left, as we then supposed, towards Catlett's Station, where he found himself that night in a critical situation. When in Poolsville, Md., in April, 1879, the writer fell in with a member of Stuart's famous troopers who spoke of a fight that occurred in this campaign, not far from Auburn, that he and his associates always called "The battle of the Bull Pen." His statement concerning it was in substance that Stuart unexpectedly found himself between two of our corps at dusk, and hastily concealed his men in a field hedged in by osage orange, and grown up to old field pines; that they muffled everything which could rattle, held their horses by the bridles, and took every precaution to remain undiscovered; that the conversation of the "Yanks" as they marched along was plainly audible; that many of our men who stepped into the lot were seized, bound, and threatened with instant death if they attempted to give an alarm; that at daylight they pushed their guns up to the edge of the bushes and discharged them among our troops who were encamped near by; and that upon being charged they retreated as best they could, congratulating themselves upon their escape from their serious dilemma. All this and more was told with a very interesting setting of details. Never having heard the incident before, it came as new matter and was forgotten; but while looking up material for this campaign we found his story fully corroborated in all essential points, and that Stuart did, on that very night after his interview with the Third Corps, find himself thus involved.* His first resolve was

* Lossing says between the Third and Second corps, but he is wrong, as the whole of the former encamped at or near Greenwich that night. Swinton says Sykes's Fifth Corps and Warren's Second, which is more probable.

to abandon his guns, and get out the best way he could, hoping to escape under cover of darkness with little loss; but this idea he relinquished, and hid his forces in a thicket of low pines that are wont to spring up from the exhausted soil of old fields. Feeling uncertain what the issue of his complicated situation might be, he fitted out three of his men with muskets and Union uniforms, with instructions to drop silently into our passing lines, march awhile, then slip out on the other side of the column and make haste to Gen. Lee at Warrenton for help.

At daybreak of the 14th, the crack of skirmishers' muskets gave token that the requested aid was at hand, whereupon the bold cavalry leader opened a cannonade upon our astonished forces from the opposite direction, and in the confusion immediately subsequent easily made his escape, Warren, very naturally, thinking himself to be attacked both in front and rear.

Then Lee pressed Hill and Ewell forward to anticipate our arrival at Bristow Station, but too late. When Hill approached it, our entire army, except the Second Corps, had gone by. The Third Corps brought up the rear of the troops that had passed. Hill now eagerly followed it, picking up stragglers, and was preparing to charge, when Gen. Warren appeared upon the scene with the Second Corps and somewhat disturbed his calculations. Hill turned at once to fight the foe in his rear. Warren, surprised at finding an enemy in his front, took some minutes to get his batteries at work, but ultimately succeeded in routing his opponent, taking six guns and about five hundred prisoners, with a loss in his corps not exceeding two hundred.

The roar of this engagement and of the desultory fighting that succeeded it came up from behind as

we closed in upon Centreville, and after our arrival there the sounds of strife were still to be heard, and the flashes of the artillery and puffs of smoke could be seen in the distance as day darkened into night; but the foreground to this picture presented a scene whose like we never saw before nor since. From far out over the plain long lines of army wagons were to be seen converging on Centreville, the drivers goading on their mules with the utmost desperation, as if in momentary expectation of being overtaken and "gobbled" by the enemy. Coming in at the same time, their columns intermingled with the wagon trains, were dense masses of the infantry, with bayonets glistening in the sunset light. In short, the whole landscape in our front seemed to be wriggling with every kind of military appurtenance, hastening to the high ground we were occupying, where Gen. Meade had resolved to give battle.

In the evening our left section was sent back about two miles for duty at one of the fords across Bull Run. Here we found the Third Division of our corps drawn up in two lines of battle. The section remained all night without molestation except from a drenching rain, and in the morning rejoined the Battery, when our march was leisurely resumed, Lee having given up the pursuit. A further retrograde of seven miles took us to a point two miles beyond Fairfax Station, where we halted, and, supported by the First Division, went into position behind a low breastwork.* Here, in a state of quiet, we remained until the 19th. Gen. Sickles arrived in camp the evening of the 15th, his first appearance in the army since Gettysburg. He had suffered the amputation

* "The next morning I was ordered to the extreme left of the army, to cover and hold Fairfax Station against an expected attack of the enemy from the left." — *Gen. Birney: Testimony before Committee on the Conduct of the War.*

of one leg, and the ovation extended him by the veterans of his old corps must have been very flattering to his pride, as showing the esteem in which he was still held by his former command. One prolonged and tumultuous cheer greeted him along the lines wherever he appeared, and nothing but his disabled and weak condition restrained the "Diamonds" from taking him out of his carriage and bearing him aloft on their shoulders through the camp.

Before our departure from this position we were called out to witness a spectacle, to us new, sternly sad and impressive, — the execution of a deserter. He had deserted more than once, and was also accused of giving information to the enemy, whereby a wagon train had been captured. He was executed in the presence of the whole division, which was drawn up around three sides of a rectangle in two double ranks, the outer facing inward and the inner facing outward. Between these the criminal was obliged to march, which he did with lowered head. The order of the solemn procession was as follows: 1st, the provost marshal, mounted; 2d, the band, playing Pleyel's Hymn; 3d, twelve armed men, who formed obliquely across the open end of the rectangle, when the procession had completed its round, to guard against any attempt to escape; 4th, the coffin, borne by four men; 5th, the prisoner and a chaplain, with a single guard on either side; 6th, a shooting detachment of twelve men, eleven having muskets loaded with ball, and the twelfth with blank cartridge, but each ignorant as to the possessor of the latter; 7th, an additional shooting force of six men to act in case the twelve failed in the execution of their duty.

After completing the round the prisoner sat on an end of his coffin, which was placed in the centre

of the open side of the rectangle, next his grave. The chaplain then made a prayer. After this was finished the latter addressed a few words to the condemned, inaudible to us, and followed them with another brief prayer. The provost marshal then advanced, bound the prisoner's eyes with a handkerchief, read the General Order for the execution, then gave the signal for the shooting party to fire, and a soul passed to eternity. Throwing his arms convulsively into the air, he fell back upon his coffin, but made no further movement, and a surgeon who stood near, upon examination, declared life to be extinct. Thus ended this sad scene. We have been particular in our description of it, not so much to refresh its doleful particulars in the memory of eye-witnesses, as to convey an adequate idea of all such occasions to their friends. How far men were deterred from desertion by witnessing such tragic scenes no one can tell. To no great extent, we think, for the chances of evading recapture were at least ninety-nine out of a hundred in favor of the deserter, and later in the war it is no exaggeration to say that nearly one-fourth of the men on the rolls of the Union armies were absent without leave. This fact indicates quite conclusively the utter disregard of consequences shown by these thousands, many of whom were, doubtless, urged on by enemies of the government at home, but who, nevertheless, seemed ready to assume the responsibilities their conduct involved. Little satisfaction is to be gained by claiming that this is a smaller per centum of disaffection than the Rebels could boast of for thousands of them were forced into service in a cause in which from the first they had little faith or interest, and, as a consequence, took the earliest opportunity to abandon it. The record of our own Company in

this matter, while not perfection, is one of which we feel proud, for the "Record of Massachusetts Volunteers" shows but one organization * of equal or greater tenure of service that has as small a percentage of deserters to the whole number of enlisted men. War is the stern remedy for wrong when all other remedies have failed. It knows no pity, no leniency; and he who enters upon it must accept its hard conditions even if he perish in its grip.

MORNING REPORTS

1863.

August 1. Privates Elworth, Ham, Innis, Clark, Ramsdell and Pierce (?) reported for duty.

August 2. Capt. J. Henry Sleeper returned and took command of the Battery.

August 3. Two horses shot; disease glanders; by order of Capt. Sleeper. Five horses received from Qr. Master Artillery Brigade, Lt. Case.

August 4. Eight horses received from Lieut. Case, Artillery Brigade. Privates Pierce (?), Innis and Baxter reported to quarters.

August 5. Privates Peach, Newton, Innis reported for duty. Private S. J. Bradlee on detached service at Headquarters Artillery Brigade.

August 7. Privates Colbath, Peach and Pierce (?) reported to quarters. One black horse died, disease, worn out.

August 8. Received notice of the death of First Serg't Otis N. Harrington. He died of Chronic Diarrhea on his way to Mt. Pleasant Hospital, Washington, D. C. Serg't G. H. Putnam promoted First Sergeant, vice Harrington deceased.

* The Fortieth Infantry.

August 9. Private Butterfield reported to quarters. B. H. Phillips reported for duty.

August 10. Privates Northey, Chase, Pierce (?), Thayer and Peach reported for duty. Private N. H. Butterfield reported to quarters.

August 11. Private A. F. Southworth reported to quarters. G. L. Clark reported for light duty.

August 12. Privates Southworth, Colbath, Baxter and Ring reported for duty; Stowell reported to quarters. Three horses unserviceable.

August 13. Private C. Gould promoted Sergeant. Sergeant Woodfin reported to quarters.

August 14. Private Norman H. Butterfield reported for duty.

August 15. One horse died, glanders. Five horses unserviceable.

August 16. Private J. W. Thayer reported to quarters; N. H. Butterfield reported for duty.

August 17. One horse, bay, died, disease, glanders.

August 18. Serg't Philip T. Woodfin, Jr., reported to quarters. Private Chas. Chase reported for duty.

August 19. One horse died; disease, glanders.

August 20. Private George H. Parks sent to Washington, sick, by order of brigade surgeon, Aug. 19.

August 21. Privates Ring, Newton and Chase reported to quarters. Two horses died; disease nasal gleet and glanders.

August 22. Albert N. A. Maxwell reported to quarters. Four horses dropped from the rolls that were sent with Serg't Allard and Privates Abbott, Alden and Chase July 19, '63.

August 24. Harmon Newton reported for duty. Two horses died; disease, glanders.

August 25. William Allen reported to quarters.

One horse died that was condemned; disease, glanders.

August 26. Three horses shot by order of Capt. Birney, A. A. A. General and Vet. Surgeon Third Army Corps.

August 28. Private Francis Loham returned from hospital at Boston.

August 29. Private William Allen reported for duty.

August 30. Private Hiram P. Ring reported for duty. Received 13 horses from Capt. Pierce, A. Q. M., U. S. A.

August 31. Private Charles N. Packard reported to quarters. The Battery was mustered in for two months' (pay) ? this day and inspected by Capt. Sleeper. Four horses unserviceable.

Sept. 1. Three horses shot; disease glanders; by order of Veterinary Surgeon Third Corps H'dq'r's.

Sept. 2. William H. Bickford, Charles N. Packard and Harrison Chase reported for duty.

Sept. 3. Private James L. W. Thayer reported for duty. One horse unserviceable.

Sept. 4. Private Isaac N. Burroughs and Glidden reported to quarters.

Sept. 5. Wm. A. Trefry reported to quarters.

Sept. 8. Charles E. Osborn reported to quarters.

Sept. 9. Privates Asa L. Gowell and H. Winslow, Jr., reported to quarters. Serg't Woodfin reported for duty.

Sept. 10. Wm. A. Trefry reported for duty.

Sept. 11. Ellis A. Friend, D. W. Atkinson, reported to quarters. H. B. Winslow reported for duty.

Sept. 13. Wm. A. Trefry, Elias Ashcroft, Benj. G. Pedrick, H. B. Winslow reported for quarters.

Sept. 14. Private Wm. A. Trefry reported for duty.

Sept. 15. Private Hiram P. Ring and Corp'l James S. Bailey, Jr., reported to quarters. Left Sulphur Springs for the field.

Sept. 16. Privates J. D. Smith, C. E. Osborn sent to Hospital, Washington, per order surgeon. Privates Gowell, Glidden and Corp'l James S. Bailey, Jr., left behind sick at Sulphur Springs.

Sept. 17. Privates Burroughs, Winslow, Atkinson, Pedrick, Friend, Ashcroft, Ring, reported for duty. Four horses shot, disease glanders; by order of Surgeon Benson, Third Army Corps Headquarters.

Sept. 18. Three horses unserviceable. Privates Gowell and Glidden and Corporal Bailey arrived in camp from Sulphur Springs.

Sept. 19. Corp'l Bailey, privates Gowell, Burroughs, Friend, Ashcroft and Corp'l Smith reported to quarters.

Sept. 20. Private Geo. H. Day reported to quarters.

Sept. 21. Private Arthur A. Blandin reported to quarters.

Sept. 22. Privates Maxwell and Chase (?) reported for light duty. Leroy E. Hunt reported to quarters. Ellis A. Friend reported for duty. Six horses shot; by order Surgeon Benson 3rd Army Corps headquarters. Received from Capt. Pierce, Q. M. 18 mules with harnesses complete.

Sept. 23. Private John Millett reported to quarters, Chase (?) ditto.

Sept. 24. Elias Ashcroft reported for duty.

Sept. 25. Richard Horrigan reported to quarters.

Sept. 26. Isaac N. Burroughs and Arthur A. Blandin reported for duty.

Sept. 27. Joshua T. Reed reported to quarters.

Sept. 28. Leroy E. Hunt reported for duty. Corp'l Chas. W. Doe, Private E. Ashcroft, John T. Goodwin, reported to quarters.

Sept. 29. Private Millett, Bugler Reed and Corp'l Doe reported for duty.

Sept. 30. John T. Goodwin reported to quarters.

Oct. 1. Private Waldo Pierce, John T. Goodwin reported for duty.

Oct. 3. Privates Chas. L. Chase, Geo. H. Day, Elias Ashcroft, reported for duty.

Oct. 4. Five picked-up horses turned over to the Battery by J. Henry Sleeper.

Oct. 6. Private John C. Frost received notice of his discharge at Mt. Pleasant Hospital Sept. 25, 1863.

Oct. 7. Corp'l Geo. A. Smith reported for duty. W. H. Trefry reported to quarters.

Oct. 8. Frank A. Chase returned from Camp of Parole and reported for duty. W. H. Trefry reported for duty. N. H. Butterfield and F. A. Chase reported to quarters.

Oct. 9. Privates Franklin Ward, S. Augustus Alden, Geo. W. Parks, Benj. E. Corlew and Corp'l Andrew B. Shattuck have been dropped from the rolls, having been absent some time and their return extremely doubtful. Private Richard Horrigan sent to general hospital Washington, D. C. Private N. H. Butterfield reported for duty.

Oct. 10. Corp'l James S. Bailey, Jr., and A. L. Gowell reported for duty. N. H. Butterfield reported to quarters.

Oct. 11. Battery left Culpepper, Va., for the field.

Oct. 13. Serg. Philip T. Woodfin, Jr., and Private Joseph Hooper dangerously wounded in action near Auburn, Va.

Oct. 14. Serg. Woodfin and Private Hooper sent to hospital at Washington, D. C.

Oct. 15. Battery arrived at Fairfax Junction.

Oct. 16. One horse, large sorrel shot, by order Dr. Benson, H'dq'rs Third Army Corps, glanders.

Oct. 18. Privates W. H. Starkweather, Apthorp, Rawson and Warburton reported to quarters.

CHAPTER VII.

October 19 to November 8, 1863.

THE ADVANCE — BRISTOW BATTLE-GROUND — CATLETT STATION — THE FIGHT AT KELLY'S FORD — ADVANCE TO BRANDY STATION.

Gen. Lee, having thrown forward a light line to Bull Run to mask his purpose, entered upon the destruction of the Orange and Alexandria (now called the Midland) Railroad, which had been our sole artery of supplies. Every rail was removed for miles, and having been placed across piles of burning ties was rendered temporarily unserviceable. Every bridge, too, was thoroughly destroyed, and any movement of a nature contemplating the continued use of this road must involve some days of waiting for it to be restored to its normal condition.*

Gen. Meade, it is said, felt not a little ashamed and somewhat nettled at the part he had played in this campaign, and would have ordered an advance at once had not a heavy rain rendered Bull Run impassable without pontoons, which were not then at

* "Lee claims to have taken 2,000 prisoners during his dash across the Rappahannock; while our captures were hardly half as many. In killed and wounded the losses were nearly equal — not far from 500 on either side. But the prestige of skill and daring, of audacity and success, inured entirely to the Rebel commander, who with an inferior force had chased our army almost up to Washington, utterly destroyed its main artery of supply, captured the larger number of prisoners, destroyed, or caused us to destroy, valuable stores, and then returned to his own side of the Rappahannock essentially unharmed; having decidedly the advantage in the only collision that marked his retreat." — *American Conflict*, Vol. II.

The collision referred to in the above extract was a cavalry fight at Buckland's Mills, between Stuart and Kilpatrick.

hand. He then determined to make a rapid movement to the left, and before the Rebel commander could gain knowledge of his intentions, seize Fredericksburg and the heights in its rear, with the design of pushing operations against Richmond, from that point as a base. In this project, however, he was negatived by General-in-Chief Halleck, and compelled to go forward in his recent line of retreat, if at all. Accordingly, at 6 o'clock on the morning of Monday, October 19th, we left our camp at Fairfax Station, and again took up our march towards the foe, proceeding along the line of railroad, thus having an excellent opportunity to observe how faithfully the enemy had executed the work of destruction on their return. That night we camped at Bristow Station, and the next morning crossed the battlefield where Warren had had his hardest fighting. We counted, in passing, fifteen rude headboards over the graves of soldiers belonging to the Seventh, Fifteenth, and Twenty-sixth North Carolina regiments. Then there were other graves unmarked, and the stench from the carcasses of dead horses that lay putrefying was sickening. Our march this day ended at Greenwich, which we had occupied just one week before.

Wednesday morning, at 7, we were again under way, but at 11 A.M. went into camp at Catlett Station. While here we moved camp twice, and were inspected by Capt. Randolph on the 23d, and Capt. Sleeper on the 25th. The weather being quite cool, we made ourselves as comfortable as possible by stockading our tents and building fireplaces.

At this station (October 27th), Lieut. Thos. R. Armitage was detached for duty in Battery K, Fourth Regiment, U. S. Regulars.

On the 30th, line of march was again resumed

and continued a distance of about eight miles, when a halt was made one mile and a half from Warrenton Junction. November 1st the Battery was again inspected by Capt. Sleeper, and the location of our camp slightly changed. Our stay here was otherwise uneventful, and continued until the 6th, when, at evening, orders came to strap sacks of grain upon the caissons. This, in our experience, plainly portended a move, although some had thought no further movement probable, owing to the lateness of the season. But all surmises were now at an end on this head, and at 3.30 A.M. of the 7th we were aroused by the familiar notes of the reveille, and a more ill-natured set of men never tumbled out in the darkness to perform the duties which striking camp necessarily devolved upon them. Batterymen, to be studied in their most favorable aspects, should never be seen at so early an hour nor under such inauspicious circumstances. In the darkness ensued a scene difficult to describe, but perfectly familiar to artillerymen. Soon huge bonfires were lighted, and in their glare men were seen with loads of varying description in their hands. Tents were struck, leaving merely the skeletons of our late abodes, and through the camp resounded a Babel-like hubbub. The rattling of harnesses mingled with divers (and drivers') expletives, which were hurled at unruly or laggard horses, whose movements on this occasion showed, in one respect at least, their kinship to man. Loud voices resounded in all directions, sergeants' names were bandied from one end of camp to the other, and imperious tones of officers mingled with the urgent inquiries of puzzled men. "Sergeant Townsend send me a detail of three men, immediately!" "Sergeant Townsend, have the picket rope taken down at once!" "Sergeant Townsend, what

horse shall I take in place of my lame one?" "Sergeant Townsend, what caisson shall I put this tent on?" "Sergeant Townsend, where is that detail of men I ordered?" "Sergeant Townsend, come and get the sugar and coffee for your detachment!" "Sergeant Townsend, have your men fall in for their hard-tack!" — are a few of the orders and queries that greet the ear of the luckless sergeant of the guard, who on such occasions is expected to be omnipresent. The detailed men must be dispatched immediately, a respectful "yes, sir," returned to every order, a horse at once sought out to relieve the lame one, the extra tent stowed away on some caisson, a corporal found and sent for the coffee and sugar, and the widely scattered detachment notified to fall in for rations, all in the same breath, or the sergeant will be reprimanded for delay in getting his piece ready.

Amid all this apparent confusion everything goes on rapidly and orderly, and long before daylight every horse is harnessed, every tent packed, every wagon loaded, the marching rations distributed, breakfast eaten, and all are ready for a start.

In this movement the army set out in two divisions, the right wing composed of the Fifth and Sixth corps, commanded by Gen. Sedgwick, leading; followed by the left wing, including the First, Second, and Third corps, commanded by Gen. French. This plan put Gen. Birney in command of the latter corps, and Gen. Ward, "Hobey," to whom we were ordered to report, succeeded to the charge of the First Division of this corps. Just as the first streaks of dawn lighted the east, we filed out into the road and took position with that division, which, as might be expected, had the advance of the left wing, the right wing having moved by another road.

Having marched rapidly, but quite noiselessly, a distance of perhaps ten miles, we reached the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford about noon, and the troops were massed as they came up, behind a low ridge of hills, which concealed them from the enemy across the river. No fires were permitted, drums and bugles were hushed, and the greatest quiet observed to insure a surprise. But we were not obliged to wait long; orders soon came for us, and we were led by a winding road to a commanding position on the left, overlooking the Rappahannock and the village of Kellysville beyond. The latter lay somewhat to our right front, while directly across, the ground gradually rose in plain, unobstructed view, until at last a belt of woods, perhaps half a mile distant, shut off further prospect in this direction. This opening and these woods we were instructed to watch. While occupied in doing this a succession of rattling sounds, which some affirmed to be the fire of skirmishers, but which others, with equal positiveness, declared to emanate from the engineers engaged in unloading planks for a pontoon, fell upon the ear, coming from our right flank. We could not verify either assertion, as the ford at which the crossing was to take place was hidden from our view by dense woods.

While engaged in scanning the territory under our special guardianship, we see at first only a few scattered men hastily driving back into the woods a number of cattle that had been grazing in the opening. Soon after a squad of horsemen, perhaps a half-dozen in number, emerge from cover and ride towards the village. Presuming them to to be Rebel officers, we send a salutation of six howling shells at them, and although we may not have increased the Confederate mortality by our sextuple

deputation, we confidently assert that the same number of men were never any more completely demoralized and left alive. It was truly enjoyable to see them scatter. Each man seemed all at once to have pressing business to transact elsewhere, and of such a nature that he preferred to go unaccompanied, for such was the suddenness of their departure that no two fled the same way. A small force coming out as skirmishers we serve in like manner, and send them to cover, a part in the woods and others in rifle-pits. They are followed in a few moments by a brigade in line of battle. It advances firmly and confidently at a double-quick, with bayonets, held at charge, glistening in the sun, and evidently intent on sweeping our force of infantry, which had by this time effected a crossing, back into the river. But this is a matter in which we propose to have something to say, and by the time they have traversed half the interval between the woods and the river, we are sending our Schenkl shells among them in quick succession. The result is immediate and surpasses our highest anticipations. The line wavers for a moment, then breaks and scatters, some returning to the woods, but the larger portion keeps on and seeks refuge either in the rifle-pits or the buildings in Kellysville. On the latter we now train our guns. The range being rather short, every shell takes effect, as we afterwards ascertain from personal observation.

Thus far we had had the fun all our own way, but now our attention is drawn away from the village, for while we have been interested in breaking up the line of battle and persecuting its fragments, a Rebel battery has emerged from the woods unperceived, has taken position, and announces its business intentions by sending a 12-pound shot over to us.

Hearing the report, and turning, we see the puff of smoke and catch sight of a black speck rising against the sky. It increases in size until finally it drops on the slope in our front and ricochets over our heads. In like manner we saw nearly every shot fired by the enemy before it reached us. They have a perfect range at once. A second shell whistles over us, and a third crashes through a fallen tree in our rear. We accept their challenge without loss of time, and return their greetings with interest. One of our shells explodes between their pieces, and in the shout that follows, another of their iron globes ploughs up the ground between two of our limbers. So the fun goes on, but we have the advantage: first, in a superior position; and second, in having rifled guns — theirs are smooth-bores,—and they are soon compelled to withdraw. This was the first Rebel battery to test our mettle. It was by no means the last, however, to test it, with a similar result. We have a "record" in this respect of which we are rather proud. Never were our guns silenced or driven from position by Rebel artillery.

This adversary disposed of, we turn our battery once more on the village and those whom it harbors.

At sunset our attention is diverted by distant firing up the river, and casting our eyes in that direction we see, at a distance of some six miles, the smoke of the battle of Rappahannock Station,* where the right wing was successfully combating

* One of the most brilliant engagements of the war, in which Gen. David A. Russell's Third Brigade of the Sixth Corps, less than sixteen hundred strong, slightly aided by two or three other regiments, charged over great obstacles and captured a strong line of works on the north bank of the river, taking more than sixteen hundred prisoners, four guns, eight battle-flags, two thousand small arms, and their pontoon bridge, with a Union loss of about three hundred killed and wounded.

the foe. But what part have our infantry been taking in this fray?

Without waiting for a pontoon to be laid, the Third Brigade of Gen. Birney's own division, in command of Gen. De Trobriand, and consisting of Berdan's Sharpshooters, the Fortieth New York, First and Twentieth Indiana, Third and Fifth Michigan, and One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania Infantry, waded across the river, the sharpshooters in front, charged into the Rebel rifle-pits, capturing Col. Gleason, of the Twelfth Virginia, and about five hundred men, with a loss on their side of only forty, and holding the ground thus taken without further serious opposition. The pontoon was soon laid, and at dusk the three divisions had crossed and were confronting the enemy in force.* At 5 o'clock, P.M., we ceased firing, having been engaged more or less constantly since 2, and after dark crossed over and went into park for the night. A Rebel shell was brought off as a trophy upon one of our limbers, where it was found lying between a pair of boots that had been strapped to a bundle. It had evidently struck the ground and ricochetting had landed there, cutting through all the clothing in a bundle and splitting the front of the limber-chest, but doing no other damage. It was our good fortune that it was thus well spent when it struck, for an exploded limber-chest, with the probabilities consequent upon it, would have thrown a serious damper over our first artillery duel.

Our infantry lay in line of battle all the ensuing night, the enemy's skirmishers lying within conversing distance of our own. At 3 o'clock in the morn-

* "I crossed with one division upon the other side about 2 o'clock and laid the pontoons, and crossed my other two divisions on them. By the time I got across it became dusk." — *Gen. Birney: Testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War.*

ing of the 8th, theirs were called in. A dense fog filling the atmosphere prevented movements until 8 or 9 o'clock, when, the mists lifting, everything was at once put in motion, and passing through the little village, nearly every house of which bore marks of our shells, we found the enemy had retreated. We went through the belt of woods already mentioned, in which the Rebels had built comfortable log-huts, evidently expecting they were housed for the winter, only to have their expectations rudely dashed to earth by our advance.

The two wings of the army now joined forces, and forming in lines of battle, the Second Corps on the left, the Third in the centre, the Sixth on the right, and the First supporting the centre,* advanced across an open plain of considerable extent. It was a grand sight to see now and then from rising ground the long blue lines of troops stretching away as far as the eye could reach, their banners, on which the corps symbols were distinguishable from afar, waving in the breeze, and their arms gleaming in the sunlight like polished silver. It was war in its glory. A victorious army in battle array sweeping triumphantly over a conquered country, as it were. This order of battle was continued as far as the nature of the country would permit, when the Third Corps, in advance of the left wing, proceeded to Brandy Station, the enemy retreating before it. Here Gen. Birney was ordered to halt.† We had

* I do not know the position of the Fifth Corps on this occasion, but assume that it was in the line of battle.

† "We advanced to Brandy Station, and although the enemy were in full sight, we halted and remained there. The enemy that night moved into Culpepper with their trains, and I am of opinion that if I had been permitted to advance . . . we could have struck the enemy a very severe blow." — *Gen. Birney: Testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War.*

advanced only about eight miles this day, and parked north of the railroad, a half-mile distant from the station. Here we stayed until Tuesday morning, when we started once more, but only to move a short distance into a belt of pines, which we found had recently been occupied as a camp-ground by some portion of the Rebel army. We took immediate possession of the deserted tenements, and made ourselves as comfortable as the raw, squally weather and the means at our command would permit.

This movement of our army was something of a surprise to Lee, who was preparing to go into winter-quarters. His army now numbered about fifty thousand men,* while ours aggregated seventy thousand. Had our advance, after the successes at the fords, been a little more prompt, a battle would probably have been precipitated, in which the advantage of numbers might have achieved for us a decided success. But the Fates had decreed otherwise, and during the night of the 8th the enemy retreated across the Rapidan, leaving us to take quiet possession of the region they had occupied.

MORNING REPORTS.

1863.

Oct. 19. Battery left Fairfax Station.

Oct. 20. One dark gray horse died on the road, wounded.

Oct. 21. Arrived at Catlett Station.

Oct. 22. Privates Starkweather and Apthorp report for duty; Wm. H. Trefry reported to quarters.

* "Total effective of all arms, 45,614." — *Four Years with General Lee. Taylor.*

Oct. 23. One horse reclaimed by Lieut. Dauch (?) which was one of the horses turned in to the Battery (See morning report of Oct. 4, 1863.) Six horses shot, by order of Dr. Benson. Four horses unserviceable. Sergeant Chandler Gould reported to quarters.

Oct. 25. Serg't C. Gould and Private F. A. Chase reported for duty.

Oct. 26. Wm. H. Trefry reported for duty. Asa L. Gowell and Elias Ashcroft reported to quarters. Received nine horses from A. Q. Master.

Oct. 27. Lieut. T. R. Armitage detailed on detached service for duty in Battery K, 4th U. S. Artillery, per order Gen. French. One horse died of glanders.

Oct. 28. Elias Ashcroft, Asa L. Gowell, Wm. Rawson, reported for duty. Wm. H. Trefry to quarters. Four horses shot by order Dr. Benson, 3rd A. C.

Oct. 29. Private C. N. Packard and Corp'l John H. Stevens reported to quarters.

Oct. 30. Received five horses from Capt.—— A. A. Q. M., Catlett Station, Va.

Oct. 31. Private H. Chase and Corp'l Stevens reported to quarters.

Nov. 1. Corp'l Pease reported to quarters; Corp'l Stevens reported to duty.

Nov. 2. Private H. Warburton reported for duty. H. Chase ditto.

Nov. 3. Corp'l Geo. A. Pease reported for duty. H. Chase, O. F. Glidden reported to quarters.

Nov. 4. Privates Norman H. Butterfield and Wm. A. Trefry sent to Washington Hospital.

Nov. 5. H. Chase, O. F. Glidden reported to quarters.

Nov. 6. C. N. Packard reported to quarters.

Nov. 7. Left Warrenton Junction at 5.30 o'clock A.M. Arrived at Kelly's Ford at 12 M. Opened fire with the enemy at 2 o'clock.

Nov. 8. Arrived at Brandy Station, Va., about 4 o'clock P.M.

Nov. 10. Moved across the railroad and went into camp.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MINE RUN CAMPAIGN.

November 11 to December 3, 1863.

A MUD MARCH — DELAYS — ACROSS THE RAPIDAN — ROBERTSON'S TAVERN — IN LINE AT MINE RUN — A COLD SNAP — RUMORS — THE EXPECTED ASSAULT — THE RETURN TO BRANDY STATION — A BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Having once become fairly located in camp, we began to make more extensive preparations for our bodily comfort, in the line of stockades — a branch of architecture in which, thus far, we had had almost no experience — and comparatively spacious fireplaces communicating with lofty chimneys built of wood and lined with the red, clayey soil of Virginia. These, in common with the most aristocratic F. F. V.'s, we built outside our dwellings. But as rumors of further active operations were rife, we were kept on the anxious seat, and many of our number made themselves contented in less pretentious abodes until the future should seem more settled. Nor were we in much more uncertainty than the General commanding, who was anxious to achieve some marked success, but who, being a careful leader, kept his "weather eye" out to guard against a "mud march." The paymaster favored us with his presence on the 12th. On the 15th we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice, and Gen. French, accompanied by some English officers, reviewed our brigade on the 16th. Other than these no events worthy of

mention occurred until the 23d, when the "white horse orderly," whom every comrade will at once recall, brought orders to be in readiness to march at daylight. It was a relief to hear something positive, even though it was marching orders, and we strapped the usual quantity of grain upon the caissons, packed up most of our effects, and made all other preparations that could be made the night beforehand.

The bugle summoned us forth at 4 o'clock the next morning, when we immediately rolled up our bundles, struck tents, fed and hitched in the horses, and stood in readiness awaiting dawn. But with it came rain, and at 7 o'clock we received orders not to start, so we held the position until about 1 o'clock, when orders came to "unhitch and unharness." Two batteries that had left returned to camp. We now sought to make ourselves comfortable once more in our old quarters, — no easy matter in their drenched condition, — and then again, having once bade them adieu, there was an indefinable something which tended to repel us from them afterwards. A new camping ground would have been much more welcome. In this particular case the belief that it was a question of but a very short time before we must leave them for good, gave force to our repugnance.

We were not long permitted, however, to philosophize upon the question, or required to consider the comforts or miseries of our situation, for at half-past three in the morning of Thursday, November 26th, Thanksgiving day, we once more received the bugle summons announcing another movement about to be undertaken. The morning broke clear and cool. "Attention, Battery!" was heard at 7 o'clock! "Drivers, mount!" followed at once by the familiar command, "By piece from the right — front into col-

umn," in the unmistakable staccato of our Captain, and we are on the move. We marched past Brandy Station, our depot of supplies, and crossing the railroad moved by rather slow stages over a flat country in a south-easterly direction. But now our labors begin. The roads, scarcely dry from two recent storms, soon give way under the constant streams of artillery and supply trains that are traversing them, so that they are in a most wretched condition. Teams are overhauled at intervals stuck fast in the mud, and these act as beacons, warning all who come after to give their anchorage a wide berth. Cannoneers are in unusually close attendance upon their pieces, and conscientious No. 8 men undergo an amount of strain, mental as well as physical, for which their extra dollar per month is a paltry remuneration.

We munched our hard-tack and raw salt pork this day with many a longing thought of home and roast turkey, yet with a keen relish which our exertions of the morning had begotten; but the afternoon had greater ones in store for us. The horses' patience as well as strength seemed to be giving out, from the frequent and severe strains to which they had been put, and now when a heavily laden caisson sinks more deeply than its wont they sullenly stop. Then ensues lusty shouting on the part of the chief of section and drivers, emulating his example, bellow forth their "gee-dap" and use the lash without stint. Luckless cannoneers go down into the mire and contribute of their muscle to extricate the caisson from the wallow. Rails are sought to use as levers or throw before the wheels when a start has been made; but it all rests with those six horses. If they would only pull together how quickly the difficulty would be ended! But while one pair jumps

impatiently forward, another settles stubbornly back or remains passive, and each time the caisson has sunk deeper than before: so the struggle continues, varied by a turn to the right or the left, until at last the horses, as if themselves wearied of this boys' play, at the word, give a spring together, taking the caisson from its miry cushion in a twinkling, and move steadily on till another slough repeats the scene and extracts so much more vitality from men and horses. At last higher ground gave us a harder road, and after having been sent two or three miles out of our way, we came up with the column at Jacobs Mill Ford at dark. The infantry of our corps crossed at this place.* During this day's march Gen. Meade caused a despatch to be read announcing Grant's great victories at Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain, and stating that he had taken 20,000 prisoners. This, by the by, is a good specimen of such despatches. The actual number officially reported by Grant was 6,142.

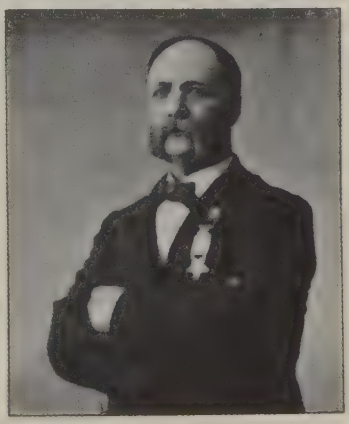
But we were destined to move on and cross the river at Germania Ford, a few miles lower down, and being now in the rear, partly through loss of time in the mire, and partly from misdirection, we were condemned to the misery of waiting for those in advance to cross.† And it was misery without any discount. The column would move on a few steps and halt. Thereupon cannoneers would seek some tolerably comfortable position on the carriages

* "Jacobs Ford, the place selected for crossing the river by the Third Corps, was impracticable on the opposite bank for artillery, or wagons, or even empty ambulances. In fact it was almost impossible for a horseman to go up on the opposite side of the river without dismounting. The Third Corps, on reaching the river, had to send all the artillery and ambulances to the Germania Ford." — *Gen. Birney: Testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War.*

† We afterwards learned that Warren's Second Corps, which crossed at this ford, was ahead of us, and must cross first.

or ground, and just begin to doze, when the column would move again, only to stop by the time one was fairly awake; and this programme was repeated for hours after dark. Our stops were of insufficient duration, either to cook a pot of coffee or steal a half-hour's nap, although intensely aggravated by the need of both. The weather, too, had grown quite cool and frosty. The woods were aglow with the fires lighted by the troops that had preceded us, to keep them comfortable while awaiting their turn to cross; and in alternately shivering and dozing

ALONZO N. MERRILL



HIRAM P. RING

around these and sluggishly marching a few rods at a time, the hours wore drearily away until midnight, when we ascertained that since 6 o'clock we had traversed a distance of two miles.

At this time the column came to a halt, which seemed likely to continue some time; at least we resolved to take our risks of its thus continuing; and the cannoneers at once bestirred themselves to light fires and procure water, which luckily flowed from a spring near at hand; while the drivers hastened to

feed their tired horses, putting on their nose-bags of grain as they stood harnessed in the road. Every man soon had his dipper of coffee smoking on the fire, and his rasher of pork or beef impaled on a stick and sputtering in the flame. These, with their inevitable hard-tack accompaniment, having been dispatched, we piled on wood and lay down to sleep on a bed of leaves and in the glow of the fire. Being in momentary expectation of a forward summons, we hardly dared to unroll our blankets, containing, as they did, our little all of personal effects, that it would take us a few moments to gather up again; so we made vain efforts to keep warm without them by "spooning" together; but as the fire died down, the pinching cold would rouse us from our light slumber, to put on more wood and lie down again. So by alternate dozing and trimming the fires we succeeded in passing the remainder of what, we are confident, all the men considered a most wretched night.

Morning came at last, disclosing the ground covered by a white frost; and getting our horses started with some difficulty, cold, stiff, cross, and balky as they were, we moved on down to the river through an immense jam of cavalry, wagons, and batteries. On the opposite bank were strong fortifications, in which a thousand men might have held a whole army at bay; but as our march was unexpected, our advance had met with no opposition here, the enemy being encamped at some distance from the river. Having crossed over by pontoon, we found a very steep hill to be climbed ere we reached the top of the south bank. This explained the cause of the tedious delay. So steep was the rise that no team was sufficient to climb it unaided, and resort must be had to "doubling up"; that is, each piece had the "lead"

and "swing" horses of its caisson added to its own strength to surmount the steep, and, having done this, four of the piece horses returned with those of the caisson to help the latter up. All this consumed time, and a great deal of it, and it was high noon when the Battery had been thus transferred to plane terra firma once more. But then our advance was promptly resumed along the Stevensburg Plank Road, into the enemy's country, pursuing this course perhaps four miles. Cannonading heard in the distance announced to us that the enemy had been found, and turning into the woods on our right, in the direction of the firing, we rapidly drew nearer the scene of battle, advancing at a trot as the sounds of strife became more distinct. We are to be hurried without delay into battle. What an array of sensations crowd themselves upon us as we rush along! The unknown result, the dread possibilities, nay, even probabilities, the quick thoughts of home and loved ones, the conscious shrinking from impending danger, and the antagonizing something within, which yet impels us sternly onward, — all these raise a tumult in the mind which every soldier will remember. What is it that thus spurs us on, our breasts bared to the enemy, while all the flesh cries out against it? Is it courage? Is it the fear of being branded as cowards? Is it mad indifference to consequences? Are we buoyed up to the requirements of the situation by the touch of the elbow to the right and left, of those who are hurrying on with us alike ignorant of consequences? Ah, it is something higher and more powerful than all these. It is not courage. No man of sane mind ever faced a hostile line of battle without flinching. There is no manliness in such an act. It is not fear of the stigma of cowardice, for the circumstances of the

hour are such that the stigma can be easily evaded, if any one cares to deserve it. It is not blind indifference or rashness, for an occasion of this nature begets thoughtfulness and a thoughtfulness born of discretion. Moreover, the thoughtful man is not rash. Rashness in a well-balanced mind is more likely to involve another in difficulty than the author of it. It is not companionship in the hour of danger, though that undoubtedly steadies the nerves in a measure. The impelling power includes all these. It is duty! That it is which says to us, "You voluntarily put your hand to the plough, thus imposing upon yourself the responsibility of all the consequences entailed by that act. One of those consequences, the risk of your life or limb, is now impending. Are you ready to stand by your contract?" And the soldier who had not self-respect enough to honor such a draft as that deserved to have his name branded with eternal disgrace.

But we will make no longer pause to analyze our feelings. Suffice it, if, from any or all considerations, we can hold ourselves resolutely to the promised work of the hour. We were spared the ordeal of battle this time, however. After travelling in woods some distance, we emerged on the Orange Turnpike, two miles east of Robertson's Tavern, in whose vicinity a part of Warren's Second Corps had been engaged, and parked near their hospitals. In these lay many men dead or wounded. Among the former was Lieut. Col. Hesser, of the Seventy-second Pennsylvania Regiment, shot through the head. While we lay here, Capt. Randolph dispatched an aid to Gen. French to inquire whether he would like more artillery, to which answer was sent that he already had more than he could get into action. It seems he took the wrong road from the ford, and had

fallen in with a part of Ewell's corps before he had spanned half the distance from the river to the tavern, where he was to have joined Warren. With this body of the enemy he had been engaged during the afternoon, but they had now fallen back before him. This failure on the part of Gen. French to make an early junction with the Second Corps at the tavern was a serious interference with Gen. Meade's plans, as will be shown hereafter.

On the morning of Saturday the 28th, towards 9 o'clock, our march was resumed to Robertson's Tavern. In this somewhat dilapidated hostelry Gen. Meade had established his headquarters. Just to the westward of it a breastwork had been thrown up by our forces, which ran across the turnpike at right angles, and a countervailing defence of similar character was erected by the Rebels still farther on. As the latter had fallen back, neither of these was now occupied. Drops of rain had commenced to fall as we left our camp in the morning, and had now multiplied to such an extent that locomotion was becoming decidedly uncomfortable and difficult. At noon we were again ordered forward, marching down the pike through the earthworks already mentioned, behind which an occasional dead Rebel was seen, lying as he fell. The haversack of one of these which we investigated, contained nothing except a quart of raw, uncracked corn, and the body was clothed with an amount of covering inadequate to the season. How can one do otherwise than admire a devotion to a cause, so intense as to endure these two hardships of scanty fare and exposure! We must pay this tribute to Rebel patriotism even while we disapprove of and condemn the convictions which prompted it.

Leaving the pike we turn to our left into the

woods, which form a part of the region appropriately termed the Wilderness. Here we halt for a short time, awaiting a supply of rations from the train, which was parked across the river at Richardsville, under the protection of our cavalry. Having obtained these we plunge on again through the mire, and at last emerge from the woods upon a ridge which falls away gently before us to a small stream known as Mine Run. The rain had ceased falling before mid-afternoon, and a cold wind, starting up from the westward, had cleared the face of the heavens, so that the stars now shone brightly above us. When night fairly obscured our movements from the enemy we put our guns into position, having as a supporting force the Sixty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers. We are now at the very front. Just before us is our outer line of pickets, and along the horizon gleam the lights from the camp-fires of the enemy.

At eight o'clock we lay down to get what rest we could, fully expecting to take part in a great battle the following morning. All night long the busy click of thousands of axes, heard faintly across the valley, told us the enemy were vigorously at work on their fortifications. When daylight broke, red lines of fresh earth stretching along the opposite ridge showed to how good purpose they had labored.

It was a clear, quiet Sabbath morning, but no Sabbath bells broke the stillness, summoning us away from the unhallowed pursuit of war to the worship of Him, the maker of foe as well as friend. Our attention was early devoted to getting the guns into a better position. Everything still remained quiet, but our skirmishers were now advancing, and the opening of a general engagement was momentarily expected; they succeeded, however, in provoking only skirmishing in return. Thus the forenoon wore

away, and a cold wind springing up, we gathered around huge fires to discuss and ponder the scenes which might be close at hand. Rumor, with her hundred tongues, was a potent agent in keeping the discussion animated. Every orderly who gallops by, every straggler who comes up from the rear, has his contribution of wisdom to add to the general fund; for it is in the safe rear, among the "Coffee Coolers" and "Company Q," that the most marvellous accounts of battles and authentic reports of movements are concocted. Now, Lee is all but surrounded, and we are waiting for the cavalry to cut his only remaining line of communication, when a general attack is to take place. Now he has taken an almost impregnable position which it will cost half our army to carry. One man knows that the Rebel army is but half ours in number, while another is equally positive that Longstreet's corps arrived from East Tennessee during the night, thus making them a match for us. So, as the cold increases, we gather closer about our fires, receive, discuss, and dispatch the rumors as they come in, and await the course of events.

In the afternoon more definite information came to hand. Gen. Warren's corps had gone around to the enemy's right flank, and was expected to attack at once. Simultaneously with this assault a charge was to be made in our front by the First, Third, and Sixth corps, under cover of a heavy fire from the artillery. Our signal to begin was to be the booming of Warren's guns. The lines of assault were drawn up; but what a direful prospect before those who were to make it! A half mile over broken, shrubby ground, to the Run, and across this over another half mile up to the Rebel works, exposed most of the way to direct and cross fires of artillery, and at the

last moment to a close, deadly discharge of musketry, was the path before them. Well might the men grow pale and await the signal with set teeth! And soon it came, we thought; a boom of a single gun, then another, and another in quick succession. We can see the white smoke rising in clouds over the hills. We are ready, but still the signal lingers.

Not yet had those sounds increased to a crash and roar which would indicate the attack really begun. Ere long the reports slacken and die away, then are heard again, as if our forces were fumbling about ascertaining the strength or position of the enemy. Warren had evidently found some insuperable obstacle, and night came on without any decisive result. The piercing wind grew stronger as the sun went down. The ground became solid under our feet; and about the well near us, where all the water for the troops in the immediate vicinity was obtained, a thick mass of ice formed. Our horses were kept standing in their harness, and as we lay down around the fires, wrapped in all the covering at our disposal, we could not but think of the outer pickets in their lonely pits that bitter night without shelter or fire. Some of them were found the next day frozen at their posts.

The morning of the 30th dawned sharp and clear. This, surely, was to be a day of decisive fighting. We were astir at 5 o'clock, and received orders to be ready to open fire at eight. Ere this hour arrived our skirmishers had been thrown out and were advancing, soon after capturing a line of riflepits.* At

* "At 8 o'clock, A.M., according to orders, the artillery on my line opened on the enemy, and I ordered my infantry to advance. We crossed the creek of Mine Run and took the first line of rifle-pits of the enemy. The enemy were in great commotion. I think that in extending their right they had weakened their centre.

"At that time, to my astonishment, an aid rode up from Gen.

the time appointed a gun far to the right belched forth the signal. The next took up the note, and so from gun to gun, and battery to battery, the wave of sound rolled along until the thirty guns of the Third Corps added their thunder to the roaring tempest. Now we aimed at a salient in the enemy's works, now directed our shells into a piece of woods, and now sent them crashing through isolated buildings which afforded a probable shelter for Rebel sharpshooters. But this tornado provoked no hostile response from the enemy beyond skirmishing. They remained silent, ominously silent, evidently reserving their strength to repel the charge usually succeeding such heavy cannonading. In less than an hour the firing ceased, and we were ordered to change our guns to a position at our left, vacated by Randolph's Battery, whose shells did not reach. Skirmishing continued with rattling sound along our front, and dead and wounded were occasionally brought to the rear. Among the former was Lieut. Col. Tripp (?) of Berdan's Sharpshooters. The rest of the day wore away with no other events worthy of record except the holding of a council of war by Gen. Meade in the little house near us, of whose doings we were not apprised. Another night, cold and blustering, ensued, succeeded by a morning of like description, when we woke to find the water in the canteens completely frozen. We called it the coldest night we had passed in the open air thus far. Later in the forenoon there were desultory sounds of fighting beyond the woods on our right, ringing cheers, and some cannonading. Two divisions of

Meade, and ordered me to cease the demonstration; that there was to be no attack; and I withdrew from the line of the enemy's works and resumed my position, the one I held that morning before I made the attack." — *Gen. Birney: Testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War.*

our corps that had been sent to aid Warren in his anticipated attack on the enemy's right the day before, rejoined us; but nothing was done during the day beyond strengthening our fortifications.

Rumors of retreat now began to be whispered about, and just before dark orders came to be ready to move. When night had fairly closed in we retrimmed the fires, leaving them brightly burning to deceive the enemy, noiselessly drew out and directed our march toward the river. Toiling on with great labor through a thick swamp, from the mire of which our caissons were lifted almost bodily by the friendly aid of a brigade of infantry, we at last reached the Orange Plank Road. Along this thoroughfare we marched in the cutting wind quite rapidly a full mile, when we made another turn to the left into the Stevensburg Plank Road. Turning to the right from this we pressed on until the river was reached. So cold was the weather that cannoneers were frequently called upon to relieve the drivers who were in danger of freezing on their horses. Culpepper Mine Ford, where we now recrossed the Rapidan, is some miles below Germania Ford.

The first streaks of dawn found the Battery on the north side of the river, and by broad daylight the whole army was safely across, the pontoons being then taken up without molestation from the enemy, who by this time, probably, had discovered our departure.*

After two or three hours' rest, and a cup of hot coffee, we started on again. The ear was no longer greeted with sounds of strife, but was soothed by the melodious cooing of the cattle-drivers, or more prop-

* "December 3d. Meade recrossed the Rapidan last night. This is a greater relief to us than the enemy has any idea of. I hope the campaign is over for the winter." — *A Rebel War Clerk's Diary. Jones.*

erly, leaders, for the man in charge of the herd went ahead instead of behind it, and the cattle always yielded to the charm of his voice, even in darkness and in forests, with wonderful readiness. Ten o'clock that night found the Battery strewn along the road quite a distance, as team after team had been all but hopelessly mired. In this respect it was a repetition of our advance. The roads were badly cut up and the horses sadly jaded. Moreover, travelling as we did after dark gave no opportunity to select the best course. There stands out as a bright spot in the memory the aid given us by a body of the "Blue Diamonds" personally supervised by Gen. J. B. Carr.

The right section, finding itself in the rear of a long train of cavalry wagons, half of them immovable in the slough, turned aside and bivouacked for the night in a bed of mud. The rest of the teams came up as rapidly as they were extricated, and the men, thoroughly exhausted with the fatigues of the day, stretched themselves on the dryest hillocks to be found, and were soon lost in slumber.

Thursday morning we got under way once more, and traversed three miles of the muddiest territory, as it seemed to us, that the sacred soil could produce. It was the territory that lay between us and our old camp near Brandy Station, which we had now learned was our destination. Never did wayworn travellers returning from a pilgrimage greet their home with greater enthusiasm than did we our old quarters, or what was left of them, for Gen. Patrick's provost guard, camped the other side of the ridge, had appropriated all our boards, besides other conveniences that we had collected. Nevertheless it seemed like coming home again. At 9 o'clock Friday night orders came to pack up and hitch in

immediately, which we did. Signal rockets were visible in various directions. It was said we were attacked; but shortly after 11 o'clock orders came to unhitch and unharness, thus ending the matter. What the cause of the scare was we never knew, although rumor had it that the enemy were attempting to cross the river. But this cannot be true, as the testimony is concurrent that Lee made no attempt at pursuit.

The campaign thus brought to a close was deserving of a much more glorious termination. It was admirably conceived, and its failure, while intensely mortifying to its author, cast no reflection on his generalship. Gen. Meade, desirous of achieving some further success to the Union arms before the closing in of winter, being extremely sensitive to all criticisms made respecting the inactivity of the army, devised a plan of operations which certainly looked feasible, certain contingencies being unprovided for. But unfortunately, as it often happens, contingencies *did* arise which wrecked the success of the movement. He had ascertained that Lee had left the lower fords of the Rapidan uncovered; that his two corps were widely scattered in winter-quarters, — Ewell's Corps extending from Morton's Ford across the country to the vicinity of Orange Court House, and Hill's distributed from south of that point along the Orange & Alexandria Railroad to the neighborhood of Charlottesville. Some miles intervened between these corps. Meade's plan was to cross at the uncovered fords and advance by the Orange plank and Orange turnpike roads, which are intersected by roads from Ely's, Jacobs Mill, Germania and Culpepper Mine fords, to Orange Court House, thus placing his army between the corps of the enemy, which he hoped to destroy in detail. It

was a bold stroke, necessitating a cutting loose from his base of supplies, and a nice execution of all the details of the movement planned, at the time and in the manner for which they were planned. The Fifth Corps, followed by the First, was to cross at Culpepper Mine Ford and proceed to Parker's Store on the Orange Plank Road. The Second was to cross at Germania Ford and proceed to Robertson's Tavern on the turnpike. The Third, followed by the Sixth, was to cross at Jacobs Mill Ford and make a junction with the Second at the Tavern, thus placing the whole army in close communication on the two parallel roads. Meade had calculated that as the distance was but about twenty miles, by taking an early start on the 26th each corps commander would appear at the post assigned him at the latest by noon of the 27th. But the Third Corps, having somewhat farther to march than the others, did not reach the river until three hours after the arrival of the other corps, through the mistake of Gen. Prince, one of its division commanders, who took the wrong road. This made a delay, as Gen. Meade, not sure how much opposition he should meet, wished all the corps to cross at the same time. A second serious contingency was the miscalculation on the part of the engineers, who underestimated the width of the river, causing a delay while they pieced out the pontoon bridges. The steepness of the banks was a third obstacle. These hindrances, already alluded to, conspired to bring ultimate failure upon the plan which depended for its success on surprising Lee in winter-quarters.

Early on the morning of the 27th the army, which should have been across the river the day before, being now for the most part on the south bank, under the most imperative orders from Gen. Meade,

pressed forward with greater rapidity. Warren reached Robertson's Tavern about 1 o'clock P.M., where he began skirmishing with the enemy, but dared not make a serious attack until joined by the Third Corps. But, unfortunately, this body was doomed to be a further stumbling-block, for after crossing the river, Gen. French took the wrong road, which, carrying him too far to the right, involved him in serious trouble with Johnson's Division of Ewell's Corps, and by the time he had finished the brush the afternoon was far spent and the golden opportunity had passed.* Hill's Corps now coming up, the Rebel army fell back and took position along the left bank of Mine Run. Little remains to be said not already given. On the 28th Warren was sent to find the enemy's right, and, if he deemed it feasible, to flank and turn it. He completed his observations on the 29th, and reported the situation favorable for an attack. At the same time Sedgwick found a weak spot in the Confederate left that he thought penetrable. Thereupon Gen. Meade resolved on a simultaneous attack on both wings, but preparations were not complete until too late to attack Sunday, hence it was deferred till Monday morning with the result already known. Lee, suspecting the movement, had so strengthened his right, where the attack was to begin, during the night, that it was simply madness to think of an assault upon it. So thought Warren, who was considered a skilful engineer; so thought the men of his command;† so decided Gen. Meade, who rode rap-

* According to Mr. Greeley, he seems to have played at cross purposes with the implicit commands of his superior. See *American Conflict*, p. 400, Vol. II.

† "Recognizing that the task now before them was of the character of a forlorn hope, knowing well that no man could here count on escaping death, the soldiers, without sign of shrinking from the sac-

idly over to the left to satisfy himself. It was a great grief to the latter to have a campaign from which he had hoped so much end without success, but any further move looking to a dislodgment of Lee would entail a still further advance into the enemy's country; and this, with our supply trains across the river, and the rations of the army now nearly exhausted, was not to be thought of in the hostile month of December. He therefore decided to sacrifice himself, if necessary, rather than continue operations longer, and issued the orders for withdrawal. He would now have marched to the heights of Fredericksburg to camp for the winter, but was again negatived in the project by Halleck.

MORNING REPORTS.

1863.

Nov. 12. Serg't G. F. Gould and privates H. Newton, Charles Slack, T. Ellworth, reported to quarters. Bugler Reed at hospital.

Nov. 13. Privates Charles Slack, Thomas Ellworth, Hiram Warburton reported for duty.

Nov. 14. Private H. Newton and Serg't Gould (?) reported for duty.

Nov. 15. Five horses unserviceable. Three horses shot by order of Dr. Benson Third Corps Headquarters.

Nov. 16. Received 8 horses from Capt. L. H. Pierce, Warrenton Junction, Va.

Nov. 17. One horse died, one horse condemned and shot, by order Inspector General.

rifice, were seen quietly pinning on the breast of their blouses of blue, slips of paper on which each had written his name." — *Swinton's Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac.*

Nov. 18. Corporal Currant and privates McAllister, Maxwell and Colbath, reported to quarters.

Nov. 19. Corporal Currant and Private Colbath report for duty.

Nov. 20. Ten horses condemned and turned over to Capt. L. H. Pierce A. Q. Seven horses received from Capt. Pierce. Privates Maxwell and MacAllister report for duty. W. H. Fitzpatrick started tonight on a ten days' leave of absence to Boston.

Nov. 22. Bugler Joshua T. Reed went to Washington Hospital.

Nov. 24. Daniel MacAllister and Wm. G. Donnelly reported to quarters. Orders to move which were countermanded.

Nov. 25. Alex. W. Holbrook reported to quarters.

Nov. 26. Left Brandy Station for Germania Ford at daylight, via Jacobs Mill Ford. Halted about two miles this side of the Ford about midnight and stopped until daylight.

Nov. 27. Moved on at daylight and crossed Germania Ford at 11.30 A.M. Arrived near Robertson's Tavern at 4 o'clock and stopped all night. One mule died on the march.

Nov. 28. At 2 o'clock P.M. moved to the left and front of our line and reported to General Birney, First Division, Third A. C.

Nov. 29. Went into position and remained all day and night.

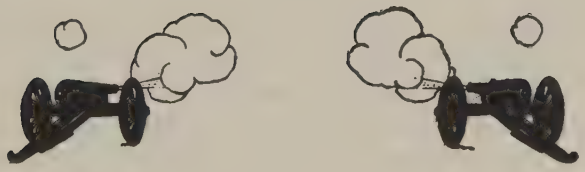
Nov. 30. At 8 o'clock opened on the enemy's works 2200 yards distant and continued (firing) about half an hour, using about 200 rounds. Two P.M. relieved Battery E, 1st R. I. Art'y.

Dec. 1. Moved from the front just after dark for Culpepper Ford. Marched all night.

Dec. 2. Arrived at Culpepper Ford about 5 o'clock and halted. About 10 moved on and

marched until within four miles of Brandy Station and stopped for the night.

Dec. 3. At daylight marched to our old camp ground at Brandy Station. Arrived there about 9.30 A.M. Ten horses unserviceable.



CHAPTER IX.

December 4, 1863, to May 3, 1864.

AT BRANDY STATION — WINTER-QUARTERS AND ARMY LIFE IN THEM — REORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY — DISSOLUTION OF THE THIRD CORPS — WE JOIN THE SECOND CORPS — CORPS REVIEW — HANGING SCENE.

The attention of the army was now occupied in settling itself comfortably in winter-quarters about Brandy Station. For miles in all directions sprang up the tented villages and cities, as regiments, brigades, or divisions pitched their white canvas or built their more substantial log cabins. There were the aristocratic establishments for army, corps, or division headquarters, with spacious surroundings, enclosed in many cases by a hedge of pine, and having tastefully arched entrances. Apart from these were the camps of the troops laid out in regular streets, one to a company, a row of tents flanking either side, and not far away hospital and commissary tents were erected. Sutlers opened their stores, exchanging homeopathic doses of goods for allopathic quantities of greenbacks. Tents of the Christian Commission, too, were to be found near large centres. The wagon trains were drawn up in long lines, and near them shelters for the protection of the mules were erected. But the most unique camp in the whole army was that built and occupied by the Engineer Corps. These were the pioneers of the army. Their duties consisted in con-

structing roads where needed, corduroying impassable places over which the army must move, laying pontoon bridges, taking up the same, and all work of kindred nature. They were not called upon to fight except in self-defence, and became very expert in the duties of their department. They gave their mechanical and inventive skill full play in the construction of their officers' quarters, which were marvels of their kind, ofttimes of two stories, with many angles and much ornament, fashioned out of the straight cedar, which being undressed, gave the settlement a rustic appearance truly unique and pleasing. Even the quarters of the rank and file were remarkably ornate, and as cosy and convenient within as they were attractive without. Their streets were corduroyed, and they even boasted sidewalks similarly constructed. A comprehensive photograph of their camp at Brandy Station, in the winter of 1863-64, would be a valuable feature in any history of the army to which this corps belonged.

In erecting our own quarters for the winter, we made no lofty endeavors of the above nature, but satisfied ourselves with the simplest construction consistent with keeping comfortable. In a former chapter the fact was mentioned of our being furnished with shelter-tents, but no description of these was given. They were pieces of drilling about four feet square, so light that an ordinary rain would easily drive through them. They were provided with buttons and button-holes on three sides. Four of these pieces, buttoned together and pitched over a rectanglar enclosure of logs built "cob fashion" four or five feet high, and suitably provided with bunks, doors, and fireplaces, made on the whole a comfortable abiding-place, and one sufficiently roomy to accommodate the "regular boarders," but would not

admit of much company at the same time. The more fastidious or ingenious added to the internal convenience by improvised floors, tables, cupboards, pegs, etc., so far as the limited space would permit.

Our neighbors in this camp were Battery B, First New Jersey Regiment, on our left, and Battery K, Fourth Regulars, Battery E, First Rhode Island Regiment and the Fourth Maine Battery, consecutively, on our right, with Gen. Patrick and his provost guard already alluded to, in the rear. On a little knoll at our left-front, in a cluster of pines, stood Artillery Brigade Headquarters, while a full half-mile farther, in plain view, stood a large, square, white house, occupied by Gen. French as Corps Headquarters.

Life in winter camp was pretty much the same throughout the army. Tales of battle told by comrades from other regiments, who called to renew old acquaintances, beguiled a part of the time. Some of the men engaged in an extensive correspondence, or read every book that came before them, whether trashy or sensible. Many played at cards, and in these and other ways showed a spirit of contentment unknown to them a year before, when they had experienced little of the wear and tear of the service, and were less disciplined in making the best of things. A few pored over new or neglected studies, and the old yet ever fresh questions of Matter and Spirit, Good and Evil, and Ultimate Atoms, were favorite themes with some of a more philosophic turn of mind.

Drills and inspections were not lost sight of in this period. A review of the Artillery Brigade of our corps took place under the observation of Generals Meade, French, and Hunt, December 23d, and again by Gen. French, February 23d. February

6th, orders came to pack up, and the next morning we hitched in, momentarily expecting to depart, but on what errand we then knew not. It seems that Gen. Butler, believing Richmond had been stripped of its garrison to strengthen Pickett's force in North Carolina, planned a cavalry expedition against it up the Peninsula under Gen. Wistar, while as a diversion in his favor Gen. Sedgwick, then temporarily in command of the army, threw across the Rapidan two divisions of cavalry and two of the Second Corps to occupy the attention of Lee's army. As a precautionary measure for the safety of the troops thus thrown forward, we were ordered to be in readiness. It is scarcely necessary to add that the expedition came to naught; having found its way blocked at Bottom's Bridge, the troops returned to their starting-point, their fortune almost identical with that of the British troops sent to Salem a hundred years before, who, as Trumbull puts it,—

> " . . . . without loss of time or men,
> Veer'd round for Boston back again,
> And found so well their projects thrive,
> That every soul got home alive."

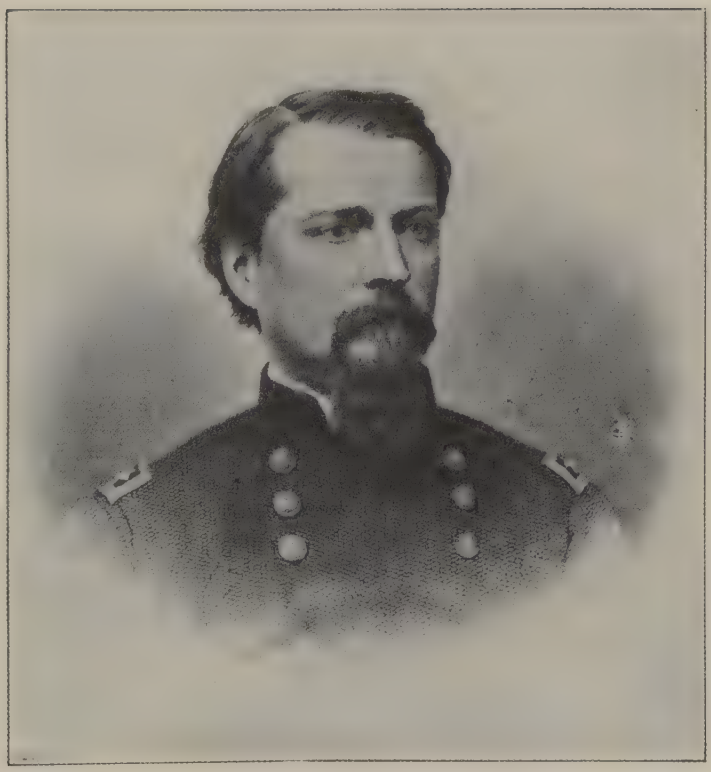
But the Army of the Potomac suffered a useless sacrifice of two hundred and fifty lives.

Wednesday, March 16, a corps review was had by Gen. French, accompanied by Gen. Sedgwick, near the residence of that uncompromising loyalist John Minor Botts. The gentleman himself came out to see the parade, and, while waiting for "Headquarters" to arrive, several of us engaged him in interesting conversation. He related to us some of his experiences when taken to Castle Thunder early in the war, and described the battles that had taken place on his farm. He was one of the few men in the Old Dominion whom neither argument nor in-

timidation could swerve from an unyielding devotion to the Union.

On the 2d of March, Maj. Gen. Grant having been previously nominated to the grade of lieutenant-general, was confirmed in this rank by the Senate, and on the 10th assigned, by special order of President Lincoln, to the command of all the Armies of the United States; and soon came the tidings that his headquarters were to be with the Army of the Potomac. Then followed a rumor that the army was to be reorganized, and this report soon took the form of reality, for we now learned that the Third Corps was doomed, — dismal news indeed. Next to the attachment men feel for their own company or regiment comes that which they feel for their corps. All the active service we had yet seen had been in the Third Corps, and its earlier history and traditions from the Peninsula to Gettysburg had become a part of our pride, and we did not care to identify ourselves with any other. If such was our feeling in the matter, how much more intense must have been that of the troops longer in its membership, whose very blood and sinew were incorporated with the imperishable name it had won under Gen. Sickles. The authorities paid deference to this feeling by allowing the "Diamond" badge to be retained after the troops were merged in other corps.

The First Corps was consolidated into two divisions and added to the Fifth. The first and second divisions of the Third Corps were added to the Second, and the third division to the Sixth Corps. By this reorganization Major Generals Sykes, French, and Newton, and Brigadier Generals Kenly, Spinola, and Meredith, were relieved and sent elsewhere. Gen. Winfield S. Hancock now resumed command of the Second Corps, having been absent from it since



Wm. D. Hancock

Gettysburg; Gen. Gouverneur K. Warren was placed in charge of the Fifth; and Gen. John Sedgwick, the Sixth. Gen. Hunt, Chief of Artillery of the Army, having left Capt. Sleeper to elect which corps he would go into, much to our gratification the latter selected the Second. Battery K chose the same lot, so that with it, and the red and white Diamonds under Birney, for company, we became tolerably reconciled to the new situation.

In accordance with our expectations, but much to our disgust, this consolidation necessitated another change of camp before commencing active operations. It took place Friday, April 8. That day we bade a final adieu to our blazing fireplaces and roofless stockades, and removed to Stevensburg, — a desolate little town five miles distant, around which the Second Corps was encamped, — and pitching our shelters on the wet ground began to rough it again. Next day there came a cold, drenching rain-storm against which our thin tents were but slight protection. Continuing as it did all that day and night, when Sunday morning dawned not a man in camp could boast a dry stitch of clothing; but when the sun appeared the camp was transformed, as at Frederick, into a vast clothes-yard. In a day or two we fixed up our quarters more comfortably. The return of good weather brought renewed activity. Inspections and brigade, division, or corps reviews followed in quick succession. We washed our carriages, polished the harnesses, and made preparations for the grand corps review to take place on the plain below us; and Friday the 22d it came. On our way to participate in it we passed through the settlement of Stevensburg. It bore sad marks of desolation. The houses were battered and crumbling; some of them were occupied with goods belonging

to the commissary department. The streets were filled with soldiers and mule teams. Now and then a few negro women were seen lounging about a house otherwise deserted, and the haggard features of some poor white woman, here and there to be observed peering from a window, betrayed in some degree the suffering that Virginia was undergoing.

As we left camp at 9 o'clock we could see the long lines of infantry wending their serpentine course from distant camps to the review ground, and bands accompanying the different columns filled the air with martial melody. Having arrived at the place designated, the infantry were drawn up in four lines of a division each, while the batteries were formed in two lines. After some delay Gen. Grant appeared, riding across the field with a numerous staff. Gen. Meade rode forward to receive him, and conducted him to a knoll which commanded a view of the entire corps; then the former took position on the left of the General-in-Chief, while Gen. Hancock sat at his right. In their rear were Sedgwick, Warren, Sheridan, and a numerous array of staff officers. The signal is given. The music strikes up, and the first division advances, first by the right flank, then the head of the division wheels to the left, passing the position of the reviewers in column of companies, the officers and color-bearers saluting when abreast of the Lieutenant General. The other three divisions follow in like manner. While awaiting the turn of the artillery, our position had been such as to give us an excellent view of the column as it moved along, with its continuous mass of glittering bayonets, and the steady tramp of its stalwart men. Some of the flags were new and beautiful, but most of them were rent and torn, often showing the merest tatters of the original standard clinging to

the staff. After a division had got well past the Lieutenant General, it was marched back to camp; and before the second division had wholly marched in review, we could see the head of the column just winding into camp on the hills a mile distant. The infantry having passed, our turn came. With drivers erect on their horses, and cannoneers with folded arms sitting in their appointed places on the chests, we wheeled into column to march before Lieut. Gen. Grant, of whom we now get our first near view. He seemed quite plainly attired, to us, who perhaps had a magnified notion of how the General-in-Chief of all the armies should look. He raised his hat as we passed, a recognition extended to each separate organization on such parades. Having marched by in battery front, each man feeling a personal responsibility of impressing the General favorably, the Captain breaks from the right into column and we gallop back to camp.

While at Stevensburg an event occurred in our newly adopted corps which, being the first of the kind we had witnessed, made a lasting impression upon us. This was a hanging scene that took place on the plain below our camp and in full view. The criminal was a member of a regiment in the second division. As our Company was not ordered out to witness the execution, most of the men kept aloof or viewed it from camp.

The friends of the accused, who deemed the sentence of the court-martial too severe for the offence, sought the interposition of President Lincoln; but that great and good man thought it best not to interfere. No one can tell the struggle which this decision cost him. He had exercised the pardoning power to such an extent hitherto that he was

charged in many quarters with seriously impairing the efficiency of the army, and now, under the new military administration, he was striving to make his pen say yes when every impulse of his great heart said no.

Battery drills, section drills, standing gun drills, inspections, etc., engrossed much of our time and attention in pleasant weather, as we lay in hourly anticipation of marching orders, and soon they came.

At this time the question of forming a regimental organization of the light batteries from Massachusetts was under consideration. Had it been carried through it was expected that Captain Martin of the Third Battery would have been made the colonel and Captain Sleeper the lieutenant colonel of the regiment. The following letters are interesting in this connection:—

Headquarters Art'y, 3rd Army Corps, December 30, 1863.

To His Excellency, John A. Andrew,
Governor of Massachusetts.

Sir,—I learn, and hope correctly, that the independent Batteries of your state are to be organized as a regiment and field officers appointed, and write to ask you to consider favorably the claim to promotion of Captain J. Henry Sleeper, 10th Mass. Battery.

He has served under me since his connection with the Army of the Potomac and has taken a high stand as a Battery commander and placed his Battery among the best in the Army.

I am sure from my knowledge of Captain Sleeper's merits that he will fill the office and perform the duties of any grade among the field officers of the proposed Regiment with honor to himself and credit to the state. I shall consider his promotion as an act of justice to a meritorious officer, as a promotive of the interest of the service and as a personal favor to

Your Ob't Serv't,
[Signed] GEORGE E. RANDOLPH,
Capt. 1st R. I. Artillery, Chief of Art'y, 3rd Army Corps.

This letter bears the following endorsements.

Head Qr's 3rd Army Corps, Jan. 1, 1864.

It gives me great pleasure to fully confirm Captain Randolph, Chief of Artillery's high testimony regarding the military serv-

ices of Capt. Sleeper, and to earnestly recommend him for promotion in the Artillery arm in which he has frequently distinguished himself.

[Signed] WM. H. FRENCH,
Maj. Gen. Vols.

Office of Judge Advocate,
Headquarters A. O. P., Jan'y 1st, 1864.

Capt. Sleeper served under my command for nearly a year and it gives me pleasure to record my opinion that he is a most able and meritorious officer, one whose promotion would be of advantage to the service.

I most cordially recommend him to the favorable notice of his Excellency the Governor of Massachusetts.

[Signed] E. K. PLATT,
Capt. & U. S. Artillery Major and Judge Advocate, A. O. P.

Art'y Head Quarters, Jan'y 1st, 1864.

I concur with the recommendations of Col. Platt, whose immediate order Capt. Sleeper has served. The want of field officers for the Artillery is much felt in the Army and the service of both Capt. Martin and Capt. Sleeper would be valuable as such and I would recommend them both for promotion. Several brigades of Artillery of the Army are now under Captains.

[Signed] HENRY J. HUNT,
Brig. Gen'l, 3rd Army Corps.

Head Quarters 1st Div., 3rd Corps, Jan'y 7, 1864.

To His Excellency, John A. Andrew,
Governor of Massachusetts.

Governor,—I concur fully in all that the Chief of Artillery of this Corps, Col. Platt, and Generals Hunt and French say concerning Capt. Sleeper, 10th Mass. Battery.

He has served immediately under my command in several engagements and I consider him as an officer eminently worthy of promotion, and trust that he will receive it in the proposed reorganization of the batteries from your state. I remain

Your Ob't Serv't,

[Signed] D. B. BIRNEY,
Major General.

MORNING REPORTS.

1863.

Dec. 4. Privates Wm. Endicott and Henry Orcutt reported to quarters. Eleven horses unserviceable. Sergeant Chas. E. Pierce appointed Orderly Sergeant, vice Sergeant Geo. H. Putnam relieved.

Dec. 5. Corp'l John H. Stevens and Hunt reported to quarters. One horse died last night. Private Samuel J. Bradlee received his discharge by Order 534 from the War Dep't. W. H. Fitzpatrick returned from furlough.

Dec. 7. Three horses shot by order Inspector General 3rd Corps.

Dec. 8. One horse died, worn out. Corp'l John H. Stevens and privates Endicott and Orcutt reported for duty. Waldo Pierce reported to quarters. Corp'l Luther L. Estabrook is promoted Corporal (Gunner)? to date from Nov. 1st, 1863, vice Shattuck dropped from the rolls.

Dec. 9. One horse unserviceable. John Ramsdell reported to quarters.

Dec. 10. Corp'ls Wm. B. Lemmon and John H. Stevens reported to quarters.

Dec. 12. Wm. E. Endicott appointed Lance Sergeant. Capt. J. Henry Sleeper absent in Boston on furlough for 15 days.

Dec. 13. Corp'ls Currant and George A. Smith reported to quarters.

Dec. 14. Corp'ls Currant and Stevens reported for duty.

Dec. 15. Corp'l Smith and Private Hunt reported for duty. Harmon Newton to quarters. Serg't Putnam left on 15 days furlough for Lewiston; John F. Baxter for Boston on 10 days furlough. Re-

ceived from Capt. Pierce 12 horses; turned over to him 7 horses.

Dec. 16. H. Newton reported for duty. John H. Stevens reported to quarters.

Dec. 18. Corp'ls Stevens and Smith report for duty; John Ramsdell, duty. Harmon Newton, reported to quarters.

Dec. 19. Privates Alex. Holbrook reported to quarters. Harmon Newton reported for duty.

Dec. 20. Private Harmon Newton reported to quarters.

Dec. 21. Private Thomas Ellworth reported to quarters.

Dec. 22. Harmon Newton reported for quarters.

Dec. 23. Thomas Ellworth reported for duty. John Ramsdell reported to quarters.

Dec. 24. John Ramsdell reported to quarters. Thomas Ellworth, do., Frank Loham duty.

Dec. 25. Reported to quarters, Sam'l Paine and Albert N. A. Maxwell.

Dec. 26. Privates Paine and Maxwell reported for duty.

Dec. 27. Privates Paine and Maxwell reported to quarters.

Dec. 28. Privates Paine and Ellworth reported for duty. John F. Baxter absent without leave.

Dec. 29. Corp'l Geo. A. Smith reported to quarters. Capt. J. Henry Sleeper returned from Boston.

Dec. 30. Private Albert N. A. Maxwell for duty.

Dec. 31. Sergeant George H. Putnam absent without leave. Arrived in camp at 4 P.M.

1864.

Jan. 1. Lieut. Henry H. Granger started for Brattleboro, Vt., on 15 days furlough. John Baxter returned from furlough and reported for duty.

Jan. 4. Privates Jacob B. Sulham, Henry L. Ewell and Everett J. Wilson permanently transferred to this Battery for the purpose of re-enlistment agreeable to Special Order No. 2 H'dq'r's 3rd Army Corps. Francis Loham reported to quarters.

Jan. 5. Privates Jacob B. Sulham, Henry L. Ewell, and Everett J. Wilson were re-enlisted by Lieut. Asa Smith for Tenth Mass. Battery for 3 years from Jan. 4, 1864. Mustered out and re-mustered into the U. S. Vols. service this 5th day Jan'y 1864.

Jan. 6. Private John Ramsdell and Francis Loham reported for duty. Four horses unserviceable.

Jan. 7. Corp'l John H. Stevens and Leroy E. Hunt reported to quarters. Privates Sulham, Ewell and Wilson, re-enlisted veteran volunteers, started on 35 days furlough.

Jan. 8. Corp'l Stevens reported for duty.

Jan. 9. Received this P.M. from Brig. Gen'l. Devens as recruits privates Michael B. O'Neil, Wm. M. Bastable, James Kay, T. (P)? Hill, John Nesbit.

Jan. 10. Private John W. Bailey received furlough for 10 days to visit Canton, Mass. Capt. J. Henry Sleeper received leave of absence to go to Baltimore, Md.

Jan. 11. Two horses turned over to Capt. L. H. Pierce A. A. Q. Leroy E. Hunt reported for duty.

Jan. 12. One horse died; disease, glanders.

Jan. 13. Capt. J. Henry Sleeper returned from furlough.

Jan. 16. Lieut. Henry H. Granger returned from furlough. One horse shot, by order Inspector Gen'l.

Jan. 17. Privates Nesbitt and Maxwell and Artificer Stowell reported to quarters.

Jan. 19. Privates Nesbitt and Maxwell reported for duty. Corporal Currant and Private Hill reported for duty.

Jan. 20. Private Maxwell reported to quarters.

Jan. 21. Serg't George H. Putnam reported to quarters.

Jan. 22. Private John W. Bailey returned from furlough and reported for duty.

Jan. 23. Sergeant Geo. H. Putnam, Corp'l Currant, Artificer Stowell reported for duty. Private Richard Horrigan discharged Jan. 2, 1864.

Jan. 24. Wm. A. Trefry returned from hospital and reported for duty.

Jan. 25. Arthur A. Blandin reported to quarters. Pierce T. Hill reported for duty. Received 8 horses from Lieut. Case, A. A. Q. M., and turned over 15 horses to Capt. L. H. Pierce.

Jan. 26. Pierce T. Hill reported to quarters. Two horses shot, by order Dr. Benson, Vet. Surg. 3rd Army Corps. Capt. J. Henry Sleeper starts on leave of absence for Baltimore.

Jan. 27. Arthur A. Blandin reported for duty, J. S. Cross to quarters.

Jan. 28. Joseph Cross and James Dwight reported for duty. M. B. O'Neil reported to quarters. Received 13 recruits from Brig. Gen'l Devens, Long Island, Boston Harbor. Lieut. J. Webb Adams started for Boston on leave of absence for 15 days.

Jan. 29. Private Pierce T. Hill reported for duty. Capt. J. Henry Sleeper returned from leave of absence.

Jan. 30. Private R. G. Gilley reported to quarters. Alex. W. Holbrook reported for duty. Received 6 mules from Lieut. R. K. Case.

Jan. 31. Private Richard G. Gilley reported for duty.

Feb. 1. Received one mule from Rufus K. Case.

Feb. 2. Corp'ls Geo. A. Smith, Wm. B. Lemmon and Privates Maxwell and Waldo Pierce sent to gen-

eral hospital, Washington, D. C. Corp'l B. F. Parker started on 10 days furlough for Boston.

Feb. 3. Privates John Nesbitt and Thomas W. Strand reported to quarters.

Feb. 4. Lieut. H. H. Granger and Private Chas. L. Chase reported to quarters.

Feb. 5. Private Chas. L. Chase reported for duty. Privates Beal, Brown, Smith (?) and McAllister reported to quarters.

Feb. 6. Privates Nesbitt, O'Neil, Pierce, Smith (?) and McAllister reported for duty. M. Sawyer reported to quarters.

Feb. 7. Privates A. W. Smith and Geo. A. Pierce reported to hospital.

Feb. 9. Private Geo. K. Putnam reported to quarters. Two horses shot by order Dr. Benson, 3rd Corps Headquarters.

Feb. 10. T. W. Strand reported for duty. Goldsmith and Neagle reported to quarters. O. P. Brown reported for duty. Received twenty-five (25) recruits from depot Long Island, B. H. through Brig. Gen'l Devens.

Feb. 11. Privates Geo. K. Putnam, Michael Sawyer reported for duty. Everett J. Wilson returned from furlough and reported for duty.

Feb. 12. Private R. C. Wright reported to quarters; P. E. Neagle to duty. Lieut. J. Webb Adams and Private Jacob Sulham returned from furlough and reported for duty.

Feb. 13. Privates Schwartz, M. M. Pierce and Starkweather reported to quarters; Privates Wright and Beale for duty. Turned over to Capt. J. Strong 3 horses and one mule. Corp'l B. F. Parker returned from furlough and reported for duty.

Feb. 14. Corp'l A. B. Parker and John Snelling reported to quarters.

Feb. 15. Corp'ls A. B. Parker and Goldsmith and privates A. W. Smith, Schwartz and Snelling reported for duty.

Feb. 16. Private M. M. Pierce reported for duty. Privates Wright and Hunt reported to quarters. Private P. E. Neagle started to Boston on furlough for 10 days.

Feb. 17. Lieut. Asa Smith started on furlough for 15 days and Private Chas. E. Bruce for 10 days.

Feb. 18. Privates J. E. Carter, J. L. Schwartz and Charles Thompson reported to quarters.

Feb. 19. Privates Thompson, John T. Goodwin and J. P. Brown reported to quarters.

Feb. 20. Privates N. H. Butterfield, Lewis R. Allard, Alvin Abbott, Chas. E. Osborne, Joseph A. Hooper, James D. Smith, Josh. T. Reed dropped from the rolls of this Battery agreeable to Gen. Orders No. 3, Art'y Headquarters, Army of the Potomac, Oct. 1, 1863. Received 5 horses from Capt. E. J. Strong. J. P. Brown and J. L. Schwartz reported for duty.

Feb. 21. Private John T. Goodwin reported to quarters. Private J. S. Bailey started on 10 days' furlough.

Feb. 22. Private Asa L. Gowell reported to quarters. Mears Orcutt and R. C. Wright reported for duty.

Feb. 23. Privates John Nesbitt and Richard Martin reported to quarters. F. H. Monroe sent on detached service to Artillery Brigade Headquarters.

Feb. 25. George W. Stetson reported to quarters.

Feb. 26. Privates Leroy E. Hunt and Richard Martin reported for duty, Alvin Thompson to quarters.

Feb. 27. Private Thompson reported for duty. Privates A. C. White, Francis Mins and Alonzo N. Merrill reported to quarters.

Feb. 28. Receive notice of the death of Private Albert N. A. Maxwell who died at Carver General Hospital, Washington, Feb. 20, 1864. Privates Carter, G. W. Stetson, F. Mins and A. Merrill reported for duty. Received five enlisted men from draft rendezvous, Long Island.

Feb. 29. Privates Ellis A. Friend and J. W. Thayer reported to quarters.

March 1. Privates E. A. Foster, T. E. Carter, E. B. Mullett, reported to quarters, P. E. Neagle and Henry L. Ewell absent sick on surgeon's certificate.

March 2. Privates White, Friend and Thayer reported for duty.

March 3. Privates White, Adams, Hooper and Wright reported to quarters.

March 4. Privates White and Wright reported for duty. Alonzo N. Merrill reported to quarters. Lieut. Smith and Corp'l James S. Bailey, Jr., returned from furlough. Private Michael O'Neil placed under confinement in quarters and charges preferred by Capt. Sleeper.

March 5. Received notice of death of George H. Rice in Art'y Brig. Hospital. Private William E. Northey on detached service at Brigade Hospital. Two horses shot by order Dr. Benson, Vet. Surgeon. Q. M. Sergeant William G. Rollins discharged from the service per S. O. No. 57 War Dept. Mustered into the U. S. service as a Second Lieutenant Tenth Mass. Battery, March 3rd, 1864. F. Mins and Edwards (?) reported to quarters. Received notice of discharge of Joseph A. Hooper, dropped from the rolls.

March 6. Serg't Townsend reported to quarters. Privates Schwartz, Thompson, Thresher and Edwards reported for duty.

March 7. Private Wm. H. Fitzpatrick appointed

Q. M. Serg't March 3, 1864. Privates Jos. Sheridan, M. Campbell, Judson Stevens, and Chas. Thompson reported to quarters. Artificer D. R. Stowell on furlough of 10 days.

March 8. Privates Jos. Sheridan, F. Mins, and A. E. Wright reported to duty. Wm. Rawson and Geo. W. Stetson reported to quarters. One mule received from Capt. E. J. Strong, A. G.

March 9. Lieut. Wm. G. Rollins went to Boston, Mass., on 10 days' leave. Serg't Geo. M. Townsend and Private Rawson reported to quarters.

March 10. Serg't Geo. M. Townsend and Private Thresher reported to quarters. One horse died of inflammation of bowels.

March 11. Privates L. W. Adams and Judson Stevens reported for duty. Jos. Sheridan and R. C. Wright to quarters. Private Charles Slack went on 10 days' furlough.

March 12. Serg't Geo. M. Townsend, Privates Foster, Geo. W. Stetson, E. D. Thresher and R. C. Wright reported for duty. Capt. Sleeper absent on leave. Lieut. H. H. Granger reported for duty. Privates James D. Smith and Geo. W. Parks reported for duty from Convalescent Camp. They were previously dropped from the rolls in accordance with General Orders No. 3, Art'y H'dq'rs A. O. P.

March 13. Received three recruits from Draft Rendezvous, Long Island, Boston Harbor. John T. Goodwin, Asa L. Gowell reported for duty. Henry Orcutt and S. Johnson reported to quarters.

March 14. Corp'l Frank M. Howes, Michael Haley, W. Moran reported to quarters.

March 15. James L. Schwartz, W. Moran, A. N. Merrill, S. H. Johnson reported for duty. James Dwight ex.

March 16. John T. Goodwin reported to duty.

March 17. Corp. Frank M. Howes, W. H. Starkweather and C. Thompson reported for duty.

March 18. Privates John Nesbit, James D. Smith reported to duty, Francis Mins, L. Ham, John Millett and J. E. Mugford reported to quarters.

March 19. Lieut. Wm. G. Rollins and Artificer D. R. Stowell returned from leave. Two horses shot and four condemned by Major Vanderberg. Francis Mins reported to duty. Horace B. Beals reported sick. Serg't P. T. Woodfin discharged for promotion by S. O. No. 113 War Dept.

March 20. L. Ham and H. B. Beals reported to duty. Michael B. O'Neil released from arrest.

March 21. Michael Haley reported for duty. Francis Loham and H. B. Beals reported to quarters. Two horses shot, by order of Maj. Vanderberg.

March 22. Corp. Burnham C. Clark reported to quarters.

March 23. Bugler John E. Mugford reported for duty. James Peach, M. M. Pierce and Asa Richardson reported to quarters.

March 24. Jos. Sheridan sent to General Hospital, Washington.

March 25. Corp'l B. C. Clark and H. B. Beals reported for duty. Artificer A. D. Bacon, W. Y. Gross and C. A. Mason reported to quarters.

March 26. Asa Richardson reported to duty, L. E. Hunt reported to quarters. Charles Slack absent without leave.

March 27. James Peach and A. D. Bacon reported to duty also P. T. Hill and Michael Campbell.

March 28. C. A. Mason reported to duty; J. W. Wilson reported to quarters.

March 29. M. M. Pierce, W. Y. Gross, L. E. Hunt reported to duty. Private John Pedrick went on furlough of 10 days.

March 30. Joseph W. Hayden, Wm. Moran, Wm. E. Hooper, Michael Haley, Pierce T. Hill, Jas. L. Schwartz, John Handlin, M. B. O'Neil, T. A. Carter, M. M. Bastable, A. W. Smith, J. Sanderson, J. H. Carr, R. C. Wright, M. Campbell, temporarily transferred to Battery K 4th U. S. Art'y, per S. O. No. 13 Art'y Headquarters, Army of Potomac.

March 31. Jonas W. Wilson and L. W. Adams reported to quarters. Charles Slack returned from furlough.

April 1. Private Francis Loham reported to duty. Private P. Gallagher, Corp. J. H. Stevens reported to quarters.

April 2. Privates Alex. W. Holbrook and Francis Loham reported to quarters. Four horses turned in to Capt. E. J. Strong, sixteen horses received from Lieut. R. K. Case. Private Frank A. Monroe reported for duty from detached service.

April 3. Privates Francis Loham and Alex. W. Holbrook reported for duty. Artificer David R. Stowell reported to quarters.

April 4. Artificer D. R. Stowell reported for duty.

April 5. James Dwight and P. Gallagher reported to duty. Artificer D. R. Stowell reported to quarters. Serg't Geo. H. Putnam went on three days leave to appear before Colored Bureau, Washington, D. C.

April 7. Serg't George F. Gould went on 10 days furlough to Boston. J. W. Wilson reported to quarters. Lance Serg't James S. Bailey promoted to sergeant and Lance Corp. Francis M. Howes to Corp. to date Mar. 19, '64. Lance Serg't George H. Day promoted to Serg't to date March 1, 1864.

April 8. Norman H. Butterfield and Chas E. Osborne reported for duty from Convalescent Camp. They were previously dropped from the rolls under provision of G. O. No. 3, Art'y H'dq'rs A. O. P. series 1863. One horse shot by order Capt. J. H. Sleeper, the stiver (?) water having run out thereby rendering him perfectly useless. Removed from Brandy Station to 2nd Corps near Stevensburg, Va.

April 9. Joseph Cross reported to quarters. Serg't Geo. H. Putnam returned from furlough. John Millett and James D. Smith reported to quarters.

April 10. Artificer D. R. Stowell and Joseph Cross reported to quarters. Sergeants Geo. H. Putnam and James S. Bailey reduced to the ranks. Corp'ls A. B. Parker and C. W. Doe promoted sergeants. Private Asa Richardson promoted Corp. and C. E. Osborne promoted Lance Corporal vice Lance Corporal J. H. Knowland reduced to the ranks. One horse received from Lieut. Case.

April 12. John Pedrick reported from furlough.

April 13. A. A. Blandin, Artif. A. D. Bacon, Geo. H. Putnam and A. B. Spooner reported to quarters.

April 14. J. P. Brown, E. D. Thresher reported to quarters.

April 15. S. H. Johnson and A. A. Blandin detailed to wagon train.

April 16. J. Ellworth, D. McAllister, L. W. Adams, A. F. Southworth reported to quarters. Nine horses condemned by Lieut. Rhodes, Inspector. Franklin A. Macomber joined recruits (?).

April 17. John F. Baxter, John Nesbitt, John H. Knowland reported to quarters. L. W. Adams, A. D. Bacon reported to duty.

April 18. Artificer D. R. Stowell, J. P. Brown and A. B. Spooner reported to duty.

April 19. Bugler J. E. Mugford, C. Chase reported to duty; also J. F. Baxter.

April 20. E. D. Thresher reported to quarters; J. E. Mugford to duty. John Millett, James Peach sent to General Hospital, Washington, D. C.

April 21. H. Orcutt, John Ramsdell, O. Wheelock, J. T. Goodwin reported to quarters.

April 22. Corp. B. C. Clark reported to quarters. Henry L. Ewell returned to the Battery from absent sick.

April 23. James Ellworth, Dan'l McAllister, H. Orcutt, John Ramsdell reported to duty. James Kay, James S. Bailey to quarters.

April 24. John H. Knowland, Chas. Chase reported to duty. John Ramsdell and R. G. Gilley reported to quarters.

April 25. Oliver Wheelock, Corp. B. C. Clark and James Kay report to duty. E. F. Damrell and Geo. W. Parks reported to quarters.

April 26. E. F. Damrell reported to duty. W. E. Northey on detached service at Artillery Brigade Headquarters, 2nd A. C., as orderly with horse and equipments.

April 27. John Ramsdell, James S. Bailey, Jr., reported to duty. Chas. E. Prince reported excused. A. A. Blandin, extra or daily duty as teamster since Mar. 1, 1864.

April 28. Four horses received from Capt. W. H. D. Cochrane, A. A. Q. M.

April 29. Patrick E. Neagle reported deserter. Received a furlough for 10 days to go to Boston Feb. 16, 1864. Feb. 29, received affidavit of N. L. Shaw, M. D., Mass. Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary, Boston, that he was under treatment and ordered him to remain for a few days longer. He has not since returned. Dropped as a deserter.

April 30. Charles E. Prince sent to Gen'l Hospital, Washington, D. C. John Goodwin, James D. Smith reported to duty. Henry Jones excused.

May 1. Richard G. Gilley reported to duty. Alvin Thompson to quarters.

May 2. John F. Baxter and John W. Bailey reported to quarters. Henry Jones reported to duty.

CHAPTER X.

May 3-20, 1864.

OUR ANTICIPATIONS — ORDER OF MARCH — GRANT'S PLAN — ALMOST A STAMPEDE — GENERAL HANCOCK — CHANCELLORSVILLE — TODD'S TAVERN — THE WILDERNESS AND ITS TERRIFIC BATTLE — BY THE LEFT FLANK — BATTLE OF THE PO — SPOTTSYLVANIA — THE GHASTLY SALIENT — MOVING ABOUT — THE TENTH A FOUR-GUN BATTERY — NEWS FROM HOME.

It was with something of a thrill that, in the afternoon of May 3d, we heard orders for drill countermanded by those foreshadowing a march at dark. We did not shrink from the prospect as did some of the older soldiers, who had been scarred and battered in the months gone by. There was that about it which made all unwilling to be left behind. We wanted to have a part in the great campaign soon to begin. We wished to banish every trace of "band-box" from the Battery and make a record as famous as that of Ricketts' company from Pennsylvania. We had seen just fighting enough to believe our organization composed of men who lacked only the opportunity to show that neither Massachusetts nor any other state had sons who would contend more manfully in the cause. Gen. Meade's address to the army, informing them of the movement about to begin, enforcing the tremendous issues involved and urging to heroic sacrifices for country and home, was read at evening roll-call to a hushed audience who felt that for them those

earnest words were weighty with meaning. Capt. Sleeper also addressed a few words to the men, stating the probable magnitude of the campaign before us, and impressing upon us the necessity of remaining at our posts. Whatever might befall individuals, we were to stand fast, ready for any order.

The advance to the Rapidan was to be made in two columns. The right column, consisting of the Fifth and Sixth corps, was to cross at Germania Ford,* and the Second at Ely's, six miles farther down. Grant's plan † was to cross the river below Lee's army and by a sudden movement turn his right flank, then, by fierce battles, beat and destroy his army.‡ In case this plan failed, his alternative was to force him back by left-flank marches, and by this flank movement to follow him to Richmond.§ At eight o'clock, our artillery moved out of camp, and after advancing about four miles, parked in company with the rest of the artillery brigade and an extensive wagon train, awaiting the arrival of the infantry and its passage of the river. While we lay here, in momentary expectation of starting along, each man attempting to catch a nap in a position as comfortable as the uncertainties of the situation would permit, whether curled up on

* Also called *Germanna*, this being the original name. So named from a colony of Germans that came over during the reign of Queen Anne. They settled here and were employed in working the mines of the neighborhood. Near here, too, stood the residence of Col. Spottswood, Governor of Virginia, early in the last century, after whom Spottsylvania County was named, the *sylvania* being the Latinized meaning of *woods*.

† *Grant and his Campaigns. Coppee.*

‡ That this plan was not altogether unreasonable, appears from the disparity in the strength of the two armies, Lee's rolls showing as present for duty a force of 52,626 men — foot, horse, and artillery, while Meade's, including Burnside's corps, an independent command, numbered at this time not far from 140,000 men of all arms. — *Swinton's Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac.*

§ *Grant and his Campaigns. Coppee.*

the limber chests or at full length on the ground between the carriages,—at midnight we were startled from our drowsy state and brought to our feet by a roar and din, which, growing nearer every movement, made a crash as if the entire artillery brigade and the whole wagon and ambulance trains were dashing along at headlong gallop; and, indeed, such would have been the case had not the drivers sprung to their horses' bridles just in season to prevent it, for the sudden commotion seemed to animate them with a common impulse of rushing madly off. We afterwards learned that the tumult was started by a mule team, which, taking fright, ran furiously away, dragging its clattering wagon after it through the midst of the trains and batteries. The darkness and lateness of the hour, and the drowsiness of the men, made a combination of circumstances favorable for a general and disastrous stampede, that would have been a portentous omen with which to begin the spring campaign. As it was, the result proved quite serious. One lieutenant was mortally injured, and a dozen men more or less severely hurt, but, luckily for us, including none of our Company. A piece and caisson from the Sixth Maine Battery broke away and disappeared in the darkness, not to reappear until daylight.

Wednesday morning, May 4th, at 5 o'clock, we resumed our march, following the almost interminable columns of infantry across the Rapidan. The Second Corps was now 27,000 * strong. We joined Birney's Division of our old corps, and crossed the river at 10 A.M. Gen. Hancock was under instructions to march directly to Chancellorsville, and by 9 o'clock the infantry advance had reached that des-

* Private letter to the author from Gen. Hancock.

tination, preceded, however, by Gregg's division of cavalry, which was thrown out easterly towards Fredericksburg, and southerly towards Todd's Tavern. We reached Chancellorsville about 3 P.M., and placed our guns in earthworks constructed a year previously.

It is a fact by no means insignificant for us to notice, that in the movement making to turn the enemy's right, to Hancock and his corps was given the most responsible place. This was undoubtedly due in large measure to the confidence Gen. Meade put in his many soldierly qualities, conspicuous among which was an implicit obedience of orders. With him to hear was to obey.* It might naturally be expected that if the first part of Grant's plan for the campaign succeeded, Lee would fall upon and attempt to overwhelm the left wing of our army, with a view to re-establishing his line of communication southward; and ultimately, this was in substance what he did attempt to do, and that, too, with such spirit and determination that reinforcements were dispatched to Hancock until at one time he was in command of fully one-half of the entire army. While the original plan of the campaign failed of execution, the sequel proved "Hancock the Superb" to be the right man in the right place.

It soon becoming apparent to us that no further movement of the Corps was contemplated this day, we devoted our leisure before sunset, in common with hundreds of others, to inspecting the topography of this most interesting battlefield, together

* Hancock may be characterized as the ideal of a *soldier;* gifted with a magnetic presence and a superb personal gallantry, he was one of those lordly leaders who upon the actual field of battle rule the hearts of troops with a potent and irresistible mastery. — *Swinton's Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac.*

with the vestiges of the contest still visible. There was the old line of works hastily thrown up by the Third Corps. Old soldiers point out the spots where the leaden and iron storm fell hottest. The spectral outlines of shattered brick walls mark what was once the Chancellor House, used early in the battle as a hospital. It will be remembered that it was while leaning against one of its columns that Gen. Hooker was stunned by a shell which struck the pillar. Around it for some distance the ground was strewn with broken muskets, cartridge-boxes, belts, belt-plates, canteens, scraps of clothing, etc., taken from the wounded or left by the flying; but the saddest spectacle of all was in the woods on our right. We counted within an area of less than ten rods square, fifty skulls upon the surface of the ground. The graves in which the remains had been buried were so shallow that the bodies were scarcely below the general level in most cases; and the little soil thrown over them had either been washed off by rains or scraped away by animals, so that the bodies were lying about in all states of dismemberment. There were legs still cased in the army blue, and shoes yet filled with the foot. This want of proper attention to the slain of an enemy is perhaps to be palliated on the ground that the Rebels had an immense number of their own dead to bury,* and that the digging of even a shallow grave in the woods, in earth thickly matted with roots and stones, is a difficult task, even for friendly hands. Some members of a New York regiment found the unburied remains of one of their sergeants, identifying them by the clothing and the false teeth which he wore, and gave them a Chris-

* Loss of the Rebels, 10,281 in killed and wounded. — *Lee: Report of Chancellorsville.*

tian burial. But as nightfall now approached we concluded our observations and returned to camp.

In the evening Gen. Hancock received orders to move at 5 A.M., Thursday morning, to Shady Grove Church, a place considerably south of the Orange Plank Road and well around Lee's flank, and to extend his right towards the Fifth Corps at Parker's store on the same road.* After a good night's rest, the last quiet one we were destined to have for some time, at the appointed hour we were astir, joining Birney's division as before; and taking up our march south-easterly, we pursue that course for a time along a plank road, then turning abruptly to the right, we change our direction to south-westerly, arriving towards noon at Todd's Tavern, an unpretentious structure one story and a half in height, with no merits, architectural or otherwise, to warrant its becoming a conspicuous landmark in the history of this campaign. Here a halt had been ordered. Batteries were parked in luxuriant fields (luxuriant when contrasted with portions of country over which we moved). The infantry, having stacked arms, were stretched upon the ground; and, in short, all — generals and soldiers alike — lay carelessly about in the shade (for the day was quite warm), apparently as light-hearted as if they had no part in War's mission. But suddenly all is activity. The General issues from the Tavern, leaps quickly into his saddle, gives a few rapid orders to staff officers dispatching them to the various divisions; and in a brief space of time the corps is in line again and moving promptly back the road we came.† This

* This road has already been alluded to in the Mine Run chapter. It runs generally parallel to the Orange Turnpike at this point, but is farther south.

† I have been credibly informed, since writing the above, that Gen. Hancock, hearing evidences of a sharp conflict in progress, and be-

course, however, we pursue only a short distance before bearing to the left, on what is known as the Brock Road. But before following the Corps further in this direction it will be interesting to make pause for a moment to note briefly the state of affairs calling for this retrograde:

"My advance" [says Gen. Hancock] "was about two miles beyond Todd's tavern, when, at 9 A.M., I received a despatch from the Major-General commanding the Army of the Potomac to halt at the tavern as the enemy had been discovered on the Wilderness Pike. Two hours later I was directed to move my command up the Brock Road to its intersection with the Orange Plank Road."

It happened that while we bivouacked at Chancellorsville the evening of the day previous, Warren's corps, in advance of the right wing, had camped at Wilderness Tavern, situated at the junction of the Stevensburg Plank Road with the Orange, or, as we have just seen it termed, the Wilderness Pike. Ewell's corps, that part of Lee's army nearest the Rapidan, and his advance wing, was marching over the same pike to meet our army, and halted that night not above three miles from Warren's position, at Robertson's Tavern, already mentioned in the chapter on Mine Run. Each commander was ignorant of the vicinage of the other, partly due to the fact that our cavalry, which had been in advance during most of the afternoon, had been withdrawn and sent across to Parker's store, on the Plank Road. When Warren, therefore, attempted to resume his march, early Thursday morning, he found the enemy confronting him. Grant and Meade, both believing it to be the rear guard of Lee, who, they thought, must have retreated and left a divison merely to cover the movement, gave

lieving his services were required in that direction, was already well on the way when orders to that effect met him from Gen. Meade.

Warren orders to brush it out of his track. This he at once began to do, and at first carried everything before him, but the other divisions of Ewell's corps coming up, assumed the offensive and gave Warren a rough handling for a time, inflicting a loss upon him of about three thousand men. It was now sufficiently manifest that the Rebel army was present in force and meant business, and although Grant would have much preferred not to fight in the Wilderness, he nevertheless decided to accept the gage of battle here thrown down, and, suspending the plan of marches decreed the day before, proceeded to concentrate the whole army for that purpose. This change of plan it was which caused us to turn in our tracks at Todd's Tavern.*

We pass along the road quite promptly at first. There are nearly ten miles intervening between us

* "The field where the first rencontre of the armies had taken place, and where it was now decreed the battle should be fought, was that region known as 'The Wilderness.' It is impossible to conceive a field worse adapted to the movements of a grand army. The whole face of the country is thickly wooded, with only an occasional opening, and intersected by a few narrow wood roads. The region rests on a bed of mineral rocks, and, for above a hundred years, extensive mining has here been carried on. To feed the mines, the timber of the country for many miles had been cut down, and in its place there had arisen a dense undergrowth of low-limbed and scraggy pines, stiff and bristling, chincapins, scrub-oaks, and hazel. It is a region of gloom and the shadow of death. Maneuvering here was necessarily out of the question, and only Indian tactics told. The troops could only receive direction by a point of the compass; for not only were the lines of battle entirely hidden from the sight of the commander, but no officer could see ten files on each side of him. Artillery was wholly ruled out of use; the massive concentration of three hundred guns stood silent, and only an occasional piece or section could be brought into play in the roadsides. Cavalry was still more useless. But in that horrid thicket there lurked two hundred thousand men, and through it lurid fires played; and though no array of battle could be seen, there came out of its depths the crackle and roll of musketry like the noisy boiling of some hell-caldron, that told the dread story of death. Such was the field of the battle of the Wilderness; and General Grant appointed that at five o'clock of the morning the fight should be renewed. Combinations or grand tactics there were none; the order of battle was simple, and was to all the corps — Attack all along the line." — *Swinton's Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac.*

and the right wing. Moreover, Hill's corps was pressing down the Plank Road, striving to gain its intersection with the Brock Road before our arrival. If he succeeds, our army is divided and there is hard fighting ahead. In anticipation of this contingency, Gen. Meade had sent Gen. Getty with a division of the Sixth Corps to hold this important position till the Second Corps came up. This he was doing right manfully, under a steadily increasing pressure from the enemy, when, toward 3 o'clock, the welcome cheer of our advance announced to him that help was at hand. From this time until nearly half past four was spent by the infantry in getting into position, and fortifying in the woods along the Brock Road. Then began that terrible roar of musketry occasioned by Hancock receiving orders to advance upon Hill and drive him back on the Plank Road beyond Parker's store.

About 4 o'clock, a few minutes before the attack already referred to began, the Tenth was ordered into position in a ploughed field, along a low ridge locally known as Poplar Neck Ridge. It appeared to be the only clearing in the neighborhood.* We were on the extreme left of the line, supported by Barlow's division of infantry. But artillerists in this battle were at a liberal discount. In the attack on the Plank Road one section of Ricketts'

* The following extract is from Gen. Hancock's official report:

"Barlow's division with the exception of Frank's brigade, ... held the left of my line and was thrown forward on some high clear ground in front of the Brock Road. This elevated ground commanded the country for some distance to the right and left, covering the Fredericksburg and Orange Court House railroad in front. Owing to the dense forest which covered my front, this was the only point on my line where artillery could have an effective range, and I therefore directed that all of the batteries of my command, save Dow's Sixth Maine Battery, and one section of Ricketts' 'F' Co., First Pennsylvania Artillery, should be placed in position there, supported by Barlow's division, and forming the extreme left of the line of battle of the army."

Battery (the one referred to in the notes) was moved along in rear of Birney's infantry as they advanced, and during the fight suffered severely in men and horses. At one time it was captured, but was afterwards retaken and then withdrawn, being replaced by a section of Dow's Sixth Maine Battery. With these exceptions, and that of our own brief engagement, yet to mention, the Second Corps artillery took no part in this terrible battle. It may be stated as a fact, curious in the history of battles, that although there were nearly three hundred guns on the field, only about twenty were used,* such being the nature of the country in which the battle was fought.

After dark our position was changed a little to the right, where we remained till dawn. It was not permitted to unharness the horses that night, and we slept as we could, with one ear open for any alarm. So calm was the night it seemed impossible to believe that thousands of men lay within rifle-shot, ready to engage in deadly conflict at break of day. The only sound that reached the ear was the rumbling of ambulances, which rolled almost ceaselessly along during those dismal hours, giving us a tolerably definite idea of the severity of the afternoon's fighting.† At early dawn we were back again in the ploughed field, but at 7 o'clock moved to a position still farther to the left, near two white cottages. Fully two hours before this, the morning stillness had been broken by a tremendous crash beyond the woods at our right, and this crash was continued in a prolonged roar. The reports from tens of thousands of muskets blended into a single

* *Grant and his Campaigns. Coppee.*

† Hancock continued his unavailing efforts to drive Hill, till eight o'clock, when night shutting down on the darkling woods, ended the struggle. — *Swinton's Twelve Decisive Battles.*

sound like that of a mighty cataract, and this was greatly intensified by the reverberations consequent upon the firing taking place in the woods. Gen. Hancock's own corps was strengthened on this eventful morning by the addition of three other divisions, so that he then held command of more than half of the army. For four long hours did this torrent of sound continue without even momentary cessation. The result was that Hancock had driven and routed the enemy's right, comprising two divisions of Hill's corps, a mile and a half; an advance, however, which he did not maintain, being driven back to his line on the Brock Road two hours afterwards.

In addition to the light batteries, some heavy siege guns were brought up and put in position on the ridge close by one of the cottages mentioned. It was a pitiful sight to see the anguish and terror of the women and children, who still clung to their homes. What could they do? Where could they go? They could not remain, for the enemy was likely to make their houses a mark for his shells; and go somewhere they must. Gathering up, therefore, a few articles of clothing, they departed, sobbing bitterly. How much misery of this description was entailed by the war!

Before our position, and parallel with it, lay a narrow valley. Through this ran the railroad already alluded to in the notes. Beyond the valley, which was more or less sprinkled with shrubbery and small trees, was another crest, well wooded, but open on the hither slope. Through this opening ran a road down by our left to the Brock Road. Our distance from this clear slope was about eight hundred yards. We were ordered to keep our eyes vigilantly in that direction, lest the enemy should

plant a battery there or make an advance from that quarter. But having done this some time, our vigils relax, and we lie scattered about in the shade, some asleep, some chatting upon various topics or guessing at the whereabouts of a Rebel battery, the whistle of whose shots is so distinctly heard in our direct front, and whom they are engaged with, when suddenly a puff of smoke issues from the edge of the woods on the slope at the left of the road, and simultaneously a shell bursts low directly between two of our guns.

There must have been a comical sight presented to the view of the Rebel officer in charge of that battery, if at the moment his glass was levelled on us, for a livelier getting up and scrambling for posts could not be imagined. Shell after shell came whizzing over us, plunging into the woods in our rear, or exploding above us, scattering their fragments with a horrible sound that made the flesh creep. They had us in perfect range from the first shot. One of their missiles took off the head of an orderly as he sat on his horse.

But whatever amusement our appearance may have caused at the outset, it certainly was of brief continuance, and soon gave way to an earnestness to which we are sure the aforesaid officer would bear convincing testimony. The moments that we waited for the first round seemed long, for we stood out on the bald ridge, a conspicuous mark; but our turn came at last, and now our six "Rodmans," opening their iron throats, send back greetings two to one, and soon "dust" them out of their position. The whole affair did not occupy twenty-five minutes. We expended about seventy rounds of ammunition during its continuance.* Our pickets who

* Gen. Hancock was unapprised of this little interchange, as the following extract from a private letter to the writer goes to show: —

were thrown out along through the valley, when they came in at night, reported that we dismounted one of the Rebel guns. This concluded our part in the fighting of the battle, — a small part, it is true, but nevertheless well done. No one regretted more than ourselves that we were compelled to so much inactivity while the hard fighting was in progress.

The struggle continued with more or less desperation during the day. At 4 o'clock Lee assaulted the Second Corps with the greater part of Longstreet's and Hill's corps a second time; but after gaining a temporary advantage, he was repulsed with considerable loss.* The next morning (Saturday, May 7th), we threw up earthworks, but aside from skirmishing, which continued more or less during the forenoon, the day was comparatively quiet. Both armies were willing to be assailed, but each had suffered too severely to assume the offensive. During the day the Battery was separated, the left section resuming position in the ploughed field, near an Irishman's cabin. At night the sections came together again and went down on the flat, back of the ridge to pass the night.†

Morning of the 8th dawned warm and smoky. It was the Sabbath, but its holy associations were lost sight of in the unceasing activities of war, and an-

"The batteries of Ricketts and Dow were the only ones closely engaged on my lines during the battle of the 'Wilderness.' Some of the corps batteries posted on the high clear ground on the left may (during the two days' contest) have thrown a few shells over our lines and into the forest where the enemy was supposed to be; but if so, that was all they could do, owing to the dense woods which concealed our troops as well as the enemy."

* The loss of the Second Corps in the Wilderness, not including the Fourteenth Indiana Regiment, was 3,761. Of these 359 were missing; the rest killed or wounded. — *Hancock's Official Report.*

† The losses of the Union army in this battle are put at 20,000, including killed, wounded, and missing, and those of the enemy, by their own statements, as at least 8,000. — *American Conflict. Greeley.*

WHERE THE BATTERY STOOD IN THE WILDERNESS
AS IT LOOKED IN 1890.

other movement was projected, having for its object the passing around Lee's right flank by a march to the left, and placing our army at Spottsylvania Court House between him and Richmond. This was the first in that continued series of moves by the left flank which did not end until the Rebellion collapsed at Appomattox. It was a surprise to the army for the prediction was general that Grant would now retreat across the Rapidan. That wasn't Grant.

The Fifth Corps was in the van, having left the lines and the Wilderness, and started at 9 o'clock the evening previous, with directions to move to the Court House by the Brock Road.* "Maj. Gen.

* As an illustration of the part chance sometimes plays in ordering the fate of battles, Gen. Lee, taking note of the fact that our army

Hancock, commanding Second Corps, will move to Todd's Tavern, following Fifth Corps closely," is a verbatim extract from Gen. Meade's order of march, distinctly outlining the next course *we* were to pursue. Owing to delays experienced by the Fifth Corps we did not march until about 9 o'clock A.M. of the Sabbath, again accompanying Birney's division. The morning was decidedly hot, and under a broiling sun we set forward at a quick pace to Todd's Tavern. Many a poor fellow dropped by the roadside on this ten-mile march, utterly overcome by the heat or fatigue. The firing now heard in our front told us that the enemy had been found in that direction, and at that very moment our advance might be in pressing need of support. Reaching the tavern about noon, we hardly recognized the spot, so great were the changes wrought in its appearance during the past three days. Only the day before a severe cavalry contest had taken place here between the forces of Gregg and Fitz-Hugh Lee. This was an important point for the Union army to control, as here, what is known as the Catharpin Road enters the Brock Road from the westward. The promising growths of wheat and corn were trampled in the dust, and fences were laid low in all directions.

Although by Gen. Meade's order of march this was our destination, the positive indications of active work farther to the left led us to believe our services would be required in that direction ere

was withdrawing, but not knowing whither, instructed Gen. R. H. Anderson, who had succeeded to the command of Longstreet's corps after the fall of the latter, to draw out of position after nightfall and hold himself in readiness to march to Spottsylvania Court House in the morning; but finding no suitable place to camp on account of the burning woods, *he began his march that night* simultaneously with the Fifth Corps.

long; but owing to the large number of troops that were passing over this road, — it being the thoroughfare for the fighting part of the entire army, — and more especially because Gen. Meade feared an attack on the rear of the column, the Second Corps, now having the left of the line, held fast at Todd's.* Just at dusk, while we were unharnessing, and addressing ourselves to preparations for supper, a lively succession of musketry volleys broke out in our front, and in a moment Gens. Grant and Hancock were spurring down in that direction to get at its meaning. A line of cavalry was at once deployed to the rear to check skulkers. We hastily replaced the harnesses, and stood awaiting orders to advance in the direction of the fighting. The wounded men, a few of whom came by us to the rear, and the familiar music of stray minies, by no means permitted our interest in the occasion to flag. But after awhile it became evident that our services were not to be needed, and the horses were unharnessed, for the first time in three days, and thoroughly groomed.†

During the succeeding night, a detail of our infantry were engaged in throwing up intrenchments,

* Except Gibbon's division, which was sent forward towards Spottsylvania Court House in the afternoon.

† "At 5.30 P.M., when Col. Miles was returning from his reconnoissance towards Corbin's Bridge, he was attacked by Mahone's brigade of Hill's corps, which was then marching towards Spottsylvania Court House. As soon as the firing commenced on Col. Miles's front, I directed Gen. Barlow to send a brigade to his support. The remaining troops were held in readiness to march in the same direction if required. About this time I was informed that the enemy's infantry was also advancing on the Brock Road to attack my right. I therefore directed that Col. Miles should retire slowly toward my main line of battle at Todd's Tavern. This movement was executed with great skill and success by that officer, who, while accomplishing it, repelled two spirited attacks of the enemy, inflicting severe loss upon him. After the second repulse of the enemy, I withdrew Miles's command inside of the intrenchments at Todd's Tavern." — *Hancock's Official Report.*

into which we moved the next morning early, strengthening, to some extent, those along the battery front. At 7.30 we joined the Red Diamonds once more, and moved down the Brock Road still further to the left, but at noon were ordered back to the tavern. It was with no slight degree of satisfaction, however, that we turned our backs upon this dust-covered spot for the last time at 3 P.M., for, owing to the excessive travel over the road, the surface was reduced to an impalpable powder, which with the slightest movement filled the air, and had deposited a stratum upon us that made us grayer than the grayest of the "Johnnies."

We direct our course along the Brock Road for nearly a mile and a half, then turning abruptly to the right, proceed southerly for three-quarters of a mile, issuing from the woods at what was known as Widow Talley's farm. By order of Gen. Birney we unlimbered on some high ground, and shelled a Rebel wagon train whose course along a road parallel to our own we could trace by the long line of dust rising above the trees. We made no long stop here, but moved on moderately, and crossing the Po River, bivouacked near the road for the night, unaware of our close proximity to the enemy. But our lines were, in fact, a short distance from those of the Rebels, for Gen. Hancock had been ordered to cross the Po with the hope of capturing a part of the above wagon train. It was for this reason that the Second Corps, still holding the left of the Union line, was pressed thus far forward. Night came on, however, before full dispositions were made, and at dawn of the 10th it was too late, as the train had gone by. Nevertheless, Gen. Hancock continued his forward demonstration. The plan of placing the army at Spottsylvania Court House between Lee

and Richmond had failed,* and now the two antagonists once more confronted each other in long extended lines of battle.

The morning was ushered in by heavy cannonading, both sides seeming glad of the opportunity to thunder their defiance at one another through these noisy and destructive implements of war which had been compelled to remain silent in the recent death-grapple. Our centre section was temporarily detached, and engaged for a time with the enemy's artillery. Despatches were read at the head of the respective organizations, announcing that Gen. Sherman was driving Joe Johnston before him, and that Gen. Butler, having beaten Beauregard, had got between him and Richmond, thus having Petersburg at his mercy. It was with a comfortable feeling, that matters were going well all round, that we received orders about 11 A.M. to *advance*, as we then supposed, across the Po,† not knowing at the time that we were already on the south side of it. It turned out, however, that we were being withdrawn across it, in compliance with an order Gen. Hancock had received to send two divisions to aid in an attack to be made by the Sixth and Fifth corps upon fortifications in front of the latter. In conformity with this order, the divisions of Gibbon and Birney were retired, — we, of course, being inseparable from the latter. We marched leisurely along across

* The cavalry escort of Gen. Meade blocked Warren's way an hour and a half at Todd's Tavern, and two miles beyond he was retarded by waiting three hours for Merritt's cavalry to clear his way. They gave it up about 6 A.M. of the 10th, and got out of his way. But these delays had given Longstreet's column, under Anderson, time to arrive and head him off, which they did at Alsop's Farm. — *Warren: Notes on the Rapidan Campaign.*

† At this crossing we noticed, for the first time, pontoon-boats covered with canvas, instead of being entirely constructed of wood, — a change which made transportation, and the labor of the pontoniers, lighter.

Graves' Farm, down over the pontoon, closely following the infantry, when a few rattling shots, soon increasing to a fierce volley, broke out alarmingly near. It was an attack on the rear of the retiring divisions. "Double-quick!" comes the order; the cannoneers mount, and the horses are urged on with increased speed. The roar of battle is before us as we hasten. Crash goes a shell through the trees, immediately followed by another

JONAS W. STROUT

JACOB B. SULHAM

that explodes over us. Thicker and thicker they come. We are in full range of a Rebel battery, and wheel into an opening on our left to unlimber for action. We are eager to commence firing. But a dire contingency now appears, — the enemy are not within our range. Nothing remains to be done, then, but to get out of this place as lively as may be. The caissons are ordered to stand fast while the pieces pass on down across a little run, and soon come to a halt in a hollow.

But we have not escaped this time unscathed, for a ragged piece of shell, on its errand of death, shattered the lower jaw of the off swing horse on the Fourth Detachment caisson, and another passed directly through the lower part of the abdomen of the driver, inflicting a mortal wound from which he fell from his saddle and expired in less than five minutes. "Tell them I died doing my duty," were the last words of Emerson B. Mullett, the first man in the Company to be killed in battle. Wrapped in his blanket he was laid in a grave hastily made by his comrades, and a simple inscription on a smooth pine board, taken from a cracker box, was put at his head, marking the last resting-place of one of the first martyrs to Freedom and Union at the battle of Po River.

A wheel of the Fourth Detachment caisson was demolished soon afterwards, making it necessary to mount a spare one under somewhat trying circumstances.

Our stay in a place of comparative safety is of short duration, for soon we are moving rapidly by a road in the rear, and at last emerge on another part of the line, and take position on high ground — a former cornfield — in rear of Pritchett's house, near which we passed when we came up from the pontoon. The situation is a good one, for it not only commands the approaches from the river, but has in complete range the slope on the opposite side. Why we are detached from Birney's division, which has gone on, and put in this position, a brief explanation will show. After the withdrawal of Gibbon and Birney the division of Barlow only remained across the Po, and as the enemy showed a disposition to attack it in its isolated position, Hancock was ordered to withdraw that also; but thereby hangs a large

part of this very Battle of the Po. Two brigades of the divison were drawn from the enemy's front, by skilful handling, without molestation from the enemy. But, encouraged by what seemed like a forced retreat, Hill's troops fiercely assailed the other two remaining, who, nevertheless, checked their assailants in several stubborn stands, finally retiring across the river, and taking up the pontoon.*

It was to aid in covering the crossing of this division, then, that we were assigned our present location. We take in the long, dark lines of our forces, as they lie along the opposite slope, the smoke and dust from the batteries,† and the flashes from the muskets. A column of Union troops is marching towards the river when a Rebel battery opening upon them, shatters them, and they take refuge lower down the slope, where they re-form and resume their march under its shelter. We now train our guns on this battery and open fire, but scarcely have we done so ere an orderly rides up with orders to cease firing, as our shots endanger Union troops.‡ Then comes a season of mortal agony for us, long drawn out. The Rebel battery opens, exploding its first shell on our left flank, whose fragments sweep through our guns, taking down the two lead-horses on the piece of the Second Detachment. Another disables two more, one of them the iron-gray of Lieut. Granger, and wounds private Augustus C. White, lead driver on the First Detachment piece, in the leg. Private John T. Goodwin, pole driver, is also wounded

* During the heat of the contest the woods between these troops and the river took fire, so that they were compelled to fight a fierce foe in their front and the fire in their rear. But notwithstanding this complication they held the enemy in check.

† The Second Corps lost its first gun in this battle, it having become hopelessly sunk in a marsh.

‡ The opposing lines at this point were very close.

slightly. To this grim kind of music we are compelled to dance attendance in our exposed position, with positive instructions against letting our Rodmans "talk back." The horses are soon ordered down behind the hill, for greater security; but we cannoneers lie flat on the ground and watch that battery, hugging the bosom of mother earth with a display of affection never realized before, as a puff of smoke is seen to issue from those distant woods, and we await with suspended breath the succeeding moment to elapse, whose termination may lay some of us by the side of Mullett. A heavy plunge close beside us announces that the shell has come, and we are sprinkled with the flying gravel. Another puff, and an explosion overhead fills the air with hurtling missiles of death. What shall we do? We are dying a thousand deaths a minute, so intense is our feeling under this suspense. We finally receive the welcome orders to draw back down behind the crest; but this comparatively blissful seclusion lasts only a few minutes ere we are ordered back again, and again we commence firing with the same result as before. A second time we retire, by orders, and by orders are restored to the post a third and final time. The last brigade was now across, and at this moment Gen. Barlow, at the head of his division, came over the hill past our guns. This elicited fresh attention from the Rebel battery, at which the General ordered his color-bearer to lower the headquarters flag. "Why don't this battery open fire on them?" said the General, addressing no one in particular. He was speedily informed that we were acting under orders. Nothing would have pleased us better or relieved us so much as an opportunity to measure mettle with this persistent antagonist. Tenth Batterymen saw war

in much worse aspects many times afterwards, and were exposed to greater dangers, but never in their term of service did they suffer such an hour of soul-harrowing agony as that spent on the eminence overlooking the Po, back of Pritchett's house. We were marched from place to place during the afternoon, once going into battery on the right of the Fifth Corps, remaining, however, but a short time. The batteries could not seem to be used to advantage, and were finally ordered to the rear, where we parked near the ambulance train for the night.

It will be seen from the above narration, that the battle of the Po was participated in on the Union side by troops of the Second Corps only, and chiefly Barlow's division. But there was still severer fighting down the lines front of the Fifth Corps, for the possession of Laurel Hill. In the desperate and bloody but fruitless charges made to gain possession of it, the Second Corps lost very heavily on this same 10th of May. At 6 o'clock, a charge was made by two brigades of the Sixth Corps, one of which was Gen. Russell's, which did such glorious work at Rappahannock Station. They carried the first line of works, taking 900 prisoners and several guns; but, being unsupported, fell back after dark, leaving the guns on the field. We did not hear until the next day of the fall of that gallant soldier, Gen. Sedgwick. He was killed on the 9th, by a Rebel sharpshooter, while giving directions for strengthening the works in his front.

During the following day (Wednesday), comparative quiet reigned along the lines. The weather was warm and muggy, and the shower which came up in the afternoon, while very refreshing and much needed, was not without its disagreeable aspects to those having to make themselves comfortable on

the ground. But Fortune had decreed that we should not be troubled at present with any great efforts in this latter respect. We had just unharnessed, and were making preparations to pass the night as comfortably as circumstances allowed, when orders to move were received. For Grant, having apparently relinquished the idea of crushing out Lee's army by superiority of numbers, had now resolved to use a little strategy.* A point had been found in the right-centre of the enemy's line, that was considered a favorable place against which to make a sudden sally. The night of the 11-12th was selected as the time for the enterprise, and Hancock's corps as the assaulting force. At 11 o'clock the Battery was on the move, for the corps was shifting over from the right to a point opposite the place designated for attack. By this time a drizzling rain had set in, and then followed such a march! Toiling and stumbling on in the darkness through the mud and the woods, over roots and stumps, into puddles and pitfalls, crowded by gun-carriages and jostled by horsemen in the narrow cart paths, about 2 o'clock we reached a clearing, and halted for orders. Here, in the rain and mud, dirty, sticky, and by no means sweet-tempered, we wore away the time till daylight, looking longingly towards the East. Dawn at last appeared gray and foggy, and at the same time cannonading was heard, showing the attack in progress. As soon as objects were distinctly outlined we were ordered forward, and started off over roads newly cut through the forests, and partially corduroyed, till at last we emerged on a high, open hill which com-

* "Shortly before the opening of the Rapidan campaign, Gen. Meade, in conversation with the lieutenant-general, was telling him that he proposed to maneuver thus and so; whereupon Gen. Grant stopped him at the word 'maneuver,' and said, 'Oh! *I never maneuver.*' " — *Army of the Potomac. Swinton.*

manded a limited view of the Rebel works when the fog had lifted. We were at the "Stevens House" (or "Deserted House," as we called it) where we placed our guns "In Battery" and here came Generals Grant and Meade with their staffs and viewed through field glasses the progress of the attack making by Hancock on the Rebel works. For at half past four in the morning of Thursday, the 12th, he had moved from the Brown House, with irresistible onset capturing the Rebel salient in the centre of their line with nearly 4000 prisoners, thirty colors and 20 pieces of artillery. The history of this event is most thrilling, but is too well known to need repetition here.*

A few buildings stood near us, filled with wounded and a large number of prisoners. Among the wounded lay a lieutenant, shot through the body. His wound was mortal, but his spirit was still up-borne with fire and enthusiasm at the grand charge of the morning. Raising himself on an elbow, his eyes kindling with a wild light, he began to portray in glowing language the great charge. "We swept right over their works, and found them just drawing on their boots, and captured them without firing a shot. Some of them ran like sheep. I saw one captain capture five men and bring them off;" — and thus he continued, apparently regardless that his life was departing with every syllable. His surgeons found it impossible to keep him quiet,

* We cannot refrain, however, from repeating a little incident that grew out of this event. Among the prisoners taken were Generals Johnson and Stewart. The latter was an old army friend of Hancock, who, upon observing him among the prisoners, cordially offered his hand to him, saying, "How are you, Stewart?" The haughty Rebel refused it, saying, "I am *General* Stewart of the Confederate Army, and under the circumstances I decline to take your hand." To which Hancock immediately replied, "And under any other circumstances, General, I should not have offered it."

for he was still carried away by the ecstasies of triumph, and while the spell was upon him, it extinguished all suffering and thought of himself.

The intention had been for us to have a part in the assault, but owing to various mischances, we were prevented from doing so, although in the fierce contest that took place for the possession of the salient during the day we were under fire, exposed both to shells and bullets. During the forenoon, the prisoners, and a part of the captured artillery, defiled by us to the rear, under guard, and we, in common with hundreds of others not engaged in active duty at that moment, passed them in review. They were a good-looking set of men, notwithstanding the ragged and faded gray and butternut garb in which they were clad. Many of them seemed quite crestfallen at the handsome manner in which they had been "gobbled up," while others wore a stern and sullen expression, which meant war to the bitter end.

The thunder now began to roll, and the rain poured in torrents; nevertheless, the fighting continued with relentless vigor. Lee had resolved to retake, at whatever cost, the works so summarily wrested from him, and to this end made at least five desperate assaults on the position during the day, but each time was repulsed, with tremendous slaughter on both sides. It is now generally conceded to have been the fiercest struggle of the war. At times it was hand-to-hand warfare. It is a singular fact in the history of this war, that the bayonet was seldom used; but in this engagement a very large number of wounds were inflicted with that instrument. At times, the standards of both armies were planted simultaneously on opposite sides of the breastwork. At midnight, after twenty hours

continuous fighting, finding all his efforts to regain possession of the angle — now a ghastly trench of death—unavailing, Lee sullenly withdrew.

Our labors during the forenoon of this eventful day were trying in the extreme. We were marched and countermarched up hill and down dale, through the rain and mire, taking position at the "Stevens House" twice, but at rest only a brief time in any place. At last our wanderings ceased, and our guns were ordered into the ravine just in rear of the point of heaviest fighting, where we lay all the afternoon, exposed to stray shots. In this place, one of the Fourth Detachment drivers — Edwin F. Damrell — was hit by a spent ball, which made a slight abrasion of the skin over the heart.

Columns of men, with fixed and somewhat jaded look, marched sternly up past us to the very front of the tempest. They were mainly from the Fifth Corps, which was now the right of the army, but from which two divisions were taken to support the Second and Sixth corps while they held the captured salient. Continuous lines of ambulances bore back the hundreds who were wounded in this day's battle.

Night at last set in, with the rain falling in increasing quantities, and most of us being without blankets, turned in upon the wet tarpaulins, lying on one half, and doubling the other half over us, and, being well exhausted with the fatigues of the past twenty-four hours, slept soundly; but the firing continued even after Lee's withdrawal at midnight, and the whistling of a bullet fell now and then on the ear of the wakeful.

Morning of the 13th broke bright and clear, with comparative quiet in front. The Rebels having fallen back to an interior line of fortifications, our

piece drivers were sent up to draw out from behind the works such of the captured artillery as had not been removed the day before. They returned with one gun and five caissons, and described the sight to be witnessed at and near the salient as beggaring all description. The slope in front of the salient had been carefully cleared of all material obstructions by the enemy, and along this lay scattered many dead men, wearing the Union blue, whom a burial-party were rapidly consigning to soldiers' graves. They lay thickest next the breastwork, where they had fallen fighting hand to hand. To the right lay the piece horses of Battery "C and I," which were shot as they were making a "left about" to unlimber. Behind the works stood a heavy growth of hard wood, and just inside them was a vast trench from which the earth had been taken for their construction. This ditch, in places, was literally filled with the enemy's dead and wounded. I went up with the drivers to get the guns and remained to look over the field. In the trench I saw the Rebels lying four deep, with some of the wounded at the bottom, now and then sending up the most agonizing shrieks of pain. A more horrible or heart-stirring sight seems scarcely conceivable. The dead lay in all kinds of attitudes as they fell, and the rain had added horror to their ghastliness. Not far apart lay two dead Rebel colonels, and behind a log were six men, all of whom I thought dead, until I discovered the eyes of one of them following me in my roaming. There he lay mute — until addressed — and motionless, three of his dead comrades pressing him on the one hand and two on the other. He was wounded in three places, but made no signs of pain. Feeling somewhat interested in his case, I called for help, and,

lifting him out, laid him upon a blanket, hoping to get him into an ambulance; but upon seeking an ambulance sergeant, he said there was no present opportunity, as not all of our own wounded were yet cared for, but that the enemy's would be attended to as soon as possible.*

So furiously did the tempest rage at the angle, so numerous were the bullets fired from either side, especially from the Union, that nearly all the trees standing within musket-range were killed by them,† and one sound oak, twenty-one inches in diameter, was absolutely cut off by bullets alone. A section of it may now be seen in the War Department at Washington, to which it was presented by Gen. N. A. Miles, who commanded a brigade of Barlow's division in the charge.

Now came days of moving about, and changing positions.

"No mere general statement," says Swinton, very truly, "can give any idea of the enormous amount of labor, suffering, and privation that befell the troops in these continual shiftings of the corps from point to point of the long line."

The following extracts from a private diary detail our movements during the week succeeding the battle. They were by no means as onerous or varied as befell many of the organizations, — in fact, we got well rested, and prepared for a fresh start in these days.

* What became of him afterwards, of course, is not known. A more stoical case I never saw. He manifested no great warmth of desire to get off the field, and displayed no disappointment after being apprised that he could not be removed yet. He made no conversation, only in answer to inquiries, and seemed perfectly reconciled to whatever Fate had in store, evidently not expecting much consideration from the "Yanks," although not saying so. He was a member of the Twenty-first Mississippi Regiment.

† Lossing, Vol. II.

"*Saturday, May* 14. Moved to the right a little and took position. Four other batteries on our right. The breastworks thrown up by the Fourth New York Heavy Artillery.

"*Sunday, May* 15. Left works at 3 A.M. Came three miles to large house used as hospital (Harris House) near army headquarters. Lay there all day and night with large part of Second Corps.

"*Monday*, 16. Moved up across the road. Went to 'Stevens House' awhile in P.M. Back again at night.

"*Tuesday*, 17. To 'Stevens House' again. Back again at night. On the move all night, and

"*Wednesday*, 18, brought up at 'Stevens House.' Went into battery on the hill near the house. Grant and Meade there. First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery came by. Left about noon, and came down by Sixth Corps ambulance train.

"*Thursday*, 19. Left camp about 9 and moved down the left to the Ny River. Fight in the evening on our right flank. Were ordered out with pieces, but came back about 10 o'clock. First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery engaged."

It will be seen by the above extracts that there were no movements made by us to the right beyond the "Stevens House," for the army was gradually swinging to the left. After the battle of the Wilderness, Culpepper was abandoned as a base of supplies and Fredericksburg opened. To this point were transported the wounded and prisoners of the recent contests.

Our movement on the 15th was due to Hancock being directed to transfer the divisions of Gibbon and Barlow to the Fredericksburg road, and on the night of the 17th to be on hand in the attack Gen. Hancock had been ordered to make at daylight on the morning of the 18th, upon the intrenchments occupied by the enemy in front of the captured line of works.*

Our move on the 19th was one in connection with Barlow's, Birney's, and Gibbon's divisions, which

* It is scarcely necessary to add that our troops, after capturing a line of rifle-pits, were repulsed with considerable loss, the Rebels being now so strongly intrenched.

took post near Anderson's Mills on the Ny.* Here orders were received to be in readiness to march at dark towards Bowling Green; and it was while preparations were making for this movement that the corps was called upon to aid in checking a bold dash against our right flank. Gen. Ewell, who was undoubtedly still smarting at Hancock's sudden swoop upon him on the 12th, wishing to redeem himself, had passed around our right undiscovered, as it had been drawn in somewhat preparatory to the contemplated move, had seized the Fredericksburg road, and was possessing himself of an ammunition and subsistence train that was on the way to the army, when Gen. Tyler and his division of artillerymen,† who were holding this flank, assailed him and drove him into the woods. Their own loss was heavy, for raw troops never fight to the best advantage to themselves, but, nevertheless, they displayed great pluck and audacity. Troops coming up from the Second, Fifth, and Sixth corps charged through the woods, at 3 o'clock the following morning, striking the rear of Ewell's column and capturing about four hundred prisoners, besides picking up many dead and wounded. It was a bold move for the Rebels, but evidently not a profitable one.

During this week, when on our way to take position at some point in the line, orders came to turn in two of our guns. The fact that all the batteries were to be thus reduced mollified our feelings some-

* "Owing to the losses in action and the expiration of the term of service of many regiments of Mott's division (4th), it had become so reduced in numbers that I issued an order on the 13th of May consolidating it into a brigade, and assigning it to Birney's division." — *Hancock's Official Report.*

† "On the 17th Tyler's division of Heavy Artillery, Brig. Gen. R. O. Tyler commanding, and the Corcoran Legion (Infantry), joined the Second Corps, making in all a reinforcement of eight thousand (8,000) men." — *Hancock's Official Report.*

what. In accordance with the order, the guns of the centre section were ordered to the rear, and for the next five months we were a four instead of a six-gun battery.

Friday, May 20, was a quiet day with us, nothing occurring to break the reigning quiet except the arrival of a mail — the first since we left Stevensburg. It opened to us once more the outer world. We eagerly scanned the Boston papers to ascertain what had really been accomplished in the campaign and read with some amusement, not wholly unmingled with disgust, that Lee's army was "*utterly routed and fleeing in confusion*" which, like so much of the trash published by the papers during the war, would have been decidedly "important if true."

But now came orders to be in readiness for another move.

MORNING REPORTS.

1864.

May 10. Emerson B. Mullett killed by shell through groin. Augustus C. White wounded in the leg by shell and sent to hospital. John T. Goodwin slight wound in leg. Two horses killed and two wounded.

May 11. One horse slightly wounded.

May 12. Edwin F. Damrell slightly wounded in breast by spent ball.

May 13. One horse slightly wounded.

May 15. One horse abandoned — worn out.

May 17. Turned in at Pratt's Landing two horses and two pieces complete. Lieut. W. G. Rollins, Serg't G. M. Townsend, G. B. Nichols, E. J. Wilson, Devereaux, Sawyer, L. Hunt sent with pieces.

May 19. One officer and seven enlisted men returned from Pratt's Landing.

CHAPTER XI.

May 20 to June 1, 1864.

BY THE LEFT FLANK — "FRESH FIELDS AND PASTURES NEW" — BOWLING GREEN — NORTH ANNA — CHESTERFIELD BRIDGE AND THAT INVINCIBLE REBEL BATTERY — BY THE LEFT FLANK — ACROSS THE PAMUNKEY — AT TOLOPOTOMOY CREEK.

It had become evident that Lee's position was now so strong, all attempts to force him from it by direct assault would be simple madness. Accordingly a new movement to the left flank was begun, in which the Second Corps, preceded by Torbert's cavalry, led off. The movement began on the evening of May 20, under cover of darkness. The Battery broke park about 12 P.M. and joined Tyler's heavy artillerists. Our march was along the road to Fredericksburg in an easterly direction until we reached Massaponax Church, where a turn was made to the southward.

The fact that our course took us easterly made the croakers happy. "We are now surely withdrawing," they said, "and active campaigning is over for the present;" but our sudden and positive change of direction to the south was very saddening to these theorizers, who were ever presaging ill upon the slightest provocation.

The First Massachusetts Regiment, whose time had expired, and who were now on their way homeward, marched along with us, rejoicing at the prospect of the happiness the near future had in store for them.

Once under way, we kept the road all right, and when morning came, no time was allowed us for rest or coffee. We were bent on another flank movement, and success was contingent on dispatch. Our route lay through a fine section of country, which showed none of the war scars of the territory left behind.

"Here were fields with sprouting wheat and growing corn and luxuriant clover; lowing herds, and the perfume of blossoms, and the song of summer birds; homesteads of the Virginia planter (everything on a large and generous scale), and great ancestral elms, dating back to the time before our forefathers learned to be Rebels. Coming, as the army so lately did, from where the tread of hostile feet for three years had made the country bare and barren as a threshing-floor, the region through which it now passed seemed a very Araby the Blest." *

The barns and sheds were filled with tobacco in various stages of curing, to which lovers of the weed freely helped themselves.

A short halt was made at Guiney's Station; then, pressing on, we arrived at Bowling Green about noon, thirsty and dusty. This is a small settlement, forty-five miles north of Richmond, having in 1860 a white population of 237. There was not an able-bodied white man to be seen, but women, children, and negroes abounded. Some of the women were communicative, yet seemingly so only to give utterance to sentiments of the most intense disloyalty. "You'll be coming back over these roads quicker than you are going now." "Are you going *'On to Richmond*?'" "You'll all lay your bones in the ground before you get a sight of it," — were mild specimens of the remarks with which they cheered us on in their most withering manner.

But we make brief pause here, and about 4 o'clock reach Milford Station, on the Richmond and

* *Army of the Potomac. Swinton.*

Fredericksburg Railroad. Through this small settlement flows the Mat River, crossed by a bridge which was held by a Rebel force under one Kemper, who happened to be on his way from Richmond to join Lee. Him and his force our cavalry had dislodged by skilful tactics, and had captured sixty-six prisoners before our arrival. Having crossed the bridge and advanced about a mile, line of battle was formed, and the corps bivouacked for the night. Our lot was cast in a luxuriant wheat-field. As the enemy was not far away,* a line of earthworks was thrown up for our defence in case of a sudden attack.

The next day (May 22) was the Sabbath, and was spent by us in quiet waiting for the rest of the army to come up within supporting distance; but at 7 o'clock, Monday morning, we renewed our march southward, past Karmel Church, striking the North Anna river just at dusk, at a point where the railroad above mentioned crosses it. Finding several batteries already in park here, we at once concluded that our services were not to be called for immediately, but were soon disarmed of this notion by being ordered up to take position on the north bank of the river. Leaving the caissons behind, the pieces passed up a road winding through the woods, and unlimbered on high ground overlooking the river. Battery K took position on our left, and the First New Hampshire on our right. A line of red earth, across the front of a small opening in the woods opposite, marked the enemy's position, behind which men were digging most industriously. We soon descried in the duskiness now approaching that they were putting in a battery, an enterprise in which our warmest concern became immediately enlisted.

* Longstreet's corps.

But our approach had not been unknown to the enemy, for we speedily became an object of interest to Rebel sharpshooters. Our zeal needed no further invoking, and we opened fire with a will. At the second discharge a mass of fire, smoke and fragments was seen to shoot heavenward behind the enemy's lines. We had exploded a limber chest for them, and a ringing cheer went up from our lungs, to tell them how badly we felt about it. For a few minutes silence reigned in that locality, and it was rather amusing to see the fugitives from the spot returning, first a head, then the body attached to it, cautiously reappearing from the bushes. They were not daunted, however, by this small earthquake, but, changing to a less exposed position, gave us a taste of their metal. A piece of one of their shells entered the Third Detachment sponge-bucket. But we were too many guns for them, and soon compelled them to move on to a more favored location, as they hoped. From this they resumed their fire till they were finally driven.

The annoyance we were beginning to undergo from their sharpshooters was of brief duration, for the First New Hampshire batterymen, turning their exclusive attention upon the pines from which these marksmen were doing their work, with shell and canister soon drove them from the field.

Not long after this, there came from down the river the roar of musketry and cheering of soldiery. It was Pierce's and Egan's brigades of Birney's division, charging across an open plain to capture a *tete-de-pont* held by the enemy, and covering the approach to the "County Bridge" above Chesterfield, a wooden structure spanning the river at this point. This bridge-head was held by a part of McLaw's division of Longstreet's corps, which fled precipi-

tately to join their main body on the other bank, as our line, advancing at a double-quick, began to close around them. But thirty of them were captured in the redan, and the road was thus cleared to the bridge, with a loss on our side of less than one hundred and fifty. While this charge was in progress we shelled at random over the woods into the enemy's lines beyond the river, trusting to chance for our missiles to afford any aid.

During the night, the Rebels made futile efforts to burn the bridge, but the dawn showed that they had fallen back from the river at this part of the line. In the evening we were relieved by Burnside's batteries, and drawing out went into park. We were aroused at half-past one the following morning to be in readiness, as we supposed, for an early attack, but made no movement until daylight. We then took position at the extreme left of our line, or nearly so, on commanding ground, and there threw up earth-works again; but we had no occasion to use them, for we lay inactive most of the day. Our corps was crossing the river upon the bridge, and the only hostile demonstration attracting our attention, meanwhile, was a Rebel battery some distance up the river, which fired at short intervals during the whole day, although in doing so it invariably drew upon itself a concentrated fire from several of our batteries which had it in tolerably fair range. Its persistence against such odds became explicable when, about sundown, it came our turn to cross. To us on that wooden bridge suspended fifty feet above the river, compelled to walk at a slow pace, and even then swaying the frail structure considerably, the air seemed thick with Rebel shell and ball, and we seemed an age in crossing. That battery, from a well-chosen position, and protected by

elaborate works, was closely watching the bridge, and whenever a body of troops attempted to cross, it opened briskly upon them, evidently hoping and striving to strike the bridge thus encumbered, in a vital spot, and thereby perform a double service. It may have been in their minds, should any catastrophe betide the bridge, to fall upon that portion of the corps already across. But this structure was destined to serve the Union cause to the full; and although those Rebel guns were posted not above six hundred yards up river from it, and were served at short intervals during the entire day, they never once struck it, and the only casualties were the wounding of two men. We can do no less, however, than pay a tribute of admiration to the cannoneers of those guns, who stood so steadfastly by them despite the hot fire poured in upon them by three of our batteries, though we must condemn them for poor shooting, as, at their distance, the bridge should have been destroyed with one-tenth the amount of ammunition they expended.

Having got safely across, affairs wore a stormy aspect. We lay perhaps half a mile from the river near a brick house, awaiting orders. A part of the corps was engaging the enemy, with what result we could not then determine. We were in just the position to receive the enemy's shells, which every now and then dropped or exploded uncomfortably near. Soon a line of infantry was rapidly deployed near us, and some of them began to fortify, in momentary expectation of an attack. Just at this time, the clouds having been gathering blackness, discharged their contents, and the combatants were drenched in a torrent of rain. This seemed to cool their ardor, and the fighting ceased.

We lay here all night. The next day we were

sent down to the left to relieve Ricketts' Battery. Meanwhile we could not fail to notice that matters did not seem to be working satisfactorily. Anxiety was perceptible on the faces of all general officers, and was further betrayed by the frequent marchings and counter-marchings from point to point. The cause of all this uneasiness seems to have been due to the position occupied by the army with respect to the enemy, which was substantially as follows:—Gen. Warren's Fifth Corps had crossed the river at Jericho Ford, four miles above us, without opposition, and, having advanced some distance, repelled an assault from Hill's corps and established his lines, correspondingly forcing back Lee's left. By reason of the advance of the Second Corps across the river, Lee drew back his right to cover Hanover Junction, still clinging with his centre to the river. His army was thus in the form of a V, the apex resting on the river. Thus situated, he could promptly reinforce any portion of his line that was threatened. When, therefore, Burnside attempted to cross at a point midway between Hancock and Warren, he was repulsed. The situation was now a critical one, for Lee's position was not only invulnerable, but by rapid concentration he could fall upon either of our flanks before assistance could reach it. This was sufficient cause for the anxiety that was so universal. Nothing, we now believe, but Lee's inferior force could have prevented him from executing this maneuver.

We spent all of Wednesday and Thursday, the 25th and 26th, here, and in the evening of the latter, at 10 o'clock, recrossed the river, on a pontoon constructed below the bridge, going into camp in breastworks near the captured redan. We were preparing for another move, for Grant, having de-

cided that Lee could not be forced from this position, concluded to flank him again. In this operation, the Second Corps was to cover the rear, and so held position on the north side of the river until morning of the 27th, when it, too, moved off, the Tenth breaking park about 10 o'clock.*

The County Bridge had been imperfectly destroyed under the fire of skirmishers by Birney's Division. Afterwards, some of Gen. Tyler's heavy artillerymen were sent back and completed its destruction before the corps left.

Our line of march now took us in a course nearly eastward, for the turning of the enemy's flank anew necessitated quite an extended detour for several reasons: first, that our destination should not be unmasked too soon; second, that the enemy should not assail our flank on the march; and third, because of the nature of the country. Our course finally lay towards the Pamunkey. This river is formed by the confluence of the North and South Anna rivers. Further down, the Pamunkey unites with the Mattapony to form the York River. On the latter is a settlement known as White House. It had been used by McClellan as a base of supplies in the Peninsula Campaign and was selected as our next base of supplies, Port Royal on the Rappahannock, which had been serving that purpose, being now abandoned.

We traversed about thirteen miles of country this day, unmolested, bivouacking at night at a place four miles south of "Concord Church." Six o'clock of the next morning (Saturday, May 28) saw us again in motion, and an advance of ten miles brought us to the ferry.†

* As we lay here, a random Rebel shell dropped among the thirty-sixth Wisconsin regiment that lay in rear of us, killing one man and wounding three others.

† "On May 28, at 7 A.M., the Second Corps crossed the Pamunkey

Here we came upon the wagon train of the Sixth Corps, which had just crossed. At 1 o'clock we went over the pontoon. There was some fighting in progress ahead, and now and then a stray Rebel shell exploded in the neighborhood. On coming to higher ground, not far from the river, we took position, covering the road with the pieces, threw up earthworks, and passed the night there.

At this time the exact position of Lee's army was not definitely known, and Sunday we advanced our line to the right and front somewhat — again erecting breastworks — and lay there all night.

Monday morning, May 30, we moved forward about four miles through the woods, advancing in part by means of a road cut by the pioneers. This forward movement was one in which all the corps participated, and was made with a view of developing the Rebel position. Our march was directed from Hawes' Shop, or Store, towards Hanover Court House.* Hawes' Shop was an important junction of several roads, and was contended for most manfully on the 28th instant by three brigades of Union cavalry, under Sheridan, pitted against that of the enemy commanded by Fitz-Hugh Lee and Wade Hampton, with the result in our favor.

The scarred trees and Rebel dead that lay yet unburied along our path attested in some degree the severity of the fighting.†

There had been some skirmishing as our column advanced, and about four miles from its starting-

at Holmes's Ferry, four miles above Hanovertown."—*Banes: History of the Philadelphia Brigade.*

This crossing-place I conclude to be the one laid down on the government map as *Nelson's Ferry*, as there is no other at that distance above Hanovertown.

* Gen. Meade's order of May 29.

† The Union loss in this battle was upwards of four hundred men, that of the enemy nearly twice as many.

point a halt was ordered, and the prospects indicated trouble ahead; which was indeed the case, for the enemy was found strongly posted on the south bank of Tolopotomoy Creek, an affluent of the Pamunkey. It was high noon when an order came sending us to the front; and moving by a road newly cut through the trees, marked by rough guide boards directing to the different divisions, we finally emerged in a cornfield on what was known as Jones' Farm.* The rattle of musketry and occasional boom of cannon farther to the right showed that the deadly business had begun in earnest, and the whizzing of stray bullets warned us of our nearness to the picket line.† Before we had completed our customary redoubts, Gen. Gibbon ordered the right section forward to an advanced position. It was placed behind a low earthwork — a mere rifle-pit already thrown up which afforded little protection for the men — in the edge of some pines; and as

HOSEA O. BARNES

* W. Jones. — *Michler's Army Map.*

† A singular incident happened this day on the line of the First Division. This line ran through the yard of the "Sheldon House," and behind it were several guns in position exchanging shots with the enemy's batteries. In the house were several ladies who had refused to leave notwithstanding the danger, and had taken refuge in the cellar, having with them a negress. When the fire of the artillery was apparently the hottest, this latter personage, becoming delirious from fright, took up a shovelful of live coals from the hearth, and,

there was underbrush just outside the works which obstructed the aim of the gunners, at the command of Capt. Sleeper three of the cannoneers leaped over to cut it away; but just as they were completing this task an explosive bullet from a Rebel sharpshooter laid one of them low, mortally wounded. It was Hosea O. Barnes, Number Three man on the Third piece. One of his companions* lifted him up and bore him into the breastworks, but he was rapidly entering the valley of shadows. "I am about gone," were the last words that passed his lips. Shrouded in his shelter tent he was laid in a grave dug near by, and the spot marked by a hastily carved board placed at his head. His death cast a deep gloom over the Company, for his many good qualities as a soldier, notably his genial temperament and good-humor, had made him a general favorite.†

During the rest of the day the men lay pretty close, now and then firing a few shells whenever the enemy showed themselves in numbers. Under the cover of darkness the left section was brought up and put into position in the clearing at the right of the right section, and during the night Tyler's heavy artillerists threw up a strong line of breast-

rushing out, threw them into an open limber and then rushed speedily back into the house. The ammunition exploded, killing two men and terribly burned the faces and eyes of one or two more, while the negress escaped uninjured, though greatly terrified at the deed she had done. — From the *Diary of a Staff Officer.*

* William E. Endicott.

† "Some of the wounded artillerymen were struck with barbarous missiles called explosive bullets. These messengers of death were of a conical shape and contained a small copper shell arranged on the principle of a fuse and calculated to explode a short time after it had left the rifle. One of these entered the breast of an artilleryman belonging to a battery which the brigade was supporting, and the man had scarcely cried out to a comrade 'I am shot!' before the murderous ball exploded in his body producing terrible laceration."—*Banes: History of the Philadelphia Brigade.*

This extract is made from the chapter on North Anna, but seemed so similar a case that I thought it of sufficient interest to insert here.

works, along the crest of which we scattered green brush as a screen from sharpshooters. This done, there remained for us but three or four hours in which to sleep, ere the battle which we expected to usher in the morning should summon us to posts.

Soon after 6 o'clock of Tuesday, May 31, we commenced firing and continued it in a desultory manner all the forenoon, and he who was so careless or reckless as to show his head above the works was greeted with minies. Tolopotomoy Creek was about midway between us and the enemy. Their main line was not visible directly in our front, being screened by woods; but a little to our right front it came into plain view, at a distance, we now judge, of less than a thousand yards. We spent the afternoon in shelling the enemy's lines at intervals. Heavy firing came up from the left a long distance away. This we now know to have been the attack made upon Warren's corps, near Bethesda Church, by Ewell, who was attempting to turn his left. To relieve this pressure upon Warren, Gen. Meade ordered an attack along the whole line. The order was not received in time to be acted upon by all the corps commanders; but Hancock received it, and with commendable and characteristic promptness sent in Barlow's division, which drove the enemy's skirmishers, captured their rifle-pits, and held them all night in spite of a midnight attempt to retake them.

Next day (June 1st) we had little to do but watch the picket lines, till noon. The Rebel pickets charged down and drove our men from the pits captured by them the day before. Our line then rallied and pressed them up the hill again, only to give way before a stronger wave of the enemy. It was quite exciting to watch the swaying to and fro of

the respective lines, and when we were sure which was which, we sent a shell or two along to turn the scale; but no decisive results followed this fighting. It was a useless expenditure of life.

In the afternoon a Rebel battery opened in the main line. They seemed interested in firing at something down to the left of us, and it become our duty — a pleasant one — to keep them quiet. Our guns had an enfilading fire upon them. A puff of smoke from them was the signal for four from us, rapidly repeated until the desired end was accomplished.

Just before night there were heavy movements of troops to the right and left, brisk cannonading, and general activity, and after dark orders came for us to "limber up" and move out as quietly as possible.

MORNING REPORTS.

1864.

May 21. Serg't Townsend, Artif. Stowell, Serg't C. Gould, Farrier Bruce, and 12 men with Caissons and B. W. (Battery Wagon?) in Ammunition Train.

May 25. Willard Y. Gross appointed Artificer by General Orders No.— Hd'q'r's 10th Battery vice David R. Stowell reduced to the ranks. William Herring appointed Stable Sergeant vice Asa L. Gowell reduced to the ranks.

May 26. Elbridge D. Thresher appointed Farrier vice C. E. Bruce returned to the ranks. Corporal Beck sent to caissons in train. One horse worn out and abandoned.

May 27. Jonas W. Strout and John M. Ramsdell missing. One horse abandoned—worn out.

May 28. Strout returned for duty. One horse worn out and abandoned. Battery Wagon returned with one sergeant and six men.

May 29. John Ramsdell returned.

May 30. Hosea O. Barnes struck in bowels and killed by sharphooters, Jones' Farm, Va.

CHAPTER XII.

COLD HARBOR.

June 1-12, 1864.

BY THE LEFT FLANK TO COLD HARBOR — THREE POSITIONS — THE ASSAULT AND REPULSE — A NIGHT ATTACK — MORTARS AND BOMB-PROOFS — THE "SAUCY BATTERY" — AN ARMISTICE.

"Early on the night of the 1st," [says Hancock, in his official report,] "I commenced withdrawing my corps in obedience to instructions from the Major General commanding. My orders required me to mass near army headquarters, but were afterwards changed, and I was directed to make every effort to reach Cold Harbor as early as possible to reinforce Wright's (Sixth Corps) left. Every exertion was made; but the night was dark, the heat and dust oppressive, and the roads unknown. Still we should have reached Cold Harbor in good season; but Capt. Paine, topographical engineer, who had been ordered to report to me to guide my column, unfortunately took one of my divisions by a 'short cut' where artillery could not follow, which threw my column into confusion. . . . . The head of my column reached Cold Harbor at 6.30 A. M., June 2d, but in such an exhausted condition that a little time was allowed the men to close up and to cook their rations. (The attack ordered for the morning was postponed until 5 P. M.)"

It may be desirable at this point to explain in brief the cause of this new movement. Gen. Grant, thinking that the attempt to force a passage across the Chickahominy, where the two opposing armies then lay, had little promise of success, deemed it advisable to extend his line to the left, and endeavor to pass the river lower down by a movement to Cold Harbor. This latter place was the point of convergence of several roads from Richmond, White House (the new base of supplies), and other places.

The Sixth Corps, having marched around from the right of our line, was joined by a force from Bermuda Hundred, under Gen. W. F. (Baldy) Smith, and after a severe contest with the enemy, whom they found already confronting them, succeeded in taking and holding this important strategic position. To support his advanced column, then, was the prime object of our movement by the left flank.

In common with the whole corps, we left our position on the evening of June 1st, and fell into column in rear of the Third Brigade, Second Division. Of course we were unapprised of our destination, but had come to believe that the inception of a move in any other direction than by the left flank was not to be thought of; judging both from experience and because that way Richmond lay. During the night, owing, undoubtedly, to the confusion which Gen. Hancock mentions, the Battery got separated, and did not reunite until sunrise. At that time we presented a picture truly interesting to the beholder. The corps commander has hardly done the night justice in his brief description of it. It *was* "hot and dusty," and a more veritable set of Graybacks, to the eye, than we were, could not be found outside the Rebel lines. We had made a forced march to be in season for an early attack, but were late for the reasons given. Several of our horses gave out on the road, so hardly were they urged. When we halted for breakfast we could find barely water enough for coffee, and sticky and grimy as we were, must needs forego the outside purifying we were so sorely in need of; but our dipper of coffee and slice of fresh meat, broiled on the coals, eaten with hardtack accompaniment, refreshed us to some extent. Then followed a tedious period of lying awaiting orders, for we had parked on a plain, once a corn-field,

not far from the cross-roads, and lay there in the dust under a burning sun, not knowing what the next move was to be. Orders came at last, and moving to the front, we relieved Hexamer's New Jersey Battery from lunettes they had thrown up on the brow of a slight rise of land. In this position the muzzles of their guns were barely above the level of the plain in their front. While moving out un-

THE OLD TAVERN AT COLD HARBOR, 1896

der fire to give us the place, they lost three men and some horses. Nor did the enemy forget us as we unlimbered and got into place, though fortunately inflicting no injury. It became less interesting to them, however, when our guns opened, which they soon did; and not long after, their firing ceased. During the afternoon a shower came up, which was wonderfully refreshing; and heavy bodies of troops were moving from point to point, all signs betoken-

ing a battle imminent; but it was not to occur this day.*

Just at dusk Gen. Gibbon rode up to Capt. Sleeper and delivered his orders in person. "Captain, as soon as it is dark you will move your battery into those works directly in your front, your right piece resting on that large tree;" at the same time pointing to a stalwart oak some twenty rods in our front. "But, General," expostulated the Captain, "I shall be exposed to batteries in the rear firing over mine." "Obey your orders, Captain," rejoined the General, and rode away.

The works referred to were nothing more than a rifle-pit that had been hastily thrown up by our forces the day before, and under cover of darkness our detachment of heavy artillerymen strengthened them, so that when we took possession later they seemed quite tenable. But we were becoming adepts in the construction of earthworks ourselves and at once set about strengthening the line yet more by building higher, erecting traverses between pieces, and sinking pits for the limber-chests, as a safeguard against the enemy's artillery. Screens of bushes were likewise provided wherever they would screen cannoneers from sharpshooters. Everything being thus prepared, the guns and limbers were moved into their respective positions, after which the horses were unhitched and taken to the rear. This looked as if we had come to stay. We did not then know that Grant had determined to force the enemy's lines in this position at whatever cost. We feel sure, however, that our escape from casualties of any kind, in the brief but terrible storm of missiles soon after hurled in this direction,

* At 2.40 P.M. I received an order further postponing the assault till 4.30 A.M., June 3d. — *Hancock's Official Report.*

was mainly due to the care we had bestowed on our defences, which faithfully shielded us and enabled us to work with greater efficiency against the enemy.

By 1 o'clock, A.M. of the 3d our preparations were complete, and although the rain was pattering in fitful showers, we lay down to get a little rest before the tumult of battle the morning had in store should be inaugurated.

Day came at last, but somewhat cloudy and foggy. Our corps occupied the left of the Union

OUR SECOND POSITION AT COLD HARBOR, 1896

line, with Gibbon on the right, Barlow on the left, and Birney in reserve. We were located in Gibbon's line. A few minutes after the time specified for the attack (4.30) a staff officer rode up from Gen. Gibbon and ordered our right piece to be fired as a

signal gun. Then was there indeed a veritable tempest. At once it was responded to by the entire line, and by the Rebels as well, who seemed to have been anticipating it. It had the fury of the Wilderness musketry, with the thunders of the Gettysburg artillery superadded. It was simply terrific. The fire of our Battery is directed upon some guns nearly opposite, of which we soon succeed in getting accurate range, and shell them most prodigally. But this is no one-sided game, for it or some other battery soon gets us in range, now throwing a shot into the bank of earth before us, and now exploding a shell at just the right distance to sweep the fragments across our guns. The Fourth Detachment piece is struck twice by them. Its No. 7 man, John Bradley, has a "close call" made for him by a shot which, just scaling the works, strikes the edge of the pit in which he crouches when not carrying ammunition, covers him with the loose earth, whirls his overcoat away, and sends his canteen flying into the ranks of a neighboring regiment.* "Why don't you get up, John?" some one asks; and he convulses us by responding from the depths of his safety pit, "I'm waiting for that thing to bust," not being aware that it had ricochetted.

The enemy's good shooting only served to make us the more earnest, causing us to ply the guns with greater activity; and ultimately we compelled the battery against which the most of our energy had been directed to shift its position. In this engagement we expended all our own ammunition, together with a large portion of the supply furnished

* The following entry was made in his diary, at the close of this day, by a "spare man" in the Fourth Detachment:

"It seems to-day as though H—ll had broke loose. The fighting is harder than ever. Shot and shell are flying around my head at a fearful rate. Two caissons blown up."

us by another battery that had not been engaged. We continued shelling, more or less actively, all the forenoon, and a heavy picket firing on our side, met by a correspondingly heavy one from the enemy, kept the air hissing with bullets; but the main battle, the serious fighting of the day, was over in ten minutes. At the signal there was an advance, a crash of arms, and a sullen falling back; for the impregnable works by which our men were confronted, and the hot fire, direct and enfilading, to which they were subjected, were irresistible. Barlow gained a temporary advantage, taking several hundred prisoners, a color, and three guns, but not being promptly supported, was forced back; not, however, to his original position, but to one about fifty yards from the enemy, where his troops soon covered themselves. Gibbon's men, too, under obstacles, advanced to the enemy's works, and a few entered them, but that was all. They were cut down mercilessly. Five colonels of this division were killed, and one general (Tyler) wounded. In less than an hour the Second Corps lost more than three thousand men. Gibbon's troops, like Barlow's gained a position far in advance of the one they started from, and close to the enemy.* The story of the Second Corps is the story of the Sixth and Eighteenth that assaulted at the same time. They were repulsed most disastrously at every point.†

* "Hancock's corps, the only portion of the Yankee army that had come in contact with the Confederate works, had been hurled back in a storm of fire." — *Third Year of the War. Edward A. Pollard.*

† The following statement is made by Mr. Swinton on p. 487, "Army of the Potomac," and has been adopted by many subsequent writers. "Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion" discredits it. Others have denied it.

"Some hours after the failure of the first assault, Gen. Meade sent instructions to each corps commander to renew the attack. . . . . But no man stirred, and the immobile lines pronounced a verdict, silent yet emphatic, against further slaughter."

During the afternoon we fired only at long intervals, lying pretty low, meanwhile, as a mark of respect to the enemy's sharpshooters. But now came a rumor that we were again to change position. This of course did not suit us for, having been exposed in this place to the heaviest fire we had yet experienced, without a man being scratched, we thought it a good situation to retain a while longer. Before the rumor received definiteness night came on, and we lay down by the guns, well wearied with the labors and vigils of the past three days.

Then ensued one of those scenes, so familiar afterwards in the trenches before Petersburg, but novel to us now, — a night attack by the enemy. The first drowsiness was just creeping on, when a sound broke out in front that brought us instantly to our feet. As a shower ofttimes comes on, first by a few pattering drops, and then gradually increasing, swells into one continuous roar, so this came on; opening with scattering shots from a few pickets, joined immediately by the whole picket line of each army, then by their respective lines of battle. Such a circumstance occurring to one in his waking moments, has little of the soothing quality to recommend it; but when flashed upon a man well-nigh asleep, who does not know but what the enemy are at that moment about to sweep over the works in his very front, it is decidedly demoralizing to the strongest nerves. Superadded to the din of arms, and rising distinctly above it, is heard the wild "Hi! Hi! Hi!" the historic Rebel yell. The most of the firing seems to be at our left, where the advanced positions gained in the charge of the morning left our lines close to those of the enemy. At once we bring our guns to bear and open fire on the flash of the Rebel guns. Canister is brought and

laid near by, for closer work if necessary. The scene is one of wild magnificence. The flash of the guns momentarily rends the pitchy blackness of night, and reveals powder-begrimed men springing to their work. Over us scream shells from batteries in our rear, while those from the enemy are bursting on every side. Pandemonium seems tame in comparison. What the outcome of it all is to be, we cannot conjecture; but at last the crash of small arms diminishes, batteries cease firing, and soon all sounds die away. Then rises a deafening cheer which passes the entire length of our line, a token that the attack has been repulsed.

Again we lie down, and again the same uproar breaks out, and the same wild scene is re-enacted, resulting, as before, in the repulse of the enemy. During the fusillade not a man in the Company has been hit, and although several tons of lead and iron have changed sides, the total loss is insignificant.*

A third attempt to slumber is crowned with suc-

* I append the following extracts touching these night attacks, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. I may add that the author of the first is unusually candid and reliable for one on his side.

"The only change made in the Southern line after the battle was the withdrawal of Breckenridge's troops from the salient they had lost and regained. The line was straightened, and this weak point removed. When this was accomplished, Breckenridge, about 9 o'clock that night, advanced his skirmish line to its original position. Immediately the enemy drove it in, at the same time making an effort to carry the line of battle. They were promptly repulsed. An attack was then made on Hoke's line with a like result. The firing then ceased for the night." — *McCabe: Life and Campaigns of Gen. Robert E. Lee.*

Per contra.

"A little before dark it was evident from the commotion among the Confederates in front of the Philadelphia Brigade, and of the brigades on the right and left, that an assault was in preparation, Soon the commands of their officers were heard, then the well-known yell, and a rush for our line. Now came our turn, but we had not the advantage of strong earthworks. The men rose in their places, and poured in heavy volleys of musketry, and for a few moments there was a struggle as severe as in the morning, extending along the entire front of Hancock and Wright. It was soon over; some of the

cess, but we are astir at the first streaks of dawn on the morning of June 4th, and are ordered into the advanced position at our left front that rumor had foreshadowed.*

This post was a little knoll, about a quarter of a mile distant in an angle of the works where they swung off to the left. We remember having gone into this advanced position under protest, feeling that for so close range a battery of twelve-pound Napoleons could better serve the country; but the Fates, *i. e.* Gen. Gibbon, ordered otherwise, and we had the rather grim satisfaction of knowing that the Tenth Massachusetts Battery occupied a position in the main line at Cold Harbor, *nearer to the enemy than that of any other.* A siege of Lee's fortifications was now begun by order of Grant, with the view of carrying them by regular approaches.

On arriving at our new position we found that our heavy artillerymen had thrown up a line of works which in magnitude were commensurate with the danger attaching to such an exposed position. They were about seven feet high, with traverses, and embrasures on either face of the angle, giving us range in two directions; but so shabbily were they constructed that we gave ourselves the satisfaction of rebuilding them. The limbers were sunk as before, and the horses kept harnessed across a ravine just behind us. The caissons were in park a mile to the

Confederates were captured, many lay killed or wounded, and the rest of the advance quickly retired to their defences." — *Banes: History of the Philadelphia Brigade.*

And again.

"*June* 3, 10:20 P.M. Despatch received from Army Headquarters, authorizing corps commanders to open all of their artillery at 12 or 1 o'clock to-night, in retaliation for the enemy's attack at 8 this P.M." — From the *Diary of a Staff Officer, Second Corps.*

* "*June* 4. Commenced pushing up closer to the enemy's lines by sapping, covered ways, &c." — From the *Diary of a Staff Officer.*

rear. Once in twenty-four hours the piece horses changed places with those of the caisson, giving the former opportunity to be groomed.

We soon became well established in our new situation. Every day saw our defences strengthened by some addition. For security from sharpshooting when not in action, we filled cracker boxes with sand and suspended them in the embrasures, or constructed a thick wicker matting of green withes, of about the same size, which answered a like purpose. The historian of the Tenth Vermont Infantry has left on record a reference to the great strength of the works occupied by the Second Corps at Cold Harbor, which he saw when the movement to the James River began.* We were left for the most part unmolested, and what firing we engaged in was directed at small working parties; or perhaps we took the part of our pickets, when the enemy pressed them too hotly, by sending a shell over among their zealous opponents, which always exerted a wonderfully quieting influence upon them.

Once in a while also we would bestow our attention upon some battery that had the audacity to throw a shell or two into the Union lines. These things we did with impunity, resting confident in the strength of our position. But faith in this fancied security received a rude shock, when, early one morning, we were awakened by the explosion of a mortar shell above our heads. The Tenth Massa-

* The following is the extract referred to:

"On the 11th the division moved to the left into some works vacated by the Second Corps, which were very high, and so close up to the enemy's lines that 'Yank' and 'Johnny' could easily converse with each other. . . . . Behind these works were vast excavations covered with logs, in which officers burrowed. They served the double purpose of shelter from the shells of the Rebel mortar batteries, and protection from the burning heat of the sun." — *History of the Tenth Reg. Vermont Vol. Chaplain E. M. Haynes.*

chusetts had nothing to compete with that, and knowing the accuracy with which mortar shells can be dropped within fortifications, we at once set ourselves to provide against such demonstrations. This we did by erecting bomb-proofs twelve feet square and five feet high, to secure both ourselves and the ammunition, in case such evidences of Rebel regard should multiply (which we may add in passing, they never did).

An interesting feature in our stay of nearly twelve days here was the opportunity it afforded of studying the phases of bullets in their passage through the air, and from these determining their source and distance from us. This we did by noting the differences in sound made by them under different circumstances. The bullets of the enemy could readily be distinguished from our own, and their relative distance from the earth was easily determined. Some of them in their passage through the air made a noise like the cry of a kitten. There was one phase in the development of this study by no means agreeable. It was when, on going to the spring in the rear to fill canteens, or walking about carelessly too far behind the works, one heard a sharp hiss, followed instantly by a dull thud in the earth. Then he knew a loud call had been made for him.

It was in this position that the Battery earned the sobriquet of "Saucy Battery," partly, it may be, on account of the advanced position it occupied in the line, and partly owing to the habit it had of intruding its shot into all suspicious occasions with greater or less accuracy.

For some days after the battle our dead and wounded lay between the lines where they fell, and, under a broiling sun, the former were becoming

SLEEPER'S BATTERY, THIRD POSITION, COLD HARBOR
Sketched by A. Waud, 1864, Harper's Weekly

very offensive. Whereupon, on the afternoon of Sunday (the 5th), Gen. Grant sent a flag of truce to Lee, proposing to bury the dead and succor the wounded.* After some informalities in the asking had been adjusted,† the truce was granted the 7th, to last from 12 M. till 3 P.M.

Then ensued a scene so anomalous in the prosecution of war! All the firing soon died away, the details went out from both sides to engage in the burial of the dead. The rest clambered upon their respective works and looked unrestrained upon the men with whom they had so lately contended, and would yet again contend, in deadly strife. Now "Yank" and "Johnny" could banter, trade, or jest fearlessly with each other; for the more confident went outside the works from both sides, and stood in friendly converse together. But all too soon the hours slipped away, and a single rifle-shot announced the truce ended. The works on either side, whose tops a moment before were swarming with animate existence, were cleared in an instant, and man, incomprehensible being! was seeking the life of his brother as zealously as ever. It should be said, however, that for the whole of the subsequent night and succeeding day, firing generally ceased between the lines by agreement between the pickets, and at intervals afterwards both sides would cease hostilities and talk freely with one another, and perhaps exchange papers or rations. But such truces were precarious, as the least thing — the accidental dis-

* "*June* 5, 5 P.M. By direction of Gen. Hancock, I accompanied a flag of truce with Col. Lyman, of Gen. Meade's staff. The point selected to put out the flag was on the Mechanicsville road, where our pickets are very close to the enemy's. . . . . Major Wooten, 18th N. C. Infantry, met Col. Lyman and myself." — *Diary of a Staff Officer.*

† For interesting particulars on this point see McCabe's *Life and Campaigns of Lee.*

charge of a musket, or the rumble of a wagon — would bring on the firing again.

The loss of the Union army at Cold Harbor was 13,153 men; of the Rebels, not more than as many hundred.

MORNING REPORTS.

1864

June 1. One horse died — exhaustion.

June 2. One horse died — exhaustion.

June 6. Corp. Geo. A. Smith returned from hospital and reported for duty. L. R. Allard, formerly dropped from the rolls, returned from Camp Parole Md., and is again taken up on the books.

June 7. One horse died — exhaustion.

June 8. One horse died in train — exhaustion. Alvin Abbott previously dropped, returned. Corporal W. B. Lemmon returned.

June 9. One horse died in train, — exhaustion.

June 10. One horse died of exhaustion.

June 11. Received from Capt. Cochrane 18 horses. Two horses died — glanders.

June 12. Two horses died of exhaustion.

CHAPTER XIII.

June 12-20, 1864.

BY THE LEFT FLANK — WILCOX'S LANDING — ACROSS THE JAMES—ON TOWARDS PETERSBURG—WHY PETERSBURG WAS NOT TAKEN — WHAT HANCOCK SAYS — TO THE FRONT — WE FIRE THE FIRST SHELLS INTO THE COCKADE CITY — THE FORTIETH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY — AGAIN FORWARD — TWO MOVES MORE TO THE FRONT LINE — RELIEVED BY COLORED TROOPS OF THE NINTH CORPS.

Rumors of another move were now currently reported, and although men were busy constructing a line of breastworks in the rear, we had long since discovered that such an indication was no augury on which to base calculations for a continued stay. It was on the Sabbath, June 12th, that our caissons were moved from the cross-roads, two miles further to the rear. This surely looked ominous; but rumor, to our minds, was resolved into certainty when, late in the afternoon, all the bands struck up lively airs, playing until dark. "That means a move," was the remark on all sides, for we had noted this coincidence on other occasions; and sure enough, true to the portent, orders were received to be in readiness to draw out immediately after dark. So our limber chests are at once remounted, our guns drawn silently down out of the works by hand, and we are off again. Proceeding to the caissons, we await our designated place in column. We evidently have a night march on hand. It is an inter-

esting study to us, as we wait, to observe the sombre columns move silently and steadily along. Not a word is spoken aloud by those thousands, and each man seems buried in the silence of his own thoughts. What those thoughts are, an analysis of our own at that time may give us an idea, and that analysis, in brief, can be stated in these interrogatories — What next? Who next?

Our march presented the usual chapter of halts, miring of caissons, taking of wrong road by some portion of the corps, etc., together conspiring to bring this particular night up to the standard of all such, in the respect of being disagreeable. We marched about seventeen miles. Our course took us past Dispatch Station, on the York River Railroad, and the exceeding rapidity with which we had been put over the road to that point seemed, in our minds, to give special fitness to the name. The light of day at last began to creep up from the east and dispel the drowsiness which always persisted most obstinately just before dawn, and the comparative silence of the hour was broken by some grim humorist muttering, "Why don't the army move?" We smile internally as we think how many of the grumbling, unappreciative stay-at-homes, on taking up their papers of that morning, shall wonder what this lull in war news can mean.

But we now make pause for breakfast, — a pause that continues for about six hours, and which we gladly improve in making up sleep. At noon we were off again, and by 1 o'clock crossed the Chickahominy at Long Bridge, where a pontoon had been laid, and over which Warren's Fifth Corps had passed in advance. This dark and already historic stream rolled sluggishly along between densely wooded and marshy banks, and the whole neighbor-

hood, to our lively imaginations, seemed pervaded with the gloom and miasmata with which the stream had been associated in our minds.

We pursued our march somewhat leisurely the most of the afternoon, through a level tract of country thinly populated, but as yet our destination was simply conjectural. Some said we were bound to Harrison's Landing. At all events we were on the direct course to James River. "Twelve miles to the river," replies a staff-officer to an inquiry on this point. "Twenty, at the least calculation," is the observation of another equally *un*reliable authority. The negroes are also vacant of any information on this head; but an old man, standing in his doorway, to whom we broach the query, affirms, with positiveness, that to the Landing by this road is "just five miles." Fifteen minutes afterwards we interview a pretty woman, who has come out to her gate to see us pass. After listening civilly to some secession talk, we put the same conundrum of distance to her; whereat she displays her accurate (?) knowledge of arithmetic and local geography by declaring the river to be just six miles from a barn which she points out some distance ahead. This finished our examination of the inhabitants on this topic, and we trudged on, assured that ultimately we should solve the problem for ourselves. We passed over the intervening space at an unusually rapid rate, and after dusk, parked in a luxuriant field of clover on the farm of a Dr. Wilcox, and watered our horses in the James River at what is known as Wilcox's Landing.*

* "Wilcox was said to have two sons in the Rebel army, both privates, although one of them had a good military education. We were especially amused at the nonchalance of one of the Doctor's old slaves, who had run away with McClellan's army when it was in this vicinity, but who had now returned to his wife and children, and was sell-

Tuesday morning, June 14th, the troops began to cross the river, being transported in steamboats of varied description, that the government had assembled here in large numbers for that purpose. A pontoon was begun in the forenoon at Cole's Ferry, a short distance below the Landing, and finished at midnight. This bridge was considered a remarkable achievement in pontoon engineering, it being two thousand feet long, and the channel boats being anchored in thirteen fathoms of water.*

The troops continued crossing all this and the succeeding day, our turn not coming until during the afternoon of the 15th. Our guns were loaded on one boat, and the men and horses on another; but the guns did not reach us until evening. Among the boats used in the ferriage were the "Jefferson," an old East Boston ferry-boat, and the "Winnissimmet," that plied so many years beween Boston and Chelsea, and when we embarked on board the latter to make the crossing, it seemed almost as if we were at home once more.

The landing having been effected at what was known as Windmill Point, we went into camp for the night, not far from the brink of the river; but sunrise of the 16th found us up again and resuming the advance. The country we were now traversing was quite level, and had not been the theatre of warfare, hence houses, fences, and crops were generally undisturbed.

From the estates of some of the more wealthy

ing off pigs and chickens to the soldiers, alleging—with how much truth we cannot say—that they were his own. The Doctor had a guard put over his spacious and well-filled corn barn, but the fortune of War had decreed it to the Union, and in the afternoon a detachment of wagons from the forage train carted it all away." — *Private Diary.*

* Swinton.

farmers the occupants had fled — a foolish proceeding on their part, for inhabited houses were, as a rule, more respectfully treated than those that were vacated. The fact of a family being fugitives was taken as conclusive evidence that their sympathies were enlisted on the side of rebellion, and hence, in the expressive language of the army slang, the soldiers frequently "went through" such dwellings. The barns in this section were well filled with tobacco in the various stages of curing; and lovers of the weed took the opportunity to replenish their stock at a figure considerably lower than sutlers' prices.

Our destination was as yet only surmised, but every indication pointed to the correctness of that surmise; viz., that we were aiming at Petersburg. About the middle of the afternoon we reached the Petersburg and City Point Railroad. And now, in order that the reader may follow more understandingly, the movements of the corps * will be noted in brief, from the time of its arrival at the James until we rejoined it before the city, and any of the Company who read this will, we hope, obtain a little clearer view of what the "Old Second Corps" was doing, and why it failed to do more at this time.

Gen. Hancock says the corps was all across at an early hour on the morning of the 15th, save one regiment and four batteries. On the evening of the 14th Gen. Meade had given him orders to hold his troops in readiness to move, informing him that he might be instructed to march towards Petersburg. Later in the evening he was ordered to move by the most direct route to that city (after having received from Gen. Butler and distributed sixty thousand rations), and take position where the City Point

* Taken from Gen. Hancock's Official Report, which is before me.

Railroad crossed Harrison's Creek. At 4 o'clock A.M. of the 15th, Hancock notified Meade that the rations were not yet received. He repeated this report to the commander of the army at 6.30 o'clock A.M., and continued waiting for them until 9 A.M., and then gave orders by signal telegraph for the head of the column to move. This miscarried, and the column did not start until 10.30 A.M. Birney was in advance. Gen. Meade afterwards gave his approval to Hancock's moving on without the rations. After a while it was learned that the map by which they were attempting to march was utterly worthless, Harrison's Creek being inside the Rebel lines some miles from where it was laid down. The head of the column was then turned from the Prince George Court House road easterly towards Old Court House. It was then but six miles from Petersburg, and the time was not yet 3 o'clock P.M. At 5.30 P.M., as the column neared Old Court House, a place distant less than three miles south-west of City Point, a despatch was handed Hancock, directed to Gen. Gibbon or any division commander, from Grant, urging expedition in getting to the assistance of Gen. Smith, who, it stated, had carried the outer works in front of Petersburg. Hancock now turned Birney's and Gibbon's divisions in that direction.

"No time" [says Hancock] "had been lost on the march during the day, although it was excessively hot, the road was covered with clouds of dust, and but little water was found on the route, causing severe suffering among the men."

Singular as it may seem, this despatch from Grant was the first intimation Hancock had received that Petersburg was to be attacked.* Had

* "Had Gen. Hancock or myself known that Petersburg was to be attacked, Petersburg would have fallen." — *Gen. Meade.*

he been thus apprised earlier, there would have been no waiting six hours for rations, or floundering about in quest of a place that had no practical existence, and the city would, in all probability, have been entered that night.

"At 6.30 P.M." [the report continues] "the head of Birney's division had arrived at the Bryant House on Bailey's Creek, about one mile in rear of the position of Gen. Hinks's division of the Eighteenth Corps. . . . . Gen. Smith now asked me to relieve his troops from the works they had carried, and so Birney and Gibbon were ordered forward for that purpose. . . . . This took till 11 P.M., too late for further advance. The works were immediately adapted for defence against the enemy and guns placed in them."

The golden opportunity to seize the "Cockade City" by a *coup-de-main* had now passed, for by this time the advance guard of Lee's veterans was rapidly defiling across the Appomattox to its relief; and when, in the morning of the 16th, at 6 o'clock, Birney and Gibbon advanced their lines to reconnoitre, they found their old antagonist confronting them before the "Avery House." During the forenoon, in the absence of Gen. Meade, Hancock was instructed to take command of all the forces in front of Petersburg and reconnoitre, with a view of finding a vulnerable point. This was done, and the hill occupied by the "Hare House"* was decided upon by Gen. Meade, who had now arrived, as the best place to attack. The assault was made by the Second Corps at 6 P.M., and some ground gained, but with heavy loss. The enemy made several desperate but futile efforts to retake the lost ground.

On our arrival at the City Point Railroad, late in the afternoon of the 15th, we heard from cavalry videttes our first intelligence concerning the capture of the outer works of Petersburg. The sun

* Spelled H-a-i-r on Gilmer's (Rebel) map.

was just setting when, tired, hot, and dusty, we turned from the road and clambered upon an elevated spot amid a mass of stumps and brush, from which the spires of the city were visible, to await orders. It was when Birney and Gibbon were advancing their lines in front, and to the right of the "Hare House." We had heard skirmishing in progress for some time, and now it had increased to the firing of volleys. There was sharp work on hand. From the tops of our carriages we saw over the somewhat wooded hills, long lines of smoke, and fitful flashes of fire beneath. Now and then a Rebel shell came into our vicinity, serving the purpose, at least, of keeping our interest from flagging; but as the darkness deepened all sounds died away, and we were just reconciling ourselves to spending the night there — indeed, many were already wrapped in their blankets — when orders came to be ready to move in five minutes. Having cut a path through the brush for the freer passage of the teams, we moved immediately into the road, and were directed to the front line. We passed through the captured line by a large fort that stood at the side of the road, and turned into the thoroughfare leading from Prince George's Court House to the city, soon reaching the position assigned us. It was in a field on the right of the road. The frequent snapping of rifles, and the occasional "zip" of a bullet, apprised us of our proximity to the picket line, and admonished us to protect ourselves by redoubts. By the time they were finished it was midnight, and giving the "Johnnies" a shot or two to celebrate their completion, we lay down behind them and were soon asleep.

We were up bright and early on the 16th, expecting a renewal of the attack, and while thus waiting

LIEUT. CHARLES E. PIERCE

were somewhat surprised to see a battery of Napoleons come up to relieve us, and still more so at being ordered back into the fort we passed the night before, now adapted for defence against the enemy. During the morning Barlow, and Burnside (whose corps had now come up) advanced, gaining some ground, and Birney and Gibbon resumed their movement of the night previous, taking the hill occupied by the "Hare House," and repulsing several attempts to recapture it. On this hill Fort Stedman was afterwards erected. But the day was an uneventful one for the Battery, being mainly devoted to resting and "cleaning up," — two by no means unimportant enterprises in connection with active campaigning.*

The spires of Petersburg were now in full view, though distant, perhaps, two miles. By order of Gen. Birney we gave our pieces ample elevation and fired the first shells known to have been thrown into the city; but for long months afterwards how was the doomed town riddled and battered by every kind of projectile!

At 6 o'clock in the afternoon the roar of another attack came up from our front. It was the Ninth Corps and Barlow's Division advancing to the assault of the enemy's lines. Barlow lost heavily, and little ground was gained by our side. During this night, Hancock's wound, received at Gettysburg, troubling him afresh, he turned the command over to Gen. Birney, who retained it till June 27.†

* First Sergeant Charles E. Pierce having been suffering from a long illness was sent to the hospital the 17th. During his convalescence he was commissioned 1st Lieutenant of the 20th Unattached Co. Mass. H. A., later Co. D, Fourth Regiment, H. A., in which he performed the duties of Adjutant till the end of the war.

† "From that date till July 26, my troops were engaged in the arduous duties incident to the siege operations in front of Petersburg. Severe and almost constant labor (much of it during the night) was

On the 18th, the Fortieth Massachusetts Infantry came up and occupied the line at our left. They had recently come from South Carolina, and as we saw each other last at Boxford, Mass., we had many greetings and questions to exchange after the manner of old friends. They told us of the siege of Charleston and the battle of Olustee in Florida, but declared they never knew what campaigning meant till they joined the Army of the Potomac.

At noon we were again ordered to the front, and in the mid-day heat and dust advanced across a cornfield, over which was strewn the *debris* of the battle fought the day before. Newly-made mounds were to be seen scattered at short intervals over the ground, covering many a brave soldier who had crossed his last river. The trees on the margin of this field, torn with shells and bullets, showed to some extent the severity of the fighting. But there was to be still further fighting to-day, for our skirmishers, having advanced in the morning preparatory to a grand assault, found the Rebels had abandoned the temporary line held by them, and taken up a more formidable position about a mile nearer the city.* This made new dispositions necessary, and deferred the proposed assault until 3 P.M. Meanwhile, when we had reached the abandoned Rebel line, we set to work with pick and shovel to reverse it for our use, and at 2 o'clock received orders to open on the enemy's new line now seen as a bank of red earth, at this point, about twelve hundred yards distant. From that time till dark we

required from the men in erecting the formidable earthworks which were thrown up in front of that town. While performing these exhausting labors, the troops were at all times exposed to heavy artillery fire, and to the enemy's sharpshooters, from which a heavy list of casualties resulted daily." — *Hancock's Official Report.*

* Meade's Report of Campaigns.

kept up a continuous shelling upon them, while the infantry were engaged in making the assault; but our troops were repulsed at every point with a mournful loss of life, for Lee's final position, which he was then occupying along Cemetery Hill, was impregnable.*

All hope of now succeeding in taking the city by assault was at an end, and so far as this was the object aimed at by Grant, the campaign was a failure. The experiment had cost our army ten thousand men. And now began the siege of Petersburg, and the strong earthworks to which Gen. Hancock alludes were constructed in "a systematic line."

At the conclusion of the assault we unharnessed and spent a peaceful night, and the next morning, the Sabbath, opened quietly enough. But before noon we were sent for from further front, and Lieut. Granger rode forward in company with a staff officer to find a place for us in the new line. He returned with a bullet-hole through the sleeve of his blouse, and gave the order to "limber up."

"What kind of a place are we going into, Lieutenant?" inquired one of the men.

"That's the kind," was his rejoinder, holding up to view his riddled sleeve. "Look at this!"

Having cut an opening through the works for our passage forward, we advanced one piece at a time, and creeping cautiously up under cover of a thick grove of trees, through which bullets were constantly rattling, we reached the next line, and took position within five hundred yards of the enemy.

We at once began to strengthen the line, doing it at a disadvantage under the fire of sharpshooters. This being done, we opened on the enemy's works

* The loss of the Second Corps from June 13 to July 26 was 6,251; of these, 2,209 were missing. — *Hancock's Report*, "Fifth Epoch."

at short range; but as there was a line of troops in our front that was endangered by the pieces of lead flying from our shells, an evil peculiar to rifled projectiles,* under cover of darkness we moved forward once more, and established ourselves on a side hill in the very front line.

Our situation here was somewhat peculiar. The left piece was at the foot of the hill, while the right was some distance higher up; and all the guns were below the level of the Rebel works, which at this point ran along a cut of the Petersburg and Norfolk

* During the war it was frequently charged against artillerists that they fired into their own troops. Now, to deny that some such cases did occur—due, we do not hesitate to say, either to excited or ignorant gunnery—would be as idle as to deny that our infantry never fired but at the enemy, or never killed men of their own side without design. But the cases coming under the above head probably do not number more than ten per centum of all that are charged, and the author has thought it desirable to explain to that limited public outside of the Tenth, whose eyes may fall upon these lines, the cause of the remaining charges.

In the first place, then, the *time fuse*, used to explode shells and cut to burn a given number of seconds, was frequently so unreliable that it would burst the shell short of the mark—perhaps among our infantry, if by chance they lay between the guns and the enemy. We have seen them burst within twenty feet of the gun. This would account for many of the remaining charges. But again: Those familiar with the Hotchkiss ammunition, then in use, know that around each shell was a flange of lead which not infrequently flew in fragments a short distance from the gun, and that about the base of the Schenkl shell was a firm mass of *papier-mache*, which likewise took an early divorce from the projectiles. It requires no ordinary nerve, either in kind or quantity, for men to lie exposed to the fire of the enemy in their front; what more natural, then, than for them, ignorant of the facts given, to conclude, when some of the fragments above mentioned fell among them, that they were receiving the fire of their own side? Indeed, it would practically amount to that. Such a position is unquestionably an ugly one to occupy, and shelling over troops was practised only exceptionally. To strengthen our position in this matter, if it needs it, we cite an illustration from the battle of the Po. We have already alluded in these pages to a battery which raked us with great accuracy. That battery was at least a mile and a half distant, and our guns were elevated accordingly; but we were ordered to cease firing because of the flying metal endangering some of our troops who lay *in a hollow not one-fifth that distance away.*

The above statements are made with reference to projectiles for rifled guns only. Just how much difficulty arose from the fixed ammunition of the smooth-bores we have neither the experience nor information from which to judge.

Railroad, — so it was said. They were scarcely two hundred and fifty yards distant.

Having sunk the limbers, sent the horses to the rear, and strengthened the line by building it higher than our heads, leaving embrasures, occupied when not in use by screens similar to those constructed at Cold Harbor, we spent what was left of the night in resting. When daylight of the 20th dawned, firing began, and the quick, sharp whiz of the Rebel bullets would have informed us of our unusual nearness to the enemy's lines had sight failed to convey such information. Now and then we would take down the screens from the embrasures and treat their marksmen, who fired at us through loop-holes left along the top of their line, to a few percussion shells, but *only* a few, for a brief time sufficed them to send a small hailstorm of bullets at each port-hole. A Rebel battery, nearly opposite, was kept perfectly mute by the Union sharpshooters. The day was intensely warm; and shut in as we were by woods and rising ground, we were glad, when not engaged, to seek the shade of our half-shelters pitched against the works. But the day did not pass without its amusing scenes. All going to the rear, for any purpose whatsoever, must be done under fire, so completely were we commanded by the Rebels and Rebel lines; and to see the lively dodging and scampering of any courier or visitor to our part of the line when he unwittingly came within sight and range of the enemy, was provocative of hearty laughter. But it took on a serious aspect when a soldier, coming, as one did, to call upon friends in a regiment stationed next us, was shot dead in their very sight. Yet even this scene could cast but a temporary gloom over the witnesses, so hardened does human nature become by repeated experiences.

The Seventy-second Pennsylvania Regiment of the Second Brigade, Second Division, was on our right flank, and the term of service of seven of their companies ended that night. They were a jolly lot, and their joviality bubbled over towards the "Confeds" in plentiful showers of lead. Twenty or thirty of them would level their rifles over the works at a time and fire in a volley, then lying low they would wait for the response, which was never long in coming from the appreciative "Johnnies." When their ammunition was exhausted they fired away their ramrods. It was a pastime, harmless enough to those immediately engaged in it, but decidedly disagreeable — not to use a stronger expression — to any who might be passing to or from the rear. But night came at last, and under its cover we were relieved by colored troops from the Ninth Corps, and, with our merry support, drew out from the trenches.

MORNING REPORTS.

1864.

June 13. One horse died of exhaustion. One pole broken.

June 16. One caisson wheel disabled.

June 17. Serg't C. E. Pierce, privates Gowell and Benjamin G. Pedrick sent to hospital.

June 18. One horse died of exhaustion.

June 19. Private Wm. H. Bickford sent to hospital.

CHAPTER XIV.

June 20-Aug. 23, 1864.

TO THE REAR — "BOOT AND SADDLE" — THE CORPS BADLY USED ON THE JERUSALEM PLANK ROAD — A DRY TIME — "WHERE WE DUG THE FIRST WELL" — THE SANITARY COMMISSION — BY THE RIGHT FLANK — DEEP BOTTOM — RAIN AT LAST — THE WELDON RAILROAD.

It is a well-known fact, that, inasmuch as the artillery of the army was abundant, and the opportunities to use it all had been limited, there were several batteries which had scarcely been called into action during the campaign, unless for siege duty at Cold Harbor, having been kept with the reserve artillery. As the Tenth Massachusetts had not been of that number, it was not unlikely, so we reasoned, that we were now to "lie off" awhile, rest the horses and men, and give some one else a chance; and it was in this expectation that, having joined the Artillery Brigade on the following afternoon (Monday, June 21), we went somewhat to the rear and parked, in spacious order, in a large field skirted with woods. But we were doomed to disappointment. There was other business on hand. Scarcely were the harnesses off the horses ere "boot and saddle" sounded, and away we went towards the left of the line. Our course took us to what was known as the Jerusalem Plank Road, a thoroughfare leading southward from Petersburg, and along this we pursued a northerly course to the farm owned by one Jones, and camped for the night near the "Jones

House." The next day was Tuesday, the 22d of the month, and shortly after dawn sounds of skirmishing were heard, continuing until about the middle of the afternoon, when the firing increased to rapid volleys, indicating hot work ahead — for it was up the road towards Petersburg. Orders soon came to harness and be ready to move without delay, which, under the circumstances, we obeyed with at least our accustomed alacrity, for the firing drew nearer and the road was bustling with couriers dashing to the rear, and other appearances indicating that all was not right. Soon came the explanation. The Rebels had broken our lines, taken many prisoners, and captured the Twelfth New York Battery. The remaining artillery of the corps was at once ordered up into position, and we planted our guns in the open ground around the Jones House, there to await and resist the expected onset. We had hardly taken position before shells, probably from the captured battery, came crashing through the buildings and ploughing up the ground near by. Heavy masses of infantry supported us on either flank, and stood awaiting the appearance of the enemy's columns flushed with their initial success and eagerly following up the advantage gained. But this they failed to do, for reasons of prudence, we judge, and withdrew as suddenly as they had appeared, taking with them four pieces of artillery, several stands of colors, and sixteen hundred prisoners.*

The history of this disaster to the corps is in brief as follows: The line taken by our army before Petersburg had been so strengthened that a small por-

* Swinton says twenty-five hundred. Lee, however, in his official report to the Rebel secretary of war, only claims that "about sixteen hundred prisoners, four pieces of artillery, eight stands of colors, and a large number of small arms were captured."

tion of the entire force was sufficient to hold it. This left the remainder free to maneuver elsewhere. We were drawn out of the front line, then, because we were wanted elsewhere. On the 21st the Second and Sixth corps were dispatched to the left to extend the line towards the Weldon Railroad, with a view of enveloping the city more closely. The Second Corps having the advance, struck the Plank Road, and established itself on the west side, connecting with the Fifth Corps on the east. The Sixth Corps came up, taking post to the left and rear of the Second. Gen. Birney, then in command of the Second, was ordered to swing forward the left wing of the corps, so as to envelop the right flank of the enemy. This movement was making by the divisions of Mott and Barlow, who were pivoting on Gibbon's Division, which held the right. Just as the operation was nearly completed, a part of Hill's corps (Mahone's division) penetrated the interval between the Second and Sixth corps, throwing the flanks of both into great confusion, especially that of the Second.

"Barlow's division" [says Swinton] "rolled up like a scroll, recoiled in disorder, losing several hundred prisoners. Mott on his right fell back, but not without a like loss, and the enemy still pressing diagonally across the front of the corps struck Gibbon's now exposed left flank and rear, swept off and captured several entire regiments and a battery, and carried Gibbon's intrenchments. The shattered corps was re-formed on its original line when the enemy made a brisk attack on Miles' brigade, but was easily repulsed." *

* An effort was made to retake the captured guns, but it was responded to feebly by the troops, for the Second Corps had literally been charged to death. It had borne the brunt of the campaign since its inception at the Wilderness, which had placed half its members, and chiefly too those numbered among its best and bravest men, *hors de combat*, so that now its *morale* was dreadfully shaken. During the final assaults on the city, this demoralization had become very apparent, large bodies of the men, while a charge was in progress, seeking shelter behind every available object that would give them cover, and from which they could not be urged forward.

Now a season of comparative inactivity set in and continued for some weeks. Not that we were enjoying a state of absolute rest, for we were kept moving from point to point, but there was no fighting going on in this interval. There was, however, a long list of casualties reported every day at corps headquarters, for the pickets were most inimical to each other, and hundreds of lives were thrown away in this branch of warfare that might have better served their country's cause.

The season was an unusually dry one, and the slightest movements were attended with considerable bodily discomfort, for by the continuous passage of troops, animals, and army transportation in general, the surface of the ground had been pulverized into such an impalpable powder that a newspaper correspondent, writing home at this time, stated, with not much exaggeration, that whenever a grasshopper hopped it raised such a cloud of dust, the lookouts of the enemy immediately reported our army to be on the move. No rain had fallen for several weeks, and moving columns were enshrouded in dust. It settled on everything alike. Trees and shrubs were coated with it, making the aspect of nature dreary indeed. Men were absolutely unrecognizable who had marched a mile. The air seemed freighted with it, and breathing under these conditions was uncomfortable. Water became scarce. Soldiers would scoop out small holes in old watercourses, and patiently await a warm milky-colored fluid to ooze from the clay drop by drop. Hundreds wandered through the woods with their empty canteens, and could barely find water enough to quench thirst, to say nothing of getting a supply for coffee. The horses were ridden two miles to slake their thirst with warm, muddy, stagnant

water yet retained in some hollow. Even places usually dank and marshy became dry and baked under the continuous drought. But such a state of things was not to be endured by live Yankees. It was ascertained that water was abundant some twelve or fifteen feet below the surface of the ground, and forthwith picks and shovels were diverted from their warlike business of intrenching to the more peaceful pursuit of well-digging. These wells were dug with shelving sides, broadest at the top, to guard against caving, for stoning a well was obviously out of the question. Old-fashioned well-curbs and sweeps were then erected over them, and we were supplied with an abundance of excellent water. To the present day the expression, "where we dug the first well," brings back to the mind of every member now alive and then in the Company, the camp in the woods where we spent a few days of tolerable enjoyment.

Having made a trough by hollowing out a log twenty feet long, the horses were also provided with water in camp. But our enjoyment of this luxury was short-lived, for in two days we were ordered out from our cool retreat to go, no one knew whither. Rumor sent us in various directions: a trip to the Shenandoah Valley looked the most plausible, for Gen. Lee, wishing to relieve the pressure upon him by our army, thought that by detaching a corps to menace Washington, the authorities of that city would be seized with such trepidation as would compel Grant to send a large part of Meade's army to protect it, and possibly would result in raising the siege of Petersburg.* In accordance with this theory, about the 1st of July, he dispatched Gen. Early's corps in that direction, which resulted, as is

* *Life and Campaigns of R. E. Lee*, p. 544. *McCabe.*

well known, in exciting quite a commotion in the capital city, and Grant sent the Sixth Corps to meet the emergency.

We were evidently not included in any party destined for detached service just then, and after moving up towards the right of the line (we had been at the extreme left), in rear of the Fifth Corps, we went into camp in the edge of a tract of woods skirting an extensive opening, once divided into fields by fences now "lent," and proceeded to make ourselves comfortable after the method employed at Sulphur Springs. This camp will be remembered as "where we dug the second well."

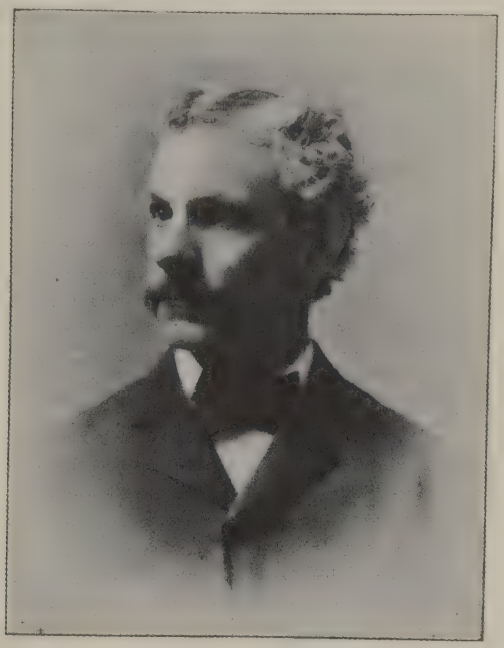
And now we began to receive contributions from the Sanitary Commission. An extract from a private letter, dated July 19, says:

> "We are living quite well to what we did last year. We draw cabbages, potatoes, turnips, and sometimes onions, soft bread, pork, canned meats, pickles, beans, etc. These are not all drawn at one time or in large quantities, but by saving up two or three rations, we finally get a fair mess of any one article."

To appreciate the luxury of the above variety of vegetables, one needs the experience of a two months' campaign in hot weather, on a diet of hardtack, beef, and pork.

For two weeks we lay here enjoying a respite from active work, watching the shells of the enemy as they burst over our lines, at a safe distance in our front, and reading war news from Northern papers. We occasionally heard rumors of forts to be blown up, but nothing tangible in this direction could be learned. Finally reports of another move came floating in the air, and at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of July 26th, definite orders were received to be in readiness for that event, and not long after 4 o'clock we started. Our march was rapid and unimpeded

by wagon trains, and a regular ten minutes' rest every hour seemed to indicate that there was a certain distance to be made in a given time. As our movement was well to the rear of the lines, and under cover of darkness in the main, its object was evidently intended as a surprise. We crossed the Appomattox and its contiguous swamps on a pon-



THOMAS CUSICK

toon bridge of eighty boats, laid at Point of Rocks, and when darkness came on, a line of fires, lighted by cavalry pickets, guided us along our route. By 2 o'clock A.M. (27th), the broad, placid waters of the James shone like silver at our feet. After some delay we crossed on a pontoon of thirty-two boats, muffled with reeds, and at 3.30 A.M. were at Deep

Bottom, twelve miles from Richmond. We parked in a field of grass wet with dew, and, thoroughly exhausted with our rapid march of twenty-five miles, lay down to get what rest we could before our services were sought for elsewhere.

It was broad daylight when we awoke, but no fires were allowed, and breakfastless, as well as supperless, we moved out to take position. Our guns were placed in the edge of woods. The presence of the "Clover Leaf Corps" was a complete surprise to the enemy, who had, the day before, been confronting a part of the Nineteenth Corps under Gen. Foster, and had made one or two unsuccessful attempts to dislodge him. They did not suspect the vicinage of a body of troops which, when last heard from, was down at the other end of the line; consequently, when the skirmish line of Miles' brigade of Barlow's division was sent out, by a well-executed maneuver it captured a battery of four twenty-pounders, which had just gone into action, and was sending its compliments down into our neighborhood. Our piece horses were then detached to draw the trophies into our lines, which they did without loss, though under fire from the Rebel skirmish line. Later in the day another battery opened on us from farther towards the Confederate left, and sent its shells crashing through the trees over our heads. Wheeling our two left pieces, we answered the challenge, while Battery B, First Rhode Island Regiment, opened from another quarter, thus concentrating a fire that soon silenced it. During the day the gunboat "Saugus" fired at brief intervals, directing its shot into the enemy's works. Beyond these happenings, everything remained quiet, and the original plan seemed to have been checked in its execution. At nightfall of the 29th, the

whole force drew out, and we were on the way back to Petersburg.

This expedition was *not*, as we generally supposed at the time, designed as a feint to draw troops away from the Rebel lines before Petersburg, — although it had that appearance and that result, — but to prevent Lee from sending reinforcements to the north side of the James, while Sheridan operated towards Richmond, the defences of which were thought to be so sparsely occupied as to be open to a surprise. To accomplish this end, we gather from Hancock's report, the latter was instructed to take and hold a position near Chapin's Bluff, which commanded the enemy's pontoons across the river at this point.* But owing to a probable misapprehension of the Lieutenant General, and to the large reinforcements sent hither by Gen. Lee, the expedition was a failure in this respect.† In its bearings on the assault made after the explosion of the mine, had the latter been anything but the wretched failure that it was, the result might have been most happy.

Hancock concludes his report of operations at Deep Bottom as follows:

"I continued holding the line during the 29th with the remaining divisions of my corps,‡ Barge's brigade of the Tenth Corps,§ and Sheridan's cavalry. Having attracted to my front so large a portion of Lee's army, Lieut. Gen. Grant thought it a favor-

* "Gen. Grant must have been misinformed as to the location of these bridges. The lowest was above Drewry's Bluff." — *McCabe's Life and Campaigns of Gen. Robert E. Lee.*

† "This movement induced Gen. Lee to send four out of his eight divisions to the north side of the James River." — *Ibid.*

‡ Mott's division had been ordered to report to Gen. Ord, the day before.

§ This corps was now commanded by Gen. Birney, who had been promoted from the Second to that position, July 11.

able time to assault at Petersburg, and I was therefore instructed to proceed to that place with the remainder of my command. Soon after dark on the 29th, ... I withdrew the entire command from Deep Bottom, and reported . . . . at Petersburg, on the morning of the 30th, in time to witness the explosion of the 'Mine.'"

The casualties of the corps in this movement were 192. Of these, 57 were missing.

As we drew near Petersburg in the gray of morning, the rumbling sound of cannonading was perceptible.* When we reached the Eighteenth Corps hospitals, on the City Point Railroad, distant two miles from the main lines, we went into park. From this position the roar of artillery was something tremendous. The "Burnside Mine" had been exploded, and now every gun and mortar that could be brought to bear was concentrated on the enemy's lines. A 15-inch mortar called the Dictator, whose carriage rested on the railroad near us, was dropping its ponderous messengers into a Rebel fort at brief intervals. But the history of what Gen. Grant has fitly characterized in his report as "This miserable affair," is too well known to need repetition here, did it come fairly within the domain of this narrative; and the interested are directed, for full particulars of this sad chapter in the history of the Army of the Potomac, to the volume devoted to it in the "Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War."

The wounded were brought in in large numbers, and orderlies coming from the front were beset to tell the news; but little satisfaction was derived from this source, for whereas one told us with positiveness that our troops had been forced back, badly beaten, another would affirm the contrary with

* While recrossing the pontoon, D. W. Atkinson, a cannoneer, falling asleep walked off the bridge, providentially alighting in one of the boats.

equal decision, and declare that Petersburg lay at our mercy. However, the fact of a large number of men lying inactive in our vicinity was sufficient evidence that we had gained no decided advantage; for, in such an event, every man would have been needed to retain it. Whatever doubts we may have entertained as to the result of the assault were set at rest by our being ordered back to our old quarters. These we found occupied by a battery of another corps. They were forced to acknowledge our priority of claim, however, and the next day we settled down in them once more.

The fortunes of war left us in peace a fortnight before a new draft was made upon our services. This time, according to Dame Rumor, we were surely destined for the Shenandoah, but away we sped again over our old course up to the right flank, crossing the Appomattox at Point of Rocks as before, and ending our rapid and fatiguing march at a point near Bermuda Hundred, within Butler's lines, where we parked to await transports, it was said.*

* Appended are the notes made by the author from General Hancock's "Report of Operations North of the James River, from Aug. 12 to August 20, 1864."

"At 12 M., August 12, I received instructions from the Major General commanding to move my corps to City Point, the artillery to cross the Appomattox at Point of Rocks, and to park in some concealed position within General Butler's lines.

"To throw the enemy off the scent, the infantry were embarked on transports at City Point. . . . . The idea was encouraged that the command was about embarking for Washington.

"On the morning of the 13th I received my instructions, which were nearly identical with those furnished me in July, when operating from Deep Bottom."

These were, in brief, a demonstration in force against the enemy's left. Gregg's division of cavalry and Birney's Tenth Corps were placed at Hancock's disposal. The movement was intended to be a surprise, but failed as such. It was expected to land troops at various points on the river by means of temporary landing-places, but it was a failure, and the troops were not finally disembarked at Deep Bottom until 9 o'clock on the morning of the 13th,—an inauspicious delay. The column finally advanced, but gained only temporary ad-

But we waited in vain, although we knew that the infantry had embarked. The synopsis of Hancock's Report of Operations, appended, sufficiently indicates the cause of our inaction. Sounds of battle were wafted to our ears across the river, and the clouds of smoke that rose from the combat were occasionally visible; but we were destined to have no part in the fray, finding ourselves for nearly the first time out in the cold.

While we lay here the drought was broken. The clouds gathered blackness, and with thunder and lightning accompaniments, discharged such torrents of rain as only southern and western climates ever witness. What a delicious sense of purity and cleanness now pervaded everything! The air was once more clear, the foliage, stripped of its burden of gray, became green again, and the sky exchanged its coppery hue for pure azure.

This movement of the corps on the right, though not intended as a feint, — for, owing to the supposed weakness of the enemy north of the James,

vantages. Birney's men captured four howitzers. The report continues:

"On the night of the 16th, a fleet of steamers was sent from City Point to Deep Bottom, returning at 4 o'clock A.M. on the 17th, the object being to convey the impression to the enemy that we were withdrawing from Deep Bottom, and to induce them to come out of their works and attack." The ruse failed.

"At 8 o'clock P.M., Gen. Mott was ordered to Petersburg to relieve the Ninth Corps from the intrenchments.

"Immediately after dark (20th), I withdrew my command, in accordance with orders, ... and marched my two divisions by Point of Rocks to my old camp near Petersburg. . . . . The night was extremely inclement, and the roads were in exceedingly bad condition, but my command arrived at camp in very good order between 6 and 7 o'clock A.M., on the 21st."

This camp was noted as near the "Deserted House."

The behavior of some of the troops under Barlow is commented upon unfavorably for their lack of steadiness, and Hancock attributes their lack of cohesion "to the large number of new men in the command, and the small number of experienced officers."

Casualties in the corps from Aug. 13th to 20th, 1864: Total, 915; of which 267 were missing.

substantial fruits were expected to be reaped in that quarter, — yet had every appearance of one, and had compelled Lee to detach a considerable force from before Petersburg. Advantage was taken of this fact to make an advance from the left flank, which was now distant but three miles from the Weldon Railroad. By the time "Hancock's Foot Cavalry" had returned to Petersburg, the Fifth Corps was across that road, holding to it like good fellows. It was Sunday morning, Aug. 21. That day the batterymen will remember as the one on which we returned to our camp to find it a pond of water. As we lay waiting, we listened to the fierce struggle making four miles distant by Heth's and Mahone's divisions of Hill's corps, to dislodge Warren from his position; but they were repulsed at every point, and finally left the Fifth Corps in quiet possession of their prize, which had cost our army four thousand four hundred and fifty-five men — killed, wounded, and captured.*

In the afternoon we moved down to within supporting distance of the above corps, and remained till the next day, when, leaving battery wagon, forge, and spare men behind, we marched through dense woods to a position quite near the railroad, to be in readiness for another attack which was expected. At night, as we were going into park, a second hard shower came on, drenching us to the skin. After it was over, a crowd of men, cannoneers and drivers, assembled under a tree, and woke the evening echoes in their attempts to drive away discomfort by singing with unusual unction, "John Brown's Body," "Marching Along," "Rally 'round the Flag," and every other song of kindred character generally familiar; and the success manifestly

* Warren's Report of Operations on the Weldon Railroad.

rewarding these efforts clearly demonstrated how philosophical the martyrs were who sang while enduring tortures at the stake. But that is an all-wise provision of Providence which keeps the future a sealed book till, leaf by leaf, it becomes the present, for some of the voices that rang out clear and cheerful in the gloom of that Monday evening were hushed, ere the week was closed, in the solemn stillness of death.

MORNING REPORTS.

1864.

June 21. Two horses shot by order Capt. Sleeper —glanders. One horse died—exhaustion.

June 23. One horse shot, farcy; one horse died — exhaustion. Corp. Paine and Thomas Ellworth sent to hospital.

June 26. Two horses died,—exhaustion.

June 27. Private Newton, Killoran and Corp'l Smith missing. Corp'l Smith returned.

June 29. Fifteen horses drawn from Capt. Cochrane; eight transferred to Capt. Strang.

June 30. Private Killoran returned; private Judson Stevens sent to hospital.

July 1. Eleven enlisted men with caissons in Ammunition Train heretofore counted as detached returned as present for duty. J. H. Knowland excused from duty.

July 2. Corp. Smith, Privates A. W. Holbrook, J. L. W. Thayer excused from duty. Knowland duty.

July 3. Private Harmon Newton returned and reported for duty. Corp. Smith, D. D. Adams, Ramsdell and Thayer excused from duty.

July 4. Bugler Timothy G. Redfield reduced to the ranks.

July 5. Serg't Geo. F. Gould by order acting as 1st Sergeant. Edwin H. Church detailed as officers' cook. M. M. Pierce, Holbrook, Trefry, D. D. Adams, Henry Orcutt, Ramsdell excused from duty.

July 6. Corp. Stevens, Holbrook, Devereux, M. M. Pierce, Thayer, Henry Orcutt, D. D. Adams and Ramsdell excused from duty.

July 7. Privates Trefry, Devereux, M. M. Pierce, Thayer, D. D. Adams and Ramsdell excused from duty.

July 8. Corp. Stevens, Devereux, Trefry, Holbrook, D. D. Adams, Ramsdell and Thos. Smith excused from duty.

July 9. Corp. Stevens, Devereux, Holbrook, M. M. Pierce, Thos. Smith, Ramsdell, D. D. Adams excused from duty.

July 10. Francis Montague, recruit from Draft Rendezvous, Long Id., B. H. joined without accompanying officer or paper. Corp. Stevens, Holbrook, Devereux, Trefry, M. M. Pierce, Ramsdell and Thos. Smith excused from duty.

July 11. Ellis A. Friend detached to report to Art'y H'dquarters, 2nd Corps, on Orderly duty. John F. Baxter sent to hospital. One horse shot, by order Capt. Miller. Glanders.

July 14. One horse in caisson train shot by order Capt. Miller. Glanders. Lieut. Smith, Corp. Stevens, (?) Smith, Holbrook, Trefry, excused from duty.

July 15. Corp. Benj. F. Parker promoted to Lance Sergeant in command of Fourth Detachment. Lieut. Smith, Corp. Stevens, Holbrook, Thayer, Thos. Smith excused from duty. Private S. A. Alden formerly dropped from the rolls by Gen. Order

No. 3, Hdqrs. Art'y A. of P. taken up by order of War Dep't and now at Camp Parole, Md., on detached service.

July 16. Lieut. Smith, Spooner, Holbrook, Trefry, Thos. Smith excused from duty. One horse died.

July 17. Corp. Stevens, Trefry, Spooner, Rawson, Thos. Smith, excused from duty. Holbrook sent to hospital.

July 18. One horse shot — glanders.

July 19. Corp. Stevens, Trefry, Thos. Smith and Spooner excused from duty.

July 20. Corp. Stevens, Thayer, Ramsdell, excused from duty.

July 21. Corp. Stevens, M. M. Pierce, Trefry, Ramsdell, Gross, excused from duty. Holbrook, Spooner and Thos. Smith in hospital.

July 22. M. M. Pierce, Ramsdell, Gross and Corp. Stevens excused from duty. Privates Holbrook, Spooner, and T. Smith in hospital.

July 23. Privates Trefry, Devereux, M. M. Pierce, Thayer, Ramsdell, Allen and Gross, excused from duty. Privates Holbrook, Spooner, and T. Smith at hospital. Six horses received from Capt. Cochrane. One horse died—distemper. Private Wm. H. Bickford died in Carver Hospital, Washington, D. C., July 15. Chronic Diarrhoea.

July 24. Privates J. W. Bailey, Devereux, Allen, Gross and Bugler Mugford excused from duty. Holbrook, Spooner and T. Smith in hospital.

July 25. Corp. Stevens, Artificers Gross and Thresher, Bugler Mugford, Privates Devereux, M. M. Pierce and M. Thompson excused from duty.

July 26. One horse died — farcy. Private W. Allen sent to hospital. Corp. Stevens and privates Devereux, J. W. Bailey, Monroe, Killoran and

Thayer excused from duty. Holbrook, Spooner, and Smith in hospital. Bailey, Killoran, Devereux, Newton, Trefry report to hospital. O. W. Wheelock thrown from his horse and injured.

July 27. O. W. Wheelock sent to brigade hospital.

July 28. Two horses shot by order Capt. Sleeper, farcy.

July 29. Frank A. Munroe sent to brigade hospital.

July 31. Ten (10) horses received from Capt. Cochrane. Devereux, Bailey and Trefry, returned to duty. Twelve horses turned over to Capt. Strang. One horse died on the road—exhaustion.

Aug. 1. [Entry nearly all destroyed] * * Wheelock returned to duty * * Hospital James * * * Killoran, Newton, Holbrook, Spooner, Thos. Smith, Allen and Munroe at hospital. Lieut. Wm. G. Rollins * * * * accounted for as on detached service is now credited on special * * *

Aug. 3. Geo. S. Richardson detailed as Orderly at Art'y Hd. Q't's. John F. Baxter returned to duty from hospital. Edwin H. Church returned to duty from "Detached men."

Aug. 4. Killoran, Newton (Devereux, J. W. Bailey, Trefry returned) sent to general hospital.

Aug. 5. Holbrook, Spooner, T. Smith, Allen, and Monroe, in hospital. Bailey and Trefry excused from duty.

Aug. 6. John Millett returned to duty from hospital, Washington, D. C.

Aug. 7. Agreeably to Gen. Orders No. 20, Art'y H'd. Q't's 2nd Corps, morning report to headquarters shows P and A 5,177,183. P. T. 165, P. D. 141 and 145.

Aug. 8. Wm. Allen, Thos. Smith, A. B. Spooner,

A. W. Holbrook sent to general hospital. James Peach and M. M. Pierce sent to brigade hospital. One horse died—glanders.

Aug. 9. Private Wm. Trefry sent to brigade hospital. Munroe, Peach, and M. M. Pierce at Brigade Hospital.

Aug. 10. J. W. Bailey sent to Brigade Hospital.

Aug. 18. One horse shot—glanders.

Aug. 20. Private Alex. W. Holbrook died of Chronic Diarrhoea at U. S. General Hospital, Brattleboro, Vt., Aug. 16, 1864.

Aug. 23. Privates E. D. Thresher and B. H. Phillips sent to Brigade Hospital.

CHAPTER XV.

REAMS STATION.

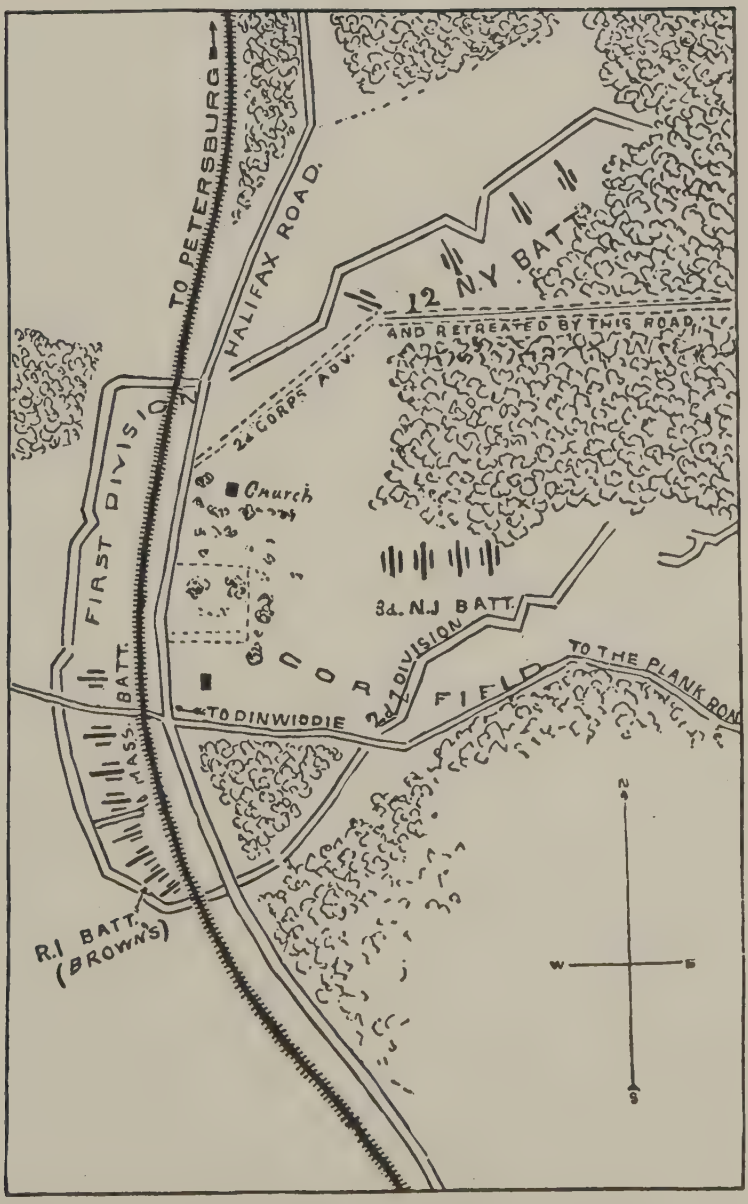
Aug. 23-25, 1864.

BY THE LEFT FLANK — REAMS STATION — DESTROYING THE WELDON RAILROAD — THE EARTHWORKS — PORTENTOUS OMENS — REBEL GUNS SILENCED — THE DAY GROWS DARKER — SHARPSHOOTERS — HEROIC HORSES — THE FIRST CHARGE AND REPULSE — THE SECOND CHARGE REPULSED — A STORM OF REBEL SHELLS — THE FINAL CHARGE — ALL IS LOST BUT HONOR — THE RETREAT — HANCOCK'S BRAVERY — OUR LOSSES — WHAT HANCOCK SAYS — THE LOSSES OF THE CORPS AND OF THE ENEMY — WHAT THE ENEMY SAYS.

The expected attack against Warren's left, in anticipation of which we had moved down to our present position, did not take place. One division of the corps was said to be occupied in tearing up the track, one was in the front line, and the third (Barlow's) lay near us ready for any emergency. But in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 23rd, the bands struck up lively strains, and in accordance with precedent orders soon came for us to move. It was about noon that General Hancock ordered the First Division, under command of General Miles (Barlow being absent sick), to proceed to the Weldon Railroad, there to aid in covering the working party, and to assist in destroying the road. This was the movement enlisting our services; so, drawing out of the field we entered the Jerusalem Plank Road, halting at 10 o'clock to bivouac.

"Come, sergeant, turn out your men!" was the unwelcome command issued by the chief of the left section to the chief of the Fourth Detachment piece, at 3 o'clock Wednesday morning; and in a half hour the column was again advancing, soon leaving the Plank Road and turning to the west. By daylight we found ourselves in the midst of a country which had not been much desolated by the march of war. Through this we passed cheerily along amid apple-trees laden with fruit, and cornfields whose ears were just ready for roasting. At 8 o'clock we had reached Reams Station, a place on the railroad ten miles south of Petersburg, where the infantry, in pursuance of instructions, went to work destroying the road. This was done after the method pursued by the Rebels on the Orange and Alexandria road in 1863, and so far as we know, the one pursued by the armies on both sides whenever opportunity offered, viz.: by placing the rails across piles of burning ties, where, becoming heated in the middle, they bent of their own weight, thus rendering them temporarily useless.

A map of the battlefield is here inserted. The railroad runs generally north and south. The Halifax road, a thoroughfare which accompanies the railroad southward at close intervals, is at this point not more than eight rods to the east of it. South of the station, perhaps ten rods, the Dinwiddie road, an important highway leading from the Jerusalem Plank Road, crosses the Halifax road and the railroad and disappears in the woods to the westward. This was not the road we came in on, our route, after leaving the plank road, being a less frequented one farther north, that wound about through the woods, finally issuing by Oak Grove Church, a small chapel that stood (and still stands)



MAP OF REAMS STATION BATTLEFIELD, AUGUST 25, 1864

in the woods a few rods from the site of the railway station.*

At a point north-easterly from the church, and distant from it less than a fourth of a mile, began a line of works facing westwardly. These ran south-westerly to the railroad, then continuing on the west side, extended parallel with it to the south a quarter of a mile, where, bending to the railroad, they terminated. The right of the line thus described was quite high and strong, with embrasures for artillery, and would well protect the men that might be posted behind them. In these, near where they crossed the track, the Twelfth New York Battery took position.

That part of the line west of the railroad was a mere rifle-pit not more than three feet in height, and of frail structure, being built of fence-rails within, and these were slightly banked with sods and loose earth. Behind this part of the line we were ordered to place our four pieces. Battery B, First Rhode Island Regiment, occupied the extreme left. They were separated from us by a traverse, and had stronger and better constructed works with embrasures, though inferior to those in which the Twelfth New York Battery was located.

Between us and the railroad, a distance of not more than eight rods, the ground rose slightly from the guns. In this open space the limbers took post. The caissons were just across the Halifax road. Having taken the position assigned us, there was nothing to do but enjoy ourselves as we chose, for fatigue duty did not usually pertain to the lot of light artillerymen. A cornfield not far off furnished us a liberal quantity of roasting ears during the day, and some good early apples were brought

* The station was burned some time previous.

into camp by the more enterprising foragers. We remember the day as an extremely pleasant one, both in respect of the weather and our enjoyment of the surroundings. It seemed very holiday-like to us as we lounged about the guns, expecting to draw out by night; but the advent of the latter brought no promise of any such procedure, so we spread our blankets, and slept soundly, undisturbed by any hostile sound.

The next day, August 25, was to be less peaceful than its immediate predecessor. During the morning General Hancock rode along the line, issuing orders, and soon the intrenchments were extended from the left of Battery B across the Weldon and Halifax roads, then gradually bending still further to our rear, crossed the Dinwiddie road, and passing through an extensive cornfield of stunted growth, terminated at the edge of the woods not far in rear of the church, thus encompassing us on three sides. This measure seemed to indicate that an attack might be looked for from that quarter. So little expectation had we formed of any severe fighting on this part of the line, that we not only had not adopted our usual precaution of strengthening our position, but had loaned every pick and spade to a regiment requesting their use, and did nothing whatever to improve our frail breastwork. Soon after 9 o'clock skirmishing was heard some distance down the railroad, and a short time afterward also broke out directly in the rear. The first-mentioned was at Malone's Crossing, less than two miles southward from our post.*

* "*Aug.* 25, 1864, 9.20 A.M. Spier's cavalry began to skirmish in front with the enemy (Wade Hampton's cavalry), on Malone's Cross-road. Gibbon's division, Second Corps, immediately moved out to meet enemy's cavalry. Our cavalry forced back to high ground in rear of Smart's house by the time Gibbon's troops had advanced that far." — *Notes from the Diary of a Staff Officer.*

While this skirmishing was in progress a battery opened to our left rear, which we knew from the sound to be one of the enemy's. The right section of our own was detached to oppose it, and after a lively contest, in a warm position (made more so by the ground which had recently been burned over), it succeeded in silencing the Rebel guns, and returned to its old position victorious.*

Lieut. Granger's bridle-rein was cut by a piece of shell during this little encounter.

About noon, as we were preparing dinner, a crash of small arms broke out in front, and directly our cavalry pickets (First Maine) came dashing furiously back over the Dinwiddie road into the line, raising a great dust, and riding as recklessly as if the whole Rebel army was at their heels. Nevertheless our skirmishers maintained their ground, and we sent a few shells down the road, after which affairs were quieter for a while. But we felt a crisis to be approaching. Our troops seemed to have been concentrated in a small space, and the enemy were drawing their lines closer about us. We spent a part of our leisure in anathematizing the powers that kept us here liable to be gobbled up, when the object of our coming was simply to take part in rendering the railroad still further useless, which object we understood had been accomplished. The idea generally obtained among the men that General Hancock remained of his own volition, expecting a triumph of his arms if attacked, but the subjoined synopsis of his report sets him right in this respect.

At the right of the Battery, where the road to

* "10.30. The enemy opened on us with one section of artillery. One section of Sleeper's Battery ordered up, which knocked enemy's section out of time in a few rounds." — *Diary of a Staff Officer.*

Dinwiddie issued through the line, an opening had been left for the free passage of troops, but at the first hostile shot, a hasty barricade of logs and brush was thrown across it, and afterwards a thin line of infantry was deployed along the works. Soon our skirmishers were forced back and took refuge in our line, whereupon the Rebel skirmishers established themselves in a cornfield not above three hundred yards to our front, from which position they enjoyed a full view of our horses, limbers, and guns, themselves remaining concealed the while. And now our misfortunes begin in good earnest, for they draw bead on both man and beast. Early in the action Captain Sleeper, who is riding slowly along in rear of the guns, utterly regardless of danger, is shot through the arm and soon after departs, leaving the Battery in charge of Lieut. Granger. Then Private John T. Goodwin, a driver on the First piece, falls, shot through the shoulder. He calls loudly for help, and being assisted to arise makes rapidly to the rear. Charles A. Mason, a driver belonging to the Fourth gun, is shot in the top of the head as he lies flat on his face by the side of his horses. For a time he does not move and all think him dead; but afterwards, at intervals, he utters most pitiful wails of agony. Finding life still persisting tenaciously, two of the gun's crew bring him under cover of the works out of further danger.* William Foster, driver on the First piece, also received a wound in the head, the bullet ploughing a perfect furrow from front to rear of the scalp.

Meanwhile the enemy have reopened the battery around to our left and rear, evidently firing at our cavalry, as we are not visible to them; but one of

* He died the next day and was buried in a family lot near Reams.

their first shots pierces our frail breastwork *on the inside*, narrowly escaping the head of a cannoneer. This being between two fires is a situation of whose discomforts we had read, but never before experienced them; and although our experience was a brief one, we found no fault with it on that account. But all this time we are not idle. We ply the cornfield in our front, and the woods at our right front, liberally with shells, and a house which stands in the midst of the former we completely riddle, sometimes firing at it by battery, for it and its outbuildings furnish shelter for Rebel skirmishers. One of the buildings took fire from the shells.*

Words fail to convey an adequate idea of the fortitude displayed by our horses. It soon became evident that the enemy intended to capture our guns, and as a first step in that direction to disable all the horses. Standing out in bold relief above the slight earthwork, in teams of six, they were naturally a prominent target for Rebel bullets, and the peculiar dull thud of these, at short intervals, told either that another animal had fallen a victim to the enemy's fire, or, what was frequently the case, that one already hit was further wounded. Some of the horses would fall when struck by the first bullet, lie quiet awhile, then struggle to their feet again to receive additional injuries. Frequently a ball would enter a horse's neck, with the effect only of causing him to shake his head a few times as if pestered by a fly, after which he would stand as quietly as if nothing had happened. I remember seeing one pole-horse shot in the leg — the bone evidently fractured — and go down in a heap, then, all cumbered as he

* During a visit to the spot made by Comrade William E. Endicott and the writer, in 1869, we were told by one of the inhabitants that there was only one corner of the house in which a person could remain with safety.

was with harness and limber, he scrambled up and stood on three legs. It was a sad sight to see a single horse left standing, with his five associates lying dead or dying around him, himself the centre of a concentrated fire, until he, too, was laid low. I saw one such struck by *seven bullets* ere he fell for the last time. Several received as many as five, and it was thought by some that they would average that number apiece. They were certainly very thoroughly riddled, and long before the serious fighting of the day occurred, but two, out of the thirty plainly visible to the enemy, were left standing. These two had been struck, but not vitally, and survived some time longer. This statement does not include the horses on the caissons, many of which also fell. I have called this manifestation of horse-flesh *fortitude*; it deserves rather to be called *heroism*, and my regard for the horse was by the scenes of that hour kindled into admiration.

This phase of Reams Station battle impressed me so forcibly, that it has outlasted other impressions perhaps more valuable historically, but assuredly not more interesting.

Those cannoneers whose duty it was to carry ammunition, not wishing to run backwards and forwards any more than necessary under so warm a fire, now brought what few rounds remained in the limbers to the shelter of the works. By sitting in the shallow trench under the muzzle of the guns, when not engaged, the breastwork gave us protection from Rebel shot, but when loading and firing we were necessarily exposed. William Rawson, a driver on the first piece, received a bullet between his foot and boot-heel as he lay at his post.

But the afternoon wears on, and everything betokens a tempest yet to burst. The hours are anx-

ious ones to us, and they are made the more so by noting the character of our support. It is the Fourth New York Heavy Artillery. The men scarcely show signs of life, much less of an active interest, as they lie crouched low in the works. Once in a while one does venture a shot, but he elevates his musket over the works, pointing it skyward, as if he saw the enemy approaching from that direction. Said an ex-Confederate, who participated in the fight, "Your support didn't kill any of our men. We never saw such queer shooting. They all pointed their guns up into the air and shot far above us." We remember suggesting that the Rebels were not winged creatures, but it was wholly lost upon them.

No word reaches us from the commanding general as to just what is expected of us. No orderlies appear with despatches, nor are staff officers to be seen anywhere taking observations. But this is not to be wondered at. To approach our line from the rear is simply a reckless hazard of life, which few dare assume. Thus we remain totally ignorant of what is occurring on other parts of the line.

By and by our ammunition draws low. The caissons cannot come up with more, for every horse not already disabled would be sacrificed in attempting it. The only way to get a supply is for cannoneers to creep along inside the works, and reaching a point less exposed, run the gauntlet to the rear and provide themselves with a few rounds. One man from each piece makes the trip, and returns in safety.

The stillness grows more and more oppressive. We chafe like caged lions, for we feel that the worst is yet to come, and wish, as did Wellington at Waterloo, that "either Blucher or night would

come" to relieve us from impending calamity. This calmness, we know, forebodes an attack respecting whose result we are, not unreasonably, fearful, for the line is thin and our support unreliable, and if a determined assault is made the chances are strongly against us. There is no retreat for the artillery — certainly not for Sleeper's Tenth Massachusetts — and we have but a few rounds of ammunition left, not an encouraging outlook, truly. So we watch and wait as the sun slowly sinks. At this stage we are anticipating a new danger. It is that the enemy are preparing to open with artillery. If they do, we must lie behind our frail protection, and take without giving in return. While we thus lie inactive, momentarily expecting the next move of the enemy, not far from 4 o'clock, one of our support, an honorable exception, who has kept a sharp lookout, suddenly exclaims, "Look up there on the right!" There, sure enough, emerging from the woods beyond the Dinwiddie road into the opening that stretched before the intrenchments, between us and the Twelfth New York Battery, are charging lines of Confederates. They come at the double-quick, with flashing bayonets, and ringing out their familiar yell. On the instant we turn our muzzles to the right and give them canister. The New York Battery uses the same.* Some of our support (?) run to the rear, many lie inert in the ditch, and a few join in repelling the enemy's assault. But even then it is a warm reception, and ere the hostile lines have fairly reached the works they break, reel, and surge to the rear in confusion, seeking the woods again, and leaving the ground thickly sprinkled with their slain. We set up a shout at their discomfiture, but feel that the worst is not yet over. This proves to

* The Rhode Island Battery was out of range.

be the case, for within fifteen minutes, having been rallied under cover of the pines into which they fled, they are again descried in stronger force than before, and pressing on solidly, regardless of the fire reopened upon them. At this critical juncture, our heavy artillerymen, unable to honor the draft the situation made on their courage and manhood, started for the rear in large numbers. In our exasperation we call them cowards, with all the choice adjectives prefixed that we can summon from our vocabulary on demand, and this plan not succeeding to our satisfaction, we threaten to turn our guns upon them unless they remain. This stayed the tide, and many who had gone but a few rods came back.* But the enfilading fire of the same two batteries, coupled with the brave stand made by a part of the infantry in their front, again turns the scale, and the enemy flee to cover anew, shattered and baffled, leaving an increased number of their dead behind. Had every man in the Union line done his duty as unflinchingly as the Rebels did theirs (and why should they not have stood even more firmly?) not one-third of the charging party would have left the field.

We now take courage, hoping that they have retired from the contest beaten, and satisfied to give up their object. Not so. In the next few minutes they bring up and plant eight pieces of artillery directly in our front beyond the corn, and open a furious cannonade upon us. The air seems filled with the shrieking shells, with the flash, smoke, and crash of their explosion, and the harsh hurtling of their fragments. It is unquestionably the heaviest

* I now question the wisdom of our procedure, for these men had done and would do no fighting, and by keeping them on the field we but swelled the proportions of the Rebel triumph, for they were all taken prisoners.

artillery fire we have ever endured at close range, but alas! we cannot help ourselves. "Truly," we thought, "it *is* more blessed to give than to receive." Would that we possessed the power of giving abundantly at this moment. Fortunately for us, most of their shooting is a little too high, and damages the extreme left-rear of the line more than it does us.* Under cover of this fire the Rebel infantry again advance to the assault. They are formed in three solid columns,† and come as before, at the double-quick, with fixed bayonets, uttering their war-cry louder than ever. Nearer and yet nearer they come. But what can *we* do? As we had been unable from lack of ammunition to measure metal with their artillery, so now we have but one round of canister to administer as they cross the field, and keep another — our last — for closer quarters. Our troops have evidently given way, for the enemy have reached the works at a point opposite the church, and swarm over them. It is all over with us now, for, turning down the line, they advance towards us in three columns, one outside, one inside the breastwork, and one along its crest. Our Fourth New York "Heavys" are giving themselves up by scores, and now we stand well-nigh alone confronting the

* During the visit to the field already mentioned we found a dead cedar standing between where our two right pieces stood in the action. It was less than six inches in diameter, and showed marks of at least fifteen missiles. From a section of the trunk which we took away with us we extracted five case shot, a piece of a flange of a shell, and two minies.

The ex-Confederate whom we met here (already alluded to,) told us that in shelling the woods to our right front we gave too much elevation, as the majority of our shells passed over them. On going into the woods afterwards, the shell scars still visible on the trees corroborated his statement.

† "Cook's and McRae's North Carolina Brigades, under Gen. Heth, and Lane's North Carolina Brigade, of Wilcox's Division, with Pegram's Artillery, composed the assaulting column." — *Lee's Official Report.*

foe.* But they shall pay dearly for our four Rodmans, of which it is painfully evident we must soon take leave. We have three rounds of canister left. With these the three right guns are loaded,† and pointed up the line at the heads of advancing columns. They have arrived within ten rods of the right piece, when the lanyard is pulled and a furrow of death is ploughed through one Rebel column. Then the men fall back to the next piece, and though some of our heavy artillerymen interpose their bodies between us and the enemy, in their zeal to surrender themselves, our duty is plain, and the second gun belches forth its messengers of destruction, which do deadly work among our assailants. In like manner Corporal Howes points the Fourth piece at the head of the column inside the works, now not more than eight rods away, and the last shot fired by the artillery on this part of the field has performed its ghastly mission in the cause of Freedom and Union. We have now done our worst, but all is of no avail to stop the advancing hosts, and there remain to us the two alternatives of surrender, or an attempt at flight. We say *attempt* advisedly, for the enemy are fast gaining our rear, and in two minutes — yes, *one* — that hope will be cut off. Our minds are instantly made up, for against the horrors of Rebel prisons on the one hand we have only to balance the chances of being shot while retreating on the other; and although the men that are falling as we pause, demonstrate most forcibly how poor those chances are, we hesitate but for an instant ere choosing the latter alternative, and take our departure, amid the hissing of bullets and the

* The loss of this regiment in this action was 13 killed, 32 wounded and 330 missing. Comment is unnecessary.

† The left was disabled.

touching invitations of the "Johnnies," who tell us to "come in," or they'll shoot us. But we are not quite ready to respond to their appeal for our society, even when coupled with such a compulsory proposition, and make for the bushes in rear of Battery B, our nearest cover, where we separate, each taking the course that seemed best to him, and no one knowing whether exit from the field was then possible.* Crossing the Dinwiddie road just far enough east not to be cut off by the victors, I plunge into the cornfield, and finally emerge at the extreme left of our line, where, on account of the changed order of things, the troops are occupying the reverse side of their works. Gen. Gibbon rides along the line, his horse at a walk, himself the picture of despair, as he casts frequent and anxious glances towards our lost position in anticipation of a movement against his division. His men seem completely demoralized. Midway between this position and the grove in which the church stands is Werner's Third New Jersey Battery, which is throwing its shells in great profusion southward into the Rebel lines.

Before leaving the field I made my way up to the right of the line north of the church. Here I saw Gen. Hancock (Heaven preserve him for his distinguished bravery), followed by two or three of his personal staff, riding up to the main breastwork, waving his cap and shouting, "Come on! we can beat them yet. Don't leave me for God's sake!" But not a half-dozen men responded to his appeal. We never felt so strongly moved to follow this matchless leader as at this stage of our disaster. †

* From the close of our firing to my arrival at the caisson the narrative is personal to myself, but as it involves occurrences of historic interest, I have ventured to insert them here.

† While the General was making this effort to rally the troops his

But the movement was unanimous to the rear, and when I found but two men ready to respond, and one of them an unarmed artilleryman, I concluded the day was irretrievably lost, and soon afterwards left the field, riding off on a caisson of the Jersey Battery, which had just drawn out. I was in utter ignorance as to whether any one else had escaped until I had reached a point perhaps a half-mile to the rear of the church, where I came upon the Fourth Detachment caisson, drawn up by the side of the road awaiting members of the Company. On or around it were a dozen of the men, by each of whom I was greeted with the utmost warmth as if restored from the dead, and such a greeting did every one receive on his arrival. That was a meeting I shall never forget; for if the writer ever rejoiced to see comrades in arms, it was the small band he met in the dusk of that historic August 25, 1864.

The caisson was detained here until it was thought that all had come in who would be likely to, when we started back to camp. It is of interest to note the condition in which some of the men reported. Lieut. Granger, upon whom devolved the command of the Battery, and who was among the last to leave the field, had his pistol-hilt shattered at his side. Lieut. Adams had the visor to his cap shot away; and Lieut. Smith brought off his wounded horse and a bullet-pierced stirrup. Charles N. Packard, a Number One man, came in with his sponge staff on his shoulder, which, with the instinct of a true soldier, he had clung to on

horse received a bullet in the neck, from which he fell forward, dismounting the General, and appearing as if dead. Hancock believing him so to be, mounted another horse, but within five minutes the fallen brute arose, shook himself, and was remounted by the General, surviving the war some years.

leaving the field, and bore off as a trophy of battle. Several came in in shirt-sleeves, for the day being a warm one, they had taken off their blouses, which when they left they did not stop to don.*

Of our three other caissons, one was exploded by a Rebel shell, a second had its wheels shattered by the same means, and the third had lost all its horses, when the fourth pulled out and escaped at a gallop.

On our way from the field we passed reinforcements from the Ninth Corps, which had arrived too late to be of service, for reasons that will appear in a very full synopsis of Gen. Hancock's report hereinafter. We camped within our lines, near the Williams House, that night, and in the morning followed that lone caisson into camp, a sorrowful procession indeed; and a sad tale we had to tell the thirty odd men whom we here rejoined. On counting up our losses in killed, wounded and missing, we found they amounted to twenty-nine out of nearly seventy men that went into the battle. Of these, twenty were unaccounted for; the fate of the other nine we here present more in detail:

Capt. Sleeper was wounded in the arm, the bullet splintering but not fracturing the bone.

Charles A. Mason, shot in the head, died of his wound on the field where we left him.

George N. Devereux, a driver on the Fourth Detachment caisson, shot through the bowels on the retreat, died two days afterwards in the field hospital. He was formerly a member of the Fifth Massachusetts Infantry, and participated in the battle of Bull Run.

* The writer's blouse was left by the side of the gun. It contained nothing valuable but a diary of the campaign from Cold Harbor to Reams, which has been sorely missed in the preparation of the last two or three chapters.

George K. Putnam, Number One man on the —— piece, was wounded in the knee as we were leaving the guns, was taken prisoner and kept a week without having the wound dressed. He was then exchanged, but died at Annapolis, November 21st.

Henry L. Ewell, driver on the ----- piece, was wounded in the shoulder, and underwent a surgical operation, but pyemia setting in, death resulted in the hospital at Washington, November 2d.

John T. Goodwin and Samuel H. Foster both received flesh wounds, as already stated, from the effects of which they soon recovered and rejoined the Company in a few months.

Benjamin G. Hooper received a flesh wound in the forearm, the bullet first having passed through the breast of his blouse, and through several letters in the breast-pocket.

William H. Starkweather was shot above the hip, the bullet passing in under the backbone. He was a cannoneer on the Second piece, and returned to duty in a few months.

Corp. Burnham C. Clark was struck by a bullet while leaving the field, which passed through his pantaloons, abrading the skin of the thigh.

George W. Stetson was knocked down by a spent shell or part of one, and by this means was captured.

As Aug. 26th wore on without bringing tidings of the other twenty, we were at length forced to believe them killed or captives. A thrilling account of the fortunes of nineteen of them after the loss of the Battery is given by William E. Endicott, one of their number, in the Appendix. Concerning the three whom he mentions as sent to Salisbury, N. C., viz., Timothy G. Redfield, Francis L. Macomber and Charles W. Green, the first was admitted to the

hospital in Salisbury, N. C., Feb. 15, 1865, but was later transferred to a hospital in Richmond where he died. Messrs. Green and Macomber had both died previous to the above date.

The following is a correct list of the prisoners from the Battery:

Serg't Adolphus B. Parker, Corp'l Francis M. Howes, Corp'l George A. Smith, Bugler John E. Mugford, privates Lyman W. Adams, James S. Bailey, Jr., John Perry Brown, Thomas Cusick, William E. Endicott, Oscar F. Glidden, Charles W. Green, Richard Martin, Francis L. Macomber, John Millett, William Rawson, Timothy G. Redfield, George W. Stetson, Alvin Thompson and Charles D. Thompson.

James Kay, the twentieth missing, was never heard from.*

The following copious extract from Gen. Hancock's "Report of Operations of Second Corps and Cavalry between the 22d and 26th of August, 1864, including the battle of Reams Station, Va." is here introduced for the information of surviving participants, who would like to have the questions as to why we remained here so long, and why we were not reinforced, answered satisfactorily, together with other details of this their severest battle. He proceeds to say that after the troops had returned from Deep Bottom,—

"They were permitted to rest barely long enough to cook breakfast, when the two divisions (First and Second) were ordered to a position near the 'Strong House,' from which they were again speedily moved to the vicinity of the 'Gurley House,' in rear of

* The writer was unable to find his name in a book issued by a Rebel surgeon purporting to contain a complete list of the men who died in Rebel prisons. While the volume was doubtless imperfect, it is not improbable that Kay may have lost his life that day, as he was not seen after 10 o'clock A.M.

Gen. Warren's position, arriving there about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. About noon, Aug. 22d, the First Division, Gen. Miles commanding, ... was ordered to move on to the Weldon road to aid in covering the working party, and to assist in the destruction of the road. . . . . The work was prosecuted on the following day without material incident as far as Reams Station."

The cavalry, however, had had some skirmishing toward Dinwiddie Court House.

"Gen. Barlow, who had assumed command of his division during the day, occupied the intrenchments at Reams Station at night. The Second Division, Maj. Gen. Gibbon commanding, moved from the vicinity of the 'Aiken House' shortly before dark on the 23d, . . . arriving at the station at an early hour on the morning of the 24th, relieving the First Division from the intrenchments. Gen. Barlow was again obliged to relinquish the command of his division to Gen. Miles, on account of sickness. On being relieved from the intrenchments, the First Division proceeded with the work of destroying the railroad towards Rowanty Creek, my instructions being to destroy the road as far as that if practicable. . . . . At dark the working party and the division were withdrawn to the intrenchments at Reams."

The next day the Second Division was to continue the work of destruction, but at 11 o'clock that night Hancock was apprised by Gen. Humphreys, Gen. Meade's chief of staff, that large bodies of the enemy were passing south, and cautioned to be on the lookout, to which Gen. Hancock at once replied in substance that it would not be advisable for him then, under the circumstances, to separate his forces. By a further despatch he learned the force thus moving to be estimated at from eight to ten thousand men. Warren, who was also informed of the movement, expressed the opinion that it must be against Hancock.

The order for work on the railroad (the 25th) was postponed until the result of reconnoissances Gregg had been ordered to make was known. Hancock says:

"The enemy's cavalry pickets were driven in at two points on the Vaughan road, and no indications of any increase of force developed."

At 6 A.M. (Aug. 25) he telegraphed his postponement of work on the road to Gen. Meade, and his reason for it — the inferiority of his force — until he became satisfied there was no infantry in his front; but after receiving the reports from the squadrons of cavalry he changed his mind and put Gibbon's Division in motion for work on the road. Just at this juncture word came from Col. Spear, who was holding Malone's Bridge Road where it enters the Halifax Road from the west, and at which point work was to be resumed, that the enemy was advancing on him in force. His expulsion from the crossing soon followed. Gibbon now threw out a skirmish line which developed the fact that the enemy's cavalry was supported by infantry.

"While the skirmishing was going on here, a part of the enemy's cavalry passed to my left and rear, breaking through Gen. Gregg's picket line then running along the Dinwiddie Road from Reams to the Jerusalem Plank Road. They were speedily driven back by a regiment of cavalry and a small force from Miles' Division. At this juncture it was deemed prudent to recall Gen. Gibbon's Division, and he took post in the intrenchments on the left of the First Division, extending the breastwork to better protect the left and rear. It is proper to say here that the defensive position at Reams Station was selected on another occasion by another corps, and was in my judgment very poorly located, the bad location contributing very materially to the subsequent loss of the position and particularly to the loss of the artillery."

Full particulars of what had taken place thus far were sent to Gen. Meade at 10.20 and 11.45 A.M.

"These despatches were sent to Gen. Warren's headquarters, a distance of about four miles, from which point they were telegraphed. At about 12 M. the telegraph line was in operation to within about a mile of my headquarters, and subsequent despatches from me were sent by telegraph entirely. . . . .

"At 12 o'clock the enemy drove in the pickets of the First Division on the Dinwiddie Road, and at about 2 P.M. made a spirited advance against Miles' front, but was speedily repulsed."

A second and more vigorous attack met with a similar fate. About this time Hancock received a despatch from Meade, notifying him that Mott had been ordered to send down all his available force, and stating further that he thought the enemy was about to assume the offensive against him, or was about to interpose between him and Warren, and giving Hancock his option of withdrawing to his old position in rear of Warren, or elsewhere according to his judgment.

To this, at 2.45 P.M., Hancock replied as follows:

"Considering that the enemy intends to prevent any further destruction of the railroad, there is no great necessity of my remaining here, but it is more important that I should join Warren; but I do not think, closely engaged as I am at present, I can withdraw safely at this time. I think it will be well to withdraw to-night. Everything looks promising at present, except that being in an enclosed position the enemy is liable to pass between myself and Warren, and I cannot determine the fact; so that Warren had better be watchful until I can make a practicable connection with him. I shall try and keep my cavalry engaged to keep them off the Plank Road."

A few minutes past 4 o'clock Hancock received a despatch from Meade that Wilcox's Division of the Ninth Corps had been ordered to the Plank Road, where the Reams Station road branches off, and expressing the hope that Hancock "will be able to give the enemy a good thrashing;" and further stating that some of Warren's forces are ready for contingencies.

To this, at 4.15 P.M., Hancock replied, deprecating that the division had not been sent down the railroad so as to be in season, and inquiring whether

he was to retire from the Station "to-night in case we get through safe."

At 4.30 he sent another despatch, expressing the belief that his right could not be turned, owing to the nature of the country and the time required to do it, but expressing some fears about his left, and stating that he had ordered up Wilcox's Division.

At 4.45 he again telegraphed that the enemy had drawn a line from his left, covering the railroad and the Dinwiddie and Stony Creek roads; that they could be heard chopping, and that the road was still clear between him and Warren. He says:

"As soon as I knew that Wilcox's Division had been ordered down the Plank Road, I despatched a staff officer (Capt. Entee) to conduct it up. Arrangements were made as to its disposition. About 5 o'clock, a staff officer from Gen. Mott (Maj. Willian) reported the arrival of seven hundred men of Gen. Mott's Division at the forks of the road where the Reams Station leaves the Plank Road. These troops would have been immediately ordered up, but Maj. Willian stated that before he could possibly get back with the order Wilcox's Division would have passed, so that nothing would be gained. Orders were therefore given to Col. McAllister, commanding the force, to hold well down the Plank Road in anticipation of any attempt of the enemy's cavalry to pass to our rear. An order was also sent him to arrest all stragglers and form them into regiments."

This order was given by mistake to Gen. Wilcox, who, not observing the address upon it, took it as meant for himself, and acted accordingly. Hancock says:

"How much delay was caused by this error is not known, but it is known that the division in any event would not have arrived in time to be of service.

"Meanwhile the enemy was preparing his force for a final attack, which was inaugurated about 5 P.M. by a heavy artillery fire, which, while it did little actual damage had its effect in demoralizing a portion of the command exposed to reverse fire, owing to the faulty location of the rifle-pits as before explained.

The shelling continued for about fifteen minutes, when it was followed by an assault on Gen. Miles' front opposite that portion held by the Consolidated Brigade and the Fourth Brigade. Just at the time when a few minutes' resistance would have secured the repulse of the enemy, who were thrown into confusion by the severity of the fire they were subjected to and the obstacles to their advance, a part of the line composed of the Seventh, Fifty-second, and Thirty-ninth New York gave way in confusion. At the same time a break occurred on the right of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth and One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York.

"A small brigade of the Second Division, under command of Lieut. Col. Rugg, which had been previously sent as a reserve to Gen. Miles, was ordered forward at once to fill up the gap. But the brigade could neither be made to go forward nor to fire. McKnight's Battery, under Lieut. Dauchey, Twelfth New York Artillery, was then turned on the opening, doing great execution; but the enemy advanced along the rifle-pits, taking possession of the battery, and turning one gun upon our own troops. On the left of the break in the line was Murphy's Brigade of the Second Division, which was driven back, and two batteries—B, First Rhode Island, Lieut. Perrin, and the Tenth Massachusetts Battery, Capt. Sleeper—fell into the hands of the enemy after having been served with marked gallantry, and losing a very large proportion of officers, men and horses.

"I immediately ordered Gen. Gibbon's Division forward to retake the position and guns, but the order was responded to very feebly by his troops, the men falling back to their breastworks on receiving a slight fire. By the loss of this position the remainder of Gen. Gibbon's division was exposed to an attack in reverse and on the flank, and was obliged to occupy the reverse side of the breastwork it had constructed.

"Affairs at this juncture were in a critical condition, and but for the bravery and obstinacy of a part of the First Division, and the fine conduct of their commander, Gen. Miles, would have ended still more disastrously. Gen. Miles succeeded in rallying a small force of the Sixty-first New York Volunteers, and forming a line at right angles with the breastworks swept off the enemy, recapturing McKnight's guns, and retook a considerable portion of the line.

"Gen. Miles threw about two hundred men across the railroad and towards the enemy's rear, but the force was too small to accomplish anything.

"The One Hundred and Fifty-second New York is reported to

have behaved very badly here, running away without firing more than one or two shots.

"An attempt was made to get some of the troops of Gibbon's Division to assist in the operation, but the commanders reported that their men could not be brought up to the advance."

The report goes on to say that Gibbon's troops were now driven by some of the enemy's dismounted cavalry, who, exulting at this easy success, were pressing on, when Gregg's dismounted troopers summarily checked them. Of Gregg's force Hancock speaks in the highest terms, contrasting their steadiness with the despicable conduct shown by some of the infantry.

"Werner's Battery, First New Jersey Artillery, rendered efficient service during and after this attack. With the aid of this battery and the troops under Gen. Miles the road running to the Plank Road was held until dark, the enemy being checked in every attempt to advance beyond that part of the line they had captured.

"A part of the captured guns was held by the enemy's skirmishers, and Gen. Miles succeeded in recapturing one, drawing it from the field to the woods within our lines. Owing to some failure to make it known that the piece had been recovered, it was unfortunately abandoned when the troops withdrew, making a total of nine guns lost during the action. At this time Gen. Miles and Gen. Gregg offered to retake their breastwork entire, but General Gibbon stated that his men could not retake any of his line. It being necessary to reoccupy the lost works to protect the only communication then open to the rear, and no reinforcements having arrived, the troops were ordered to withdraw at dark, Gen. Miles covering the rear."

The troops went into camp near the "Williams House" about midnight. Hancock resumes:—

"Had my troops behaved as well as heretofore I would have been able to defeat the enemy on this occasion. I attribute the bad conduct of some of my troops to their great fatigue, owing to the heavy labors exacted of them, and to their enormous losses during the campaign, especially in officers. The lack of the corps in this respect is painfully great, and one hardly to be remedied during active operations.

"The Seventh, Fifty-second, and Thirty-ninth N. Y. are largely made up of recruits and substitutes. The first-named regiment, in particular, is entirely new, companies being formed in New York and sent down here, some officers being unable to speak English. The material compares very unfavorably with the veterans absent.

"My force at Reams Station consisted of about six thousand arms-bearing men of the infantry, at most, and about two thousand cavalry. . . . The enemy's force is not known to me."

The battery took a total of 58 horses on to the field. Lieut. Granger reports a loss of but 34 of them. This seems, today, inexplicable, for the twenty-four piece-horses and the four horses of chiefs of pieces all went down and with them the bugler's horse a total of 29, about which there is no question. This leaves but five more to be accounted for. It does not seem possible that only five were disabled at the caissons, but as only one caisson escaped, and that with four horses, there are fifteen other caisson horses that must in some way have survived. Just how they got off the field and when, no one has ever informed the historian. Yet it isn't likely that a false report was rendered headquarters and so there the matter must rest.

The official report of this action further shows a loss of two thousand, three hundred sixty-two men of all arms killed, wounded and missing. Of these twenty-two officers and eighty-seven men were killed, sixty officers and four hundred forty-one men were wounded, and ninety-four officers and sixteen hundred fifty-eight men were missing. Had even a thousand of this unusually large percentage of missing, or prisoners, followed Miles' gallant example or stood up in the trenches to repel the assaulting force, as they might easily have done, the story of the fight would have been a more pleasing one.

The figures go to show how large a number igno-

miniously gave themselves up without attempting to fight, or even retreat; for as success to the enemy was secured by a direct assault in front, every man had the option of fighting and then falling back if compelled to, which an attack on the flank or from the rear would not have allowed; or of basely surrendering without resistance, which it is confidently believed was the status of four-fifths of the men reported as missing.

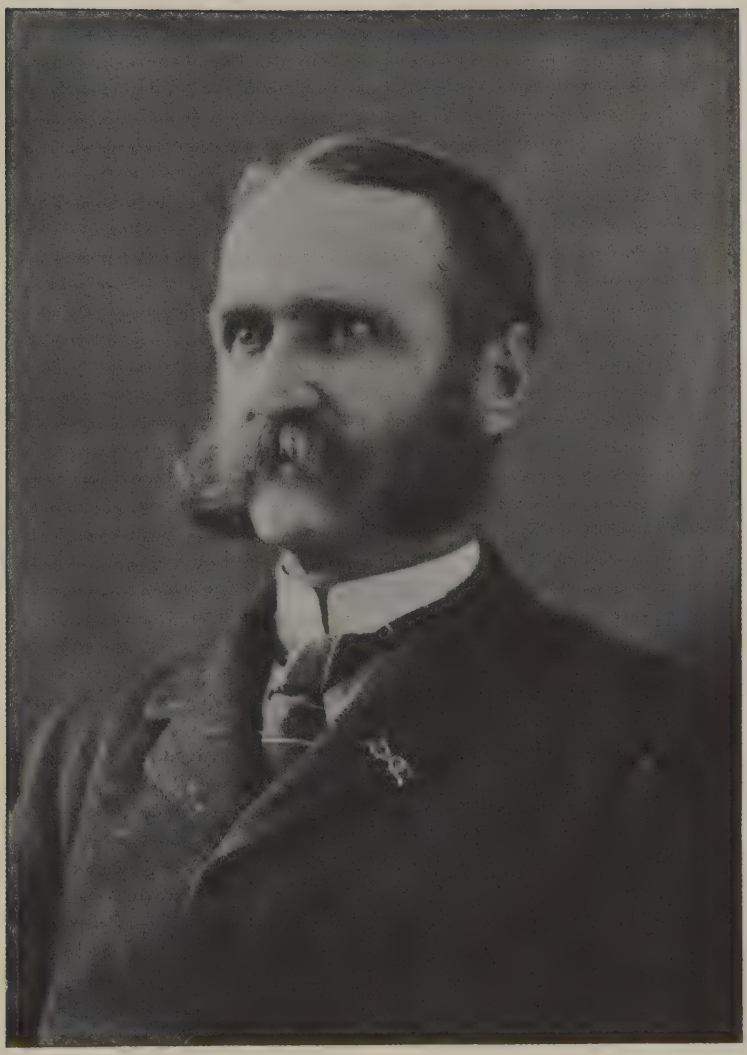
The loss of the enemy in this battle is put by Gen. A. P. Hill, in his Official Report, at seven hundred and twenty.

This is probably a low estimate. It seems we were opposed by Hill's Corps and Hampton's Cavalry. Gen. Hancock informed the writer that in a conversation had with Gen. Heth since the war, the latter told him that he had about *eighteen thousand men* with him, and was surprised to learn the smallness of our force. He further admitted that their losses were very severe in killed and wounded.

Most of the Tenth had lost everything save what they had on; but the consciousness of having stood so manfully at their posts to the last moment, and the knowledge that their determined stand was appreciated by Gen. Hancock and his subordinate field officers, was glory enough to atone for all losses save that of companions in arms. Had the men known the number pitted against them they would have felt even more jubilant.

But now our occupation was gone for a season. We were without guns and had but few horses, so we lay at ease in camp in rear of the army, having no fear of orderlies or their orders, and utterly indifferent to all rumors of impending movements.

Lest it may be thought by the casual reader that the historian has been too partial to his old com-



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mand, let one of the enemy tell the story as he saw it acted. May 10, 1890, the Hon. Charles M. Stedman of Wilmington, N. C., delivered a Memorial Day address on the life and character of Gen. William MacRae. It will be remembered that MacRae's brigade formed a part of the charging body, and incidentally the orator gives a sketch of the battle of Reams Station. Toward the conclusion he says:

"In truth the Federal infantry did not show the determination which had generally marked the conduct of Hancock's corps. Not so with the Federal artillery. It was fought to the last with unflinching courage. Some minutes before the second assault was made Gen. MacRae had ordered Lieut. W. E. Kyle with the sharpshooters to concentrate his fire upon the Federal batteries. Many men and horses rapidly fell under the deadly fire of these intrepid marksmen. Yet still the artillerists who were left stood by their guns. When MacRae's brigade crossed the embankment a battery which was on his right front as he advanced wheeled to a right angle with its original position and opened a fire of grape and canister at close quarters enfilading the Confederate line. General MacRae immediately ordered this battery to be taken. Although entirely abandoned by its infantry support it continued a rapid fire upon the attacking column until the guns were reached. Some of the gunners even then refused to surrender and were taken by sheer physical force." Those were the cannoneers of the Tenth Massachusetts Battery.

The following letters are of interest in this connection although anticipating by some time the dates on which they were issued.

War Department, Washington, December 2d, 1864.

Sir.—You are hereby informed that the President of the United States has appointed you, for gallant services at the bat-

tle of Reams Station, and during the present campaign before Richmond, Va., a Major of Volunteers by brevet, in the service of the United States, to rank as such from the Second day of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four. Should the Senate, at their next session advise and consent thereto, you will be commissioned accordingly.

Immediately on receipt hereof please to communicate to this Department through the Adjutant General of the Army, your acceptance or non-acceptance; and, with your letter of acceptance, return the oath herewith enclosed, properly filled up, subscribed and attested, and report your age, birthplace, and the State of which you were a permanent resident.

[Signed] E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

B'v't Major J. Henry Sleeper, U. S. Volunteers,
Thro: Comd'g Gen'l Army Potomac.

Headquarters Army of the Potomac, Dec. 6th, 1864.

Sir,—The accompanying appointment has been conferred upon you by the President upon the recommendation of your superior officers and at my request; and it affords me great pleasure to be the medium of transmitting to you this mark of the recognition by the government of the highly meritorious service you have rendered to the country since I have had the honor to command the Army of the Potomac. I am Very Respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,
[Signed] GEO. G. MEADE,
Major General Commanding.

To Capt. and Bv't Maj. J. Henry Sleeper,
Commanding 10th Mass. Battery.

Head Qrs. Artillery Brigade, 2nd Army Corps, Dec. 7th, 1864.

Major,—I herewith transmit to you an appointment as Brevet Major U. S. Vols., conferred upon you by the President upon recommendation of your superior officers.

I desire to express my gratification at your reception of so marked a recognition of your gallant and distinguished services. Very Respectfully,

Your Obed't Serv't,
[Signed] JNO. G. HAZARD,
Brevet Licut. Col. Comd'g.

Brevet Major J. Henry Sleeper,
10th Mass. Battery.

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Aug. 24. Received notice of transfer to general hospital Aug. 12 of privates J. W. Bailey, W. A. Trefry, M. M. Pierce, James Peach, F. A. Munroe.

Aug. 25. Capt. Sleeper, privates Devereux, Foster, Ewell, Goodwin, O. P. Brown, Starkweather and Ben. G. Hooper wounded; L. W. Adams, Geo. H. Stetson, Wm. Rawson, Geo. K. Putnam, Chas. A. Mason, and ——— Thompson wounded and missing; Serg't A. B. Parker, Corp. F. M. Howes, Corp. Geo. A. Smith, privates O. W. Glidden, James S. Bailey, Jr., Richard Martin, Thos. Cusick, Timothy G. Redfield, John Millett, John Perry Brown, James Kay, A. W. Green (?), Alvin Thompson, F. L. Macomber, Bugler John T. Mugford and Wm. E. Endicott missing.

CHAPTER XVI.

BATTERY XIV.

August 26 to October 24, 1864.

OUR PARROTTS — TO THE FRONT ONCE MORE — BATTERY XIV — ARTILLERY AS SHARPSHOOTERS — WARLIKE PYROTECHNICS — A SIX-GUN BATTERY AGAIN — MARCHING ORDERS.

As there must come an end to all things earthly, so we found our season of rest no exception to the rule, and the camp began to wear a business-like aspect. By the 11th of September we were once more supplied with the requisite number of horses and harnesses, rubber buckets, tarpaulins, and all the paraphernalia of a battery completely equipped. September 20th a detail went down to City Point and brought back four 3-inch Parrott guns. They were beauties and gained our regard at once, completely usurping the place the Rodmans had held there. We were now ready for active service again, and having been made happy by a visitation from the paymaster, who left us two months' pay and settled our annual tailor's bill with the government, we were relieved from further expectation and delay by receiving marching orders.

They came Saturday afternoon, September 24th, and in the evening we moved from camp up into the main trenches before Petersburg, relieving Battery D, Fourth Regulars, of the Tenth Corps. The same evening eight recruits arrived from Massachusetts.

The light of morning revealed a novel and inter-

esting sight. We were in Battery XIV,* a few rods to the right of Fort Morton. The works we had left three months before, so hastily and rudely constructed, had given place to a fortified line so elaborate and strong that it scarcely needed defenders.

The special portion we occupied was seven or eight feet high, and constructed of logs smoothly jointed, with several feet of earth piled against them outwardly. The embrasures were shaped with *gabions*; these were cylinders of basket-work the size of a barrel, woven of green withes, filled with sand and set up on either side of the openings to give them sharpness and regularity. Before each embrasure a matting of rope six inches thick was hung to keep out bullets, with an aperture left in it just large enough to pass the muzzle of the piece through when a charge was to be fired. Directly in front of the line was a deep ditch, and a rod or more outside of that ran the *fraise*, a defence consisting of large, pointed stakes set firmly in the ground about six inches or more apart, their points projecting outward at an angle of perhaps thirty degrees with the ground, and all fastened firmly together by telegraph wire. To troops advancing against them the points would come about breast high, and as one might not crawl through them below, and could scale them only with great difficulty, they were an efficient defence.

Outside the fraise, deep trenches and covered ways led to the picket line, itself a strong fortification, where the pickets kept watch of the Rebels. Beyond this again lay the "Middle Ground;" then the Rebel pickets; and on the ridge beyond, the en-

* For the information of the uninformed it may be stated that every fort in the Union line was named, and every part of the line constructed for the use of a battery was numbered, beginning at the right of the line near the James and numbering toward the left.

emy's main line. Still farther up towards the crest of Cemetery Ridge, for so it was called, another strong line had been erected since the Mine failure, to guard against the possible issue of another such attempt.

In full view at our left front, opposite Fort Morton, were the ruins of the "Elliott Salient," the undermined fort, much as they were left on that memorable July 30th. Since the catastrophe the Rebels had straightened their line, and the rifle-pit of their picket line now crossed the front of the ruins.*

Returning within our own lines, the view was most unique. To the rear the ground fell off rapidly to the bottom of a gully, and rising on the opposite side even more rapidly, stretched away in a level tract of land. But our immediate surroundings were such as to warrant one in the belief that an army of huge moles had been building a city. All passing to and from the rear was by deep trenches, in which the passers were shielded from bullets. Some of these led to the dwelling-places of the troops, which toward the enemy showed simply as hemispherical domes of earth. These structures and others similar in form, built to hold the ammunition, were the bomb-proofs. Passing farther to the rear beyond the region of bomb-proofs, every sutler's establishment, every stable, every tent of any kind or size, was protected on the side towards the enemy either by a pile of earth, or by barrels filled with sand; for, during the days of con-

* " . . . A horrid chasm one hundred and thirty-five feet in length, ninety-seven feet in breadth, and thirty feet deep; and its brave garrison all asleep, save the guards when thus surprised by sudden death, lie buried beneath the jagged blocks of blackened clay—in all two hundred and fifty-six officers and men of the Eighteenth and Twenty-second South Carolina—two officers and twenty men of Pegram's Petersburg battery." — *Army of Northern Virginia. Memorial Volume.*

tinuous picket-firing, all this territory lay open to the chance bullets of the enemy, and many a life was lost in this manner by persons unsuspicious of danger, as the graves scattered about the plain at brief intervals bore testimony. In fact, this rear ground was generally considered the most unsafe part of the whole line until the abatement of picket-firing, and even then after dark, when such firing was most active, few cared to come out of their shelter to pass to or from the front.

About a mile to the rear, and beyond this dangerous belt of territory, out of reach of bullets, and generally of shells, headquarters of the Battery was established. There were the drivers, spare men, horses, caissons, and company property generally. With the guns were Lieut. Granger in charge, and eight men of each gun detachment.* Some of these men took up their quarters in the bomb-proofs, while others stretched their tents and built bunks close under the breastwork to enjoy the open air. The guns were separated by very solid traverses, thus giving each detachment, as it were, a distinct apartment.

We made it our business by day to watch the red or yellow heaps of earth which marked the enemy's lines, and whenever any of their guns opened, or any number of men showed themselves at work on their fortifications, we sent them our customary Union compliments as an admonition that we were cognizant of all their acts, and should hold them accountable. But in artillery they were no match for us, either in the number of guns or their calibre, and whenever their pieces, in position directly opposite Battery XIV, opened on our line, they drew upon themselves not only our attentions, but those of the

* Captain Sleeper was away on leave of absence.

guns in Battery XIII, and Fort Haskell on our right, and of two 32-pounders in Fort Morton. These latter sent their ponderous projectiles with a rattling crash, beside which our 10-pounders seemed as muskets, — and with a precision that almost invariably closed up the business on the part of the enemy with little delay, although they were ever ready to open again when a good mark was presented.

We remember with what constancy Lieut. Granger remained by the first piece hour after hour, and day after day, availing himself of every opportunity to send a shell into some unwary group of Rebels. He always sighted the gun himself, and ere we left this place became most expert in gunnery. It came to be the standard remark among the cannoneers whenever this gun was heard, that the Lieutenant was at his old tricks of shooting off Rebel buttons. He always took careful note of the result of each shot, with his field-glasses, by stepping to the right of the piece and looking over the top of the works, which at this particular point were partially screened by a few scattering trees. But he had proved such a nuisance to the enemy by his close watch and his unexpected introduction of shells among them, that one day a Rebel sharpshooter, who had undoubtedly been awaiting his appearance, put a bullet through the top of his army regulation hat, — a circumstance which elated the Lieutenant immensely, so unmindful was he of his own personal safety.

On the picket line there was now comparatively little firing by day, but when darkness came on it began, and, safely ensconced behind the works, we were often lulled to sleep by the music of bullets flying harmlessly overhead.

A few days after our arrival in this position we heard heavy firing down at the left. It was a movement of parts of the Fifth and Ninth corps * and Gregg's cavalry westwardly from the Weldon Railroad, with a view of preventing reinforcements being transferred to the right against the Army of the James, which, under Butler, was advancing upon the fortifications of Richmond.† It resulted in a loss of more than twenty-five hundred men, and the extensions of our lines to Poplar Spring Church, in whose neighborhood the Battery was afterwards located. Butler, it will be remembered, captured and held Fort Harrison in this movement.

One evening, just before sundown, at a time when our line was very thin, an infantry officer came along to say that the Rebels were intending a tremendous assault on this part of the line, which, if they had by any means become aware of the paucity of its defenders, did not seem in the least improbable. When night had well closed in, the assertion seemed about to be verified. The pickets increased their fire; the main line, both infantry and artillery, joined in; and the familiar Rebel yell swelled louder and louder with the increasing din. There was uproar sufficient for a first-class battle; but soon the yelling, the musketry, and the artillery subsided, and then the mortar batteries, with which each fort was supplied, took up the contest, and the sky became brilliant with the fiery arches of these more dignified projectiles. The attack, if there was one, had failed, and as the mortar shells described their majestic curves through the heavens, every other sound was hushed, and the two armies

* The Ninth Corps was now commanded by Maj. Gen. John G. Parke.

† Report of Campaign of 1864. *Meade.*

seemed to stand in mute admiration of these instruments of destruction. Sometimes a single shell could be seen climbing the sky from a Rebel mortar, and ere it had reached its destination, as many as half a dozen from Union batteries were chasing each other through the air as if anxious to be first in resenting such temerity; for in this arm of the service, as in the artillery, our army was vastly the superior. It should be stated, however, that the enemy could not afford to be as prodigal of their ammunition as the Unionists, had the guns not been wanting, for the beginning of the end was at hand, and they were finding themselves somewhat crippled in this respect.

These evening fusillades rarely resulted in injuring any one on our side, and were a "feature" of our experience here. So harmless were they considered, and at the same time so brilliant to view, that officials frequently came on from Washington to witness them. No less a person than President Lincoln himself was present at one of them. They were expensive displays to the government, and served no practical purpose, so far as known, except to assure the enemy from time to time that our works were still occupied in force.

We have said these fusillades rarely did any damage. They nevertheless often succeeded in enlisting our warm personal interest, for the Tenth Battery was several times the mark of their particular attentions. At such times we would watch the shells closely as they mounted the sky. If they veered to the right or left from a vertical in their ascent, we cared nothing for them. If they rose perpendicularly, our interest increased. If they soon began to descend, we then knew they would fall short; but if they continued climbing until

much nearer the zenith, and we could hear the creaking whistle of the fuse as the shell slowly revolved through the air, business of a pressing nature suddenly called us into the bomb-proofs, and it was not transacted until an explosion was heard, or a jar told us the shell had expended itself in the earth.

Thus time rolled away for four weeks. The heat of the long weary summer was yielding to the clear and frosty nights of autumn. At Battery headquarters the airy tents gave way to substantial huts, and at the guns we were erecting new bomb-proofs, which would be more habitable than our present ones, the design being to combine safety with comfort and convenience. This we did, thinking the prospects were good for several weeks' further stay. Two additional Parrott guns were furnished us, thus restoring us to the dignity of a six-gun battery, and giving, as we reasoned, still further promise of our continued stay. But, alas! our nice calculations miscarried sadly, for on the morning of Monday, October 24, orders came for us to draw out quietly at dark, at which time the limbers were driven up to receive the ammunition chests once more, another battery* appeared to relieve us, and we took our final leave of Battery XIV.

LIEUT. G. FRED GOULD

September 22, Sergeant G. Fred. Gould was commissioned as First Lieutenant in the 29th Unattached Co. of Massachusetts

* Eighth Ohio.

Heavy Artillery, and William E. Endicott as Second Lieutenant in the 30th Unattached Co.; but the latter did not accept his commission. He was a prisoner of war at the time but later declared his preference for the post of a cannoneer to that of a line officer in either Heavy Artillery or Infantry.

MORNING REPORTS.

1864.

Aug. 26. Private A. B. Spooner died of Chronic Diarrhea at General Hospital, Brattleboro, Vt., Aug. 20, 1864.

Aug. 27. B. G. Hooper sent to brigade hospital. Received notice of 20 days' leave granted Capt. Sleeper, Gen. Orders 229 H'dq't's Army of Potomac Aug. 25, 1864.

Aug. 28. Privates Foster, Goodwin, Starkweather, Ewell, Devereux, and O. P. Brown sent to hospital.

Aug. 29. Four horses shot by order Capt. Miller — Glanders, farcy and wounds.

Aug. 30. E. J. Wilson and R. G. Gilley temporarily detached at Artillery Brigade Headquarters.

Sept. 1. Died Aug. 27, Geo. N. Devereux of wounds received Aug. 25.

Sept. 2. Lieut. J. Webb Adams on detached service at Twelfth New York Battery. Corp'l S. Paine returned to duty from hospital. Four recruits received from camp of distribution.

Sept. 3. One horse died — Glanders. Seven (7) horses turned over to Capt. Strang.

Sept. 4. Private J. M. Ramsdell sent to brigade hospital.

Sept. 6. Received notice of Thresher and Phillips' transfer to general hospital Aug. 26, 1864. J. W. Bailey returned to duty from general hospital. R. Bemis made farrier.

Sept. 7. Daniel D. Adams sent to brigade hospital.

Sept. 9. Fifty-four (54) horses received from Capt. Fisher.

Sept. 10. J. B. Sulham injured by falling tree and sent to hospital. D. D. Adams returned from brigade hospital. Notice received of E. A. Friend's furlough, Aug. 19, and Hugh Killoran's Aug. 21, each 20 days.

Sept. 12. R. G. Gilley returned to duty from Art'y Brigade H'dquarters. B. G. Hooper returned from brigade hospital.

Sept. 14. J. B. Sulham returned from brigade hospital. E. J. Wilson carried along as on detached service.

Sept. 15. One horse died — Glanders. Serg't C. Gould sent to Brigade Hospital. Joseph Sheridan returned from hospital.

Sept. 16. One horse died — Glanders. Hiram Warburton sent to brigade hospital.

Sept. 17. Capt. Sleeper's leave extended 30 days. Notice received of J. M. Ramsdell's transfer to general hospital Sept. 4, 1864.

Sept. 18. H. Warburton returned from brigade hospital. John F. Sullivan, private Co. I, 4th N. Y. H. Art'y, 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 2nd A. C. detached to this Battery as bugler per Special Order No. 237 Headquarters 2nd Corps. Private Geo. K. Putnam, a paroled prisoner at Annapolis, Md., wounded and in hospital.

Sept. 19. One horse died — Glanders.

Sept. 21. Corp'l T. Beck, eight men and two

caissons returned from Ammunition Train. Hiram Warburton sent to brigade hospital.

Sept. 22. First Sergeant Chas. E. Pierce and Serg't Geo. F. Gould discharged for promotion by S. O. No. 304, War Dep't A. G. O.

Sept. 23. Notice received of John Millett, paroled prisoner sick in general hospital Div. 2, Annapolis, Md., Sept. 14.

Sept. 24. Notice received that of the 15 men transferred to Battery K, 4th U. S. Art'y, 11 are present for duty, 4 absent, sick (John H. Carr, Aug. 12, W. E. Hooper, Aug. 13, J. W. Hayden April 13, W. M. Bastable May 12, 1864).

Sept. 25. James D. Smith sent to brigade hospital. Eight recruits received; H. N. Bemis, D. A. O'Connor, E. C. Jewell, Cornelius McAuliffe, C. W. Amsden, Daniel Whalen, Alfred C. Billings and D. C. Blackmer.

Sept. 27. Private Henry Murphy detailed to provost marshal's headquarters, 2nd Corps, agreeably to Special Order.

Sept. 29. One horse died — Glanders.

Sept. 30. Serg't Chandler Gould sent to general hospital Sept. 26.

Oct. 1. Private Harmon Newton died at Lincoln General Hospital, Washington, D. C., of Phthisis Sept. 18, 1864.

Oct. 2. Ten (10) enlisted men returned from Battery K 4th U. S. Art'y, viz:—T. A. Carter, P. T. Hill, John Handlin, A. W. Smith, J. T. Sanderson, M. Haley, M. Campbell, M. B. O'Neil, J. D. Schwartz, R. C. Wright. James (?) Moran, Surgeon's Orderly, Art'y Brigade, Privates J. D. Smith and H. Warburton sent to general hospital Sept. 28, by S. O. 249 H'dq'r's 2nd Corps. Private W. M. Bastable deserted instead of absent sick, May 19, 1864.

Oct. 3. One horse died — Glanders.

Oct. 4. One horse died. — Glanders. One recruit received. — Elisha T. Quimby.

Oct. 5. Two horses died — Glanders and Stoppage. Private H. Murphy returned to duty.

Oct. 7. One horse shot, by order of Lieut. Beck C & I 5th U. S. Art'y A. I. Officer — Glanders. Privates Knowland and Quinn sent to brigade hospital.

Oct. 8. Twenty (20) horses received from Capt. Fisher. Private B. G. Pedrick returned to duty from general hospital.

Oct. 10. One horse received from Capt. Fisher. Private H. N. Bemis sent to brigade hospital and Private Henry Murphy detailed to Provost Marshal, Second Corps.

Oct. 11. One horse died — Stoppage.

Oct. 12. Four horses turned over to Capt. Strang.

Oct. 13. Fourteen (14) recruits received; James Lee, John D. White, Francis Rooney, L. E. Quint, Chas. Conners, J. P. Allen, Patrick Foley, Geo. T. Cranston, Patrick Carr, Jere. O'Connell, A. P. Follett, Michael Birmingham, Michael Farrell, G. W. Blair.

Oct. 14. Two recruits received; Peter Terbriggen, Wm. Osborn. Private A. L. Gowell returned to duty from general hospital.

Oct. 15. Private H. N. Bemis returned from brigade hospital; Private E. C. Jewell sent to brigade hospital.

Oct. 17. Notice received of Serg't Chandler Gould's death by Chronic Diarrhea at U. S. Hospital, Beverly, N. J. (?) Oct. 5th.

Oct. 19. J. H. Knowland sent from brigade to general hospital. Corp. Geo. A. Pease sent to brigade hospital; Private E. C. Jewell returned to duty.

Private E. J. Wilson on detached service at Art'y Brigade Headquarters in confinement. One horse died, worn out.

Oct. 22. Lieut's J. W. Adams and W. G. Rollins transferred on Morning Report from "present on special duty" to "absent on detached service."

Oct. 23. Private C. A. Mason severely wounded and missing since Aug. 25, 1864 dropped from the rolls, killed in action.

[Died on the field and was buried in a family lot near Reams.]

CHAPTER XVII.

HATCHER'S RUN.

October 25 to November 1, 1864.

BY THE LEFT FLANK — THE FIGHT ON BOYDTON PLANK ROAD — THE TENTH SENT IN — AT IT HOT AND HEAVY — WE ARE FLANKED — ON TO LIBBY — "GIVE 'EM CANISTER" — FALL OF LIEUT. SMITH AND PRIVATE ATKINSON — RUNNING THE GANTLET — FALL OF LIEUT. GRANGER — WITHDRAWAL OF THE CORPS — SYNOPSIS OF GENERAL HANCOCK'S REPORT.

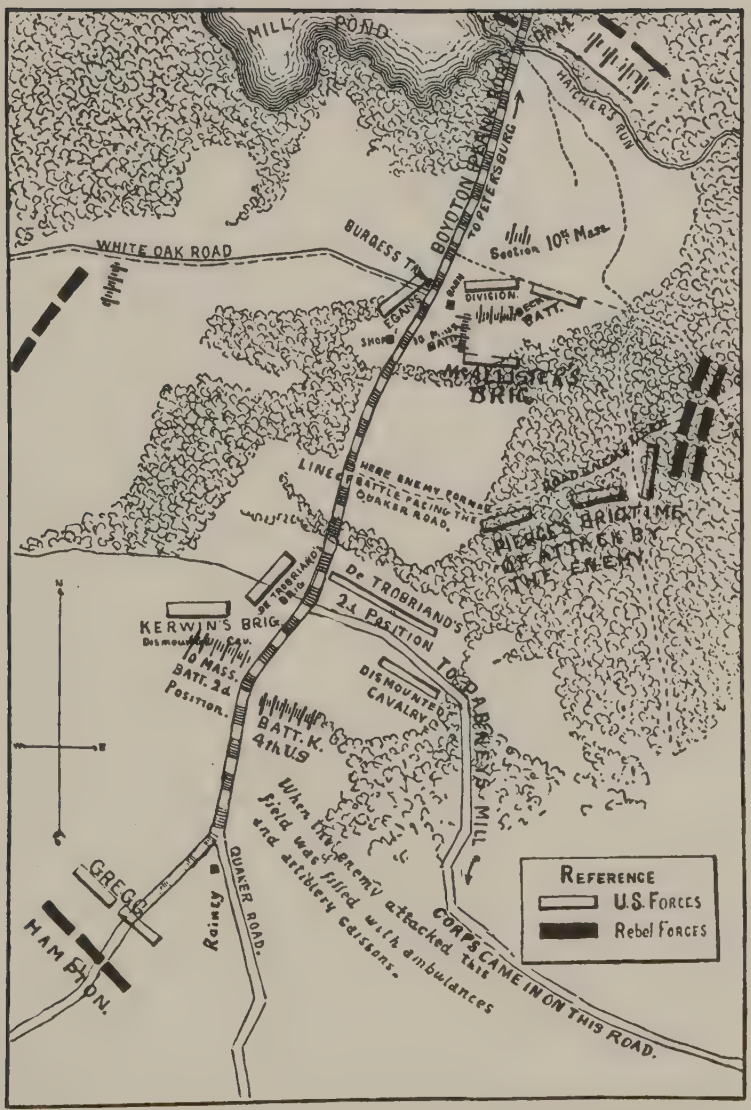
Having marched some distance to the rear, we came to a halt in a large field near Fort Bross. This was a fort at the extreme left of our rear line of defences, near the Norfolk Railroad. Here we were joined by more artillery and two divisions of infantry. No further movement was made Tuesday, and we lay whiling away the time, hearing and circulating "yarns" as to the destination of the prospective move. The battery wagon and forge were sent to City Point, which gave color to the story that all non-combatants and superfluous *materiel* were to be sent thither, that a small picket was to hold the main line, while the rest of the army, cutting loose under Hancock, was to march upon, seize and hold the Southside Railroad. In apparent accord with this theory the Battery, in common with the other troops mentioned, started toward the left and camped near "Yellow Tavern,"* on the Weldon

* Called "Globe Tavern," on Gen. Michler's U. S. map of "Petersburg and Five Forks."

Railroad. Before broad daylight, Thursday morning, October 27th, the march was resumed, and with flankers well out the column proceeded slowly and cautiously in a southwesterly direction. Early in the forenoon sounds of skirmishing reached the ear, a sure index that our advance was likely to be warmly opposed. The enemy's outposts were met and driven in and their picket line captured with a small earthwork. The advance was then continued still more cautiously, and anon cannonading was heard. At noon we were brought to a stand-still, and parked at close intervals on the left of the Dabney's Mill road (over which we had been marching) where it meets the Boydton Plank Road. Battery K parked in our company. From this position we were enabled to watch the fight going on between one of our batteries (Beck's "C & I," 5th Regulars) and some Rebel guns; but when the shells from the latter came whistling along not far overhead, or, plunging into the ground uncomfortably near, indicated that the troops massed and massing here were visible to them, we lay a little lower.

'Twas but a moment, however, for we are wanted at the front, and leaving caissons behind, out upon the Plank Road dash the pieces at a lively trot. We have a half-mile run before us ere getting into position, and no sooner are we fairly on the road than we become the object of warm attention from the enemy's guns, whose shells crash through the trees and fence by the roadside as we go. But on we press, galloping up the rise in the road just south of where it meets the White Oak Road, and wheel to the right into a field, unlimbering near a barn.* We are opposite the entrance of the White

* The topography of the map of this battle was taken from Michler's U. S. map, and the location of troops mainly from a map



MAP OF BOYDTON PLANK ROAD, OR HATCHER'S RUN BATTLEFIELD, OCTOBER 27, 1864

Oak Road, along which the right of Lee's line afterwards ran when Sheridan fought so famously for Five Forks. On the corner of it and the Plank Road stands (or stood) an unpretentious wood-colored hostelry, known as Burgess' Tavern or house. But these particulars in the landscape were noted afterwards. Now, other business is in hand. We at once join battle with the enemy's batteries posted across the Run near Burgess' Mill.* These we have about succeeded in silencing when the enemy open a flank fire upon us with some guns posted about eight hundred yards up the White Oak Road. We immediately direct the most of our efforts in that direction, and it is not long before we have them silenced. We had succeeded Beck's Battery in this position. They had exhausted their supply of ammunition, and had gone to the rear for more, and we continued the contest after their departure, unaided.

But now a more important factor in the fray moved to the front. It was Gibbon's Division, commanded by General Egan. Its left covered the White Oak Road, and from thence the line crossed the Plank Road extending around towards our right. It was making preparations to carry the bridge over Hatcher's Run, which crossed the Plank Road not more than five hundred yards in our front, and take the rifle-pit and guns beyond. Lieut. Smith was detached with the centre section to the north of the barn, for the purpose of covering the bridge more effectively while the advance was making. In this position his guns expended all their

sketched by Col. Morgan, then Hancock's chief-of-staff, now deceased.

* Hancock, a synopsis of whose official report is included in this chapter, says the enemy had nine guns confronting us at this point, and five up the White Oak Road.

ammunition except the canister, and Sergt. Currant was dispatched to Lieut. Granger to see about getting up more. This, events immediately subsequent prevented.

We of the other sections had now ceased firing, and were watching the charging party with eager interest. They press on quite steadily without serious opposition, and have almost reached the bridge,* when a sharp musketry fire breaks out in the woods to our left rear, and the line is immediately faced about. *We are flanked and cut off*! is our first thought. What else can it mean? The stoutest heart trembles at the possibilities of the immediate future. We can stand a hot fire from the front when allowed to give in return, and feel as comfortable as the situation warrants; but to be so sharply and unexpectedly assailed in the rear, is weakening to the strongest nerves. The roar of musketry increases, and the whiz of bullets coming up from the fray † makes us anxious for the order to fire to the rear; and soon it comes from Sergeant Townsend, in the absence of Lieut. Granger. At once we send Hotchkiss percussion shells crashing into the woods at point-blank range, for the enemy are less than three hundred yards distant. But just as we have become engaged in dead earnest, the guns across the Run, relieved from the pressure of the charging party, treat us to a fire from the flank, whereat, taking advantage of a temporary lull in our new front, we turn and give them a good pounding. The roar soon breaks out again behind, and feeling that the most is at stake in that direc-

* Hancock says a part had reached it. We could not see that part of the line.

† Perhaps from our own infantry, for, in confronting the Rebels as they issued from the woods, De Trobriand's brigade was facing nearly towards us.

tion, we direct our fire thitherward anew. At this time, a body of infantry,* having advanced by our left down to the woods in our front shortly before, came falling back through the guns. We remonstrate with them, but all to no purpose. A colonel says he cannot rally his regiment. One of our men, David R. Stowell, cries out to some of the Eleventh Massachusetts infantry that he recognized, "Shame on you, boys! Will you leave the old Tenth Battery to fight it out alone?" Then going to the color-bearer he demands the flag, declaring he will lead them on himself, while Lieut. Granger draws his sword and endeavors to stay the retreating wave. When they see that we remain steadfastly at our posts, making no sign of retreat, some of the more courageous step out and call on their comrades to halt and save these guns. For a moment the line falters, but a moment only, for the Rebel artillery across the Run increasing its fire at this time, dispels the little resolution they had mustered; again the line sways backward and we are alone.

"What shall we do, Lieutenant?"† asks some one. "Give them shell!" he replies. "We can whip them alone." And we *do* give them shell, for now their line appears to view, stretching through the woods, and the leaden messengers multiply. As we spring to the work with the utmost vigor, Sergeant Townsend coolly watches the Rebel guns in the opposite direction. At their every flash he shouts "down!" and down it is until the shell howls past, when we are up and in business again. But their shooting is poor, for their shells all go over us.

* A brigade of Mott's Division.

† Granger. The only other officer with the Battery being Lieut. Smith, Capt. Sleeper not yet having reported for duty, Lieut. Adams having been detached in command of the Twelfth N. Y. Battery, and Lieut. Rollins being with the train.

"We have fired the last shell, Lieutenant," is heard from the Fourth Detachment.

"Then give them canister!" is the immediate response, as immediately obeyed. While in the discharge of this command, Daniel W. Atkinson, No. Two man on the Fourth Detachment gun, is shot through the lower part of the abdomen, and falls to the ground with an agonizing groan. In a few moments he is dead. Thus perished a brave soldier, a professed Christian and true man who had occupied the post of No. Two since the organization of the Battery, and who had thus sealed with his blood the cause he had upheld from the beginning with peculiar earnestness. We pause here to note further, that during the previous winter he had said he did not expect to survive the war, and in the forenoon of this particular day he had given directions to some of his more intimate comrades in regard to the disposal of his effects in case he should fall. As the troops halted from time to time, he was several times seen, apart from the column, reading the Scriptures, or on his knees in prayer. What is that *something* which has on so many occasions, and notably during the war, so accurately foreshadowed to the individual impending personal events, except it be a revelation from Deity? The cases of this description on record are as numerous as they are remarkable.

But no one leaves his post to minister to the dying.

> "When a *nation's* life's at hazard,
> We've no time to think of men."

Our extremity goads us on, each thinking his turn may be next, and determined to give the enemy the benefit of what ammunition there is left before he

yields. Lieut. Smith now rides up and reports the centre section brought off according to orders received from Gen. Egan in person.* Being without ammunition, the guns stand by the barn unserviceable. Scarcely has the Lieutenant reported ere he tumbles from his horse, shot through the bowels — a mortal wound.

The situation is now a critical one. We are contending alone and momentarily expecting the Rebel line to emerge from the woods, when we find the last round of ammunition is expended. We have done our worst, and there is nothing left us but to limber up and accept the inevitable.

> "So sponge-staff, rammer, and handspike,
> As man-of-wars men should,
> We placed within their proper racks,
> And at our quarters stood."

We draw off, taking our wounded lieutenant with us, and halt near the barn, expecting to be "scooped in" by the enemy very shortly. "Let us keep together, boys, so as to go to Richmond together," remarks a cannoneer, thus indicating the fate which all are momentarily anticipating. Near by, lying low behind a hastily improvised line of rails, boards, etc., is a line of infantry, Egan's Division,† which has retired to this position from their advance, and a part of the Third Division.

Affairs as we see them now seem utterly hope-

* It will be correctly inferred that all of the foregoing description back to the point where first mention is made of the rear attack, pertains to the right and left sections only, with which the author was at the time.

† Notwithstanding the complimentary manner in which Gen. Hancock alludes to these troops in his report, those who had a better opportunity than the General to observe their conduct, think the compliment undeserved, and regard their behavior as a whole as little better than at Reams Station.

less. We have heard nothing from the rear in all this time, have no tidings as to what the result of the flank attack was; but learning that the enemy hold the Plank Road between us and headquarters at the caissons, we naturally suppose ourselves and neighbors hopelessly cut off. But soon a staff officer appears galloping down the road, at which Lieut. Granger declares that he will take the risk and responsibility of withdrawing — the risk of encountering the enemy, and the responsibility of leaving without orders, as there is no one present from whom to receive them. So the drivers and cannoneers are mounted, and the horses are started to the rear on the gallop.* We draw a lively fire from the Rebel skirmish line as we pass, which, it seems, still commands the road. But we escape uninjured, although the dead and wounded of the afternoon's fray are strewn along the course, and we have the satisfaction of finding our men and caissons safe and where we left them. We then learn *why* the enemy did not swing around and gobble us up, as we had expected them to do. It seems

* Four men, Sergt. Townsend, Corp. Clark, George H. Putnam, and the writer, remained behind to take Lieut. Smith from the field. He was lying in a corner of the barn already referred to, and on hearing our intentions, tells us to look out for ourselves and not mind him, as he cannot live long. But we resolve to take him with us or remain with him, and proceed to place him on a blanket. As we attempt to carry him it causes him such intense suffering that we desist and cast about for a stretcher. We find one standing by the roadside, occupied by a wounded "Johnny." He had undoubtedly been left here by some of the ambulance corps, who, while taking him from the field, had precipitately abandoned him at the first rattle of musketry in the rear. We remove him with as much care as is consistent with time and the circumstances, and placing the Lieutenant on the stretcher, start down the road. We had not gone but a few rods, however, before we were fired upon, and compelled to leave the road near a blacksmith's shop, then standing a short distance south of the White Oak Road, and seek a safer retreat through the woods. After numerous vicissitudes in the darkness and rain that soon set in, our charge was finally brought to the Battery and put into an ambulance.

that the left of the Rebel column under Gen. Heth of Hill's Corps, our old antagonist, under orders from Lee to cross Hatcher's Run and attack Hancock's right, in pursuance of this order suddenly issued from the woods about 4 o'clock P.M., and fell upon a part of Mott's Division. Their point of issuance was near the junction of the Boydton Plank with the Dabney's Mill Road, near where our caissons and Battery K were parked. The caissons were immediately hurried out of the way, and brave Battery K unlimbering its guns at close intervals, opened fire to the rear, double-shotted with canister, doing good execution upon the enemy, while, simultaneously, our shells raked across them, adding to the warmth of their situation. These circumstances, with others given in detail further on, caused the larger part of the Rebels to again seek cover in the woods. Several hundred of their number, however, did not do so, but remained fighting, apparently unconscious that they were left alone, until by the advance of the First Minnesota under Maj. Mitchell of the staff, they were cut off and surrendered.*

Our supply and ambulance trains stood parked in the field with our caissons, and all under fire. There was no safe rear in this fight, for the enemy nearly surrounded us, and Hampton's cavalry was still behind us across the Plank Road, stoutly opposed by the valiant Gregg with inferior numbers.

* Crawford's Division of the Fifth Corps had been expected to move up the Run and join our right, but owing to the densely wooded region through which it was making its way, connection had not been made, and Heth, though unaware of it at the time, had penetrated the interval between Hancock and Crawford. Heth told Hancock since the war that he was greatly alarmed after he had crossed the Run to attack, lest Crawford should advance upon his left flank, and said that had he done so his (Heth's) command must have been driven into the stream, and dispersed or captured. — See Swinton's *Army of the Potomac.*

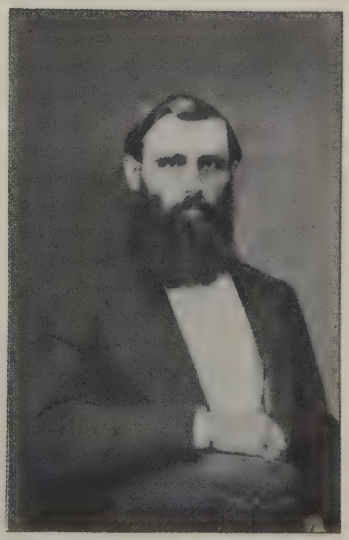
Having exchanged our empty limbers for full ones from the caissons, we are again ordered into position, this time in the field across the Plank Road, where we go into battery prepared to fire to the rear, that apparently being considered the direction in which our greatest danger lay, as the enemy were pressing Gregg very heavily. Soon after this a cheer was heard from the front. It was Egan's Division charging to the rear, retaking full possession of the road and contiguous territory.

It was now about sunset, but the sun was obscured from view by threatening clouds, and other trials were in store for us. A Rebel battery (probably the one we had silenced from our position at Burgess' Tavern), located up the White Oak Road, not more than twelve hundred yards distant, and apparently supposing our troops to be massed near or marching down the Dabney's Mill Road, opened a random fire in that direction. We say a random fire, for had not we been screened from view by intervening woods, a foggy mist that had set in would have covered us. But if we had been in full view, and not half as far away, they could not have done better shooting, for *every shot raked the Battery from right to left*, undoubtedly due to our being at about the limit of their range. It would not have been wise to answer them, they being at the circumference of the circle, as it were, thus letting them know that we were still at its centre, and perhaps drawing a hotter fire in our direction. But whether or not this was the reason governing the commander, no orders were received by us to reply, and so we lay by the guns hugging the ground until torrents of rain and pitchy darkness caused the "wicked (foe) to cease from troubling."

We had not undergone this ordeal unscathed.

Hiram Pike was thrown to the ground by the concussion of a shell. Another struck and disabled both wheels of the fifth piece, a fragment of it wounding private Alfred C. Billings in the lip, and two pieces entering the head of Michael Farrell.

A "close call" was made for John P. Apthorp, whose canteen strap was cut by a shell as he lay by the fourth piece; but sadder than all, and as a climax to the horrors that had accumulated around us, a fragment of an exploding shrapnel entered the breast of Lieut. Granger, inflicting a mortal wound. By his fall we were left without a commissioned officer, and our prospects looked dismal enough. As soon as our condition was reported at headquarters, Lieut Smith of Battery K was detached to take charge of us, and Lieut. Dean of the Sixth Maine was detailed to assist him.



JOHN P. APTHORP

When darkness had fairly settled down, all firing had died away, and from the surrounding territory there came up wails from the wounded and dying, not all of whom had been brought off the field. It was with great difficulty that places could be found in an ambulance for our wounded officers, so crowded were these conveyances. The Union loss in this battle was fourteen hundred and fifteen. Of these, six hundred and twenty-five were missing.*

* Hancock: *Report of Operations on the Boydton Plank Road.*

The enemy's loss exceeded this, by their own admission.

Affairs becoming quiet, we spread our tarpaulins, and lying down, doubled them over us for shelter and warmth, while we attempted to catch a little sleep in anticipation of the next move. It was nearly 11 o'clock at night when we were aroused, and ordered to "limber up" preparatory to moving out. As we had expected to remain on the field and renew the contest next morning, this was an unlooked for order, but retracing our way through

WHERE THE BATTERY STOOD OCT. 27, 1864

mire and water, we emerged at Yellow Tavern just as the sun was breaking through the clouds. There we lay till noon, going thence to the camp in the rear line occupied by us on the return from Reams

Station; thence, on the evening of the 29th, to Fort Stevenson, inside which we pitched our tents.

Thus ended the Battle of Hatcher's Run, or Boydton Plank Road as it is sometimes called, which closed active operations on this part of the line for 1864. Our total loss was two officers mortally wounded, one private killed and two wounded, and seven horses shot.* Lieut. Granger died in the hospital at City Point, October 30th, and Lieut. Smith at the same place, October 28th.

In the death of Lieut. Granger we felt that we had lost our warmest friend. When he was struck down (it was after dusk), he asked to have all the men gather at his side that he might take them by the hand and bid them good-bye. He expected, then, to expire in a short time. He thanked us all for standing by him so well, told us to look out for the Battery after he was gone, and get Lieut. Smith off the field if possible. A brave soldier! None could be braver! A true, warm-hearted friend! His goodness of heart and equity of government won the manliest affection of all, and as we looked upon that prostrate form for the last time, the stoutest hearts gave way in tears. He fell far short of the ideal military hero, never seeming at home on parade, but in the earnestness of battle his coolness was unsurpassed. The following notice of his death appeared in some paper (I think the "Barre Gazette") shortly afterwards, written by a hand unknown to me, but the tribute seems so well merited, I insert it here entire.

"OBITUARY.

"Died at City Point, Va., Sunday, Oct. 30th, of wounds received in the battle of Hatcher's Creek, Henry H. Granger, Senior First Lieutenant Tenth Massachusetts Battery, aged 47 years.

* Cornelius McAuliffe was thrown from a caisson on the return march, resulting in the breaking of one of his legs.

"In the death of this gallant soldier not only the Battery which he so faithfully served, but the whole division sustains severe loss. Inheriting the loyal spirit of his grandfather, Capt. John Granger, (who in former time of our country's peril gathered a company of sixty minute-men in New Braintree and towns adjoining, and marched to Cambridge at the call of Gen. Washington,) he but renewed the old record with others of the same lineage. Upon the day of his last battle, a great-grandson of the old patriot, Capt. D. A. Granger, at the time commanding the Eleventh Massachusetts Infantry, fell mortally wounded while passing the colors from the color-bearer who had fallen to another. Lieut. Granger rode over to his fallen kinsman and promised to send a stretcher for his removal, but was directly ordered into action, and soon after received his own death-wound. Capt. Granger's men endeavored to carry him from the field, but his agony was intense, and he told them to leave him to his fate.

"During the battle of Hatcher's Creek, the Tenth Battery was exposed at one time unsupported to fearful odds, and won special praise for its signal daring and efficiency. It was then commanded by Lieut. Granger. As an officer he won the confidence of the men to a remarkable degree, and always manifested a lively interest in whatever concerned the welfare or comfort of the company. The most obscure private felt that in him he would always find a ready listener, and one as willing to do justice to him as to any of a higher station.

"But not for goodness of heart alone was he distinguished. In the din and confusion of battle no officer could be braver. Seemingly destitute of all regard for personal safety, he was always to be seen in the thickest of the fight, and as the danger became more imminent, his coolness and good judgment shone out the clearer. In his last battle when he yielded up his life for his country, these qualities came out most grandly to view. When the impetuous attack of the Rebels behind obliged the cannoneers to turn their guns and fire to the rear, and when our infantry were breaking, he rode up in a shower of bullets and gave the characteristic order: 'Fire whatever you've got into the woods! We can whip them alone!' Then as the retreating lines came wavering past the guns, and the colonel commanding declared he could not rally his men, he (Granger) drew his sword, and riding forward called upon them to 'rally and save the guns.' When the ammunition was all gone he remained mounted till every gun was limbered and brought off in safety. Then he led the Battery in a desperate run for life between the two skirmish lines, exposed to the fire of sharpshooters the whole distance, and

Geo. H. Day

put the guns into position in the fields below. Here a stray shot struck him and he fell mortally wounded. It was the hardest blow to us yet, and made the darkness of the night then closing in more full of gloom. His memory we shall always cherish as that of a friend and a brave soldier. The tribute paid to his bravery by the chief of artillery in special order of thanks we feel was richly deserved,* and our grief at his untimely end is tempered by the reflection that he met his fate where the true soldier ever wishes to die, leading his men against the foe.

"When lying in hospital, a valued friend in the service at City Point was sent for and remained by him while he could. After bidding this friend 'good-bye' he called him back. 'Tell uncle,' said he, 'I am not afraid to die. I was ready to obey my last order.' His body was embalmed and brought home to his native town of Hardwick, Mass., to rest amid the scenes of his boyhood. Long will his memory be green in the hearts of his friends and townsmen. His surviving son, Louis E. Granger, is in his country's service on the staff of Brig. Gen. Ullman at Morganzia, Louisiana. M. C. A."

In the death of Lieut. Smith the Battery lost a most efficient officer. He was a man of dauntless energy and decision of character, and whatever he undertook was sure of accomplishment. Although a rigid disciplinarian, there may truly be said of him what Gen. Garfield said of Gen. Thomas, that he rendered that same exact obedience to superiors which he required of those under his command, and those who knew him most intimately assert that under that mantle of sternness beat one of the warmest of hearts. He, too, was a thoroughly brave man in action, and never cooler than in his last battle.

The following synopsis of Gen. Hancock's report of this movement will throw light over much of the foregoing:

Gibbon's Division, commanded by Egan, and

* This special order was issued by Lieut. Col. Hazard, the chief of the Second Corps artillery, a day or two after the action, and paid high tribute to the officers and men for their gallant stand. On account of the death of Gen. Hazard I am unable to embody a copy of the order in this volume.

Mott's Division were withdrawn from the intrenchments on the morning of the 25th, and massed in the rear. Miles' Division stretched out and occupied their places. At 2 P.M. they moved along the rear to near Fort Du Chesne on the Weldon Road and bivouacked. It was expected they would bivouac on the Vaughan Road.

"The order of movement prescribed that the troops should move down the Vaughan Road, cross Hatcher's Run, thence by Dabney's Mill to the Boydton Plank Road, thence to the White Oak Road, again crossing Hatcher's Run, and finally that I should strike the Southside Railroad. Gregg's Division of cavalry was placed under my command, and was to move on my left flank by way of Rowanty Creek and the Quaker Road. . . . . The march was somewhat delayed by obstructions in the road, and the head of Egan's column reached Hatcher's Run very soon after daylight, and Egan at once made his arrangements to force the crossing. . . . . The enemy was posted in a rifle-pit on the opposite bank. Smythe's brigade carried the works with a loss of about fifty men.* Egan now moved on towards the Boydton Plank Road. . . .

"As soon as we emerged into the clearing at the Plank Road the enemy opened fire on us from near Burgess' Tavern, and from our left, having apparently a section of artillery at each place. Beck's Battery of the Fifth Artillery soon silenced the fire of the section at the tavern. . . . Preparations were at once made for continuing the march by the White Oak Road. Gen. Egan's Division moved down the Boydton Road for the purpose of driving the enemy across the Run. Mott's Division was put in motion for the White Oak Road, and a brigade of cavalry sent down to relieve Egan in order that he might follow Mott."

At this juncture, 1 P.M., Meade ordered a halt. Egan pressed the enemy across the Run. Meade soon arrived on the field. Egan was now ordered to deploy to the right, to connect with the Fifth Corps, which was moving this way.

"Meanwhile the enemy was not idle. He placed nine guns in front of Egan on the north bank of the Run, and five more about

* This took place where the Vaughan Road is crossed by the Run.

eight hundred yards from Egan's left on the White Oak Road, from which he opened a very annoying artillery fire. Beck, with four guns, replied gallantly. . . . More important events directed my attention from this point, though Granger's Battery, Tenth Massachusetts, was sent forward to relieve Beck, that the latter might replenish his ammunition. . . . . Knowing the views of my superiors, I had determined to assault the bridge and gain possession of the high ground beyond. Gen Egan, whose division occupied the crest of the ridge near Burgess' Tavern, had been entrusted with the necessary preparations. . . . . McAllister's Brigade of Mott's Division was still in line of battle facing the approaches from the upper bridge.* The remaining brigade of Mott's Division,† General Pierce's, had been moved up to support a section of Beck's Battery under Lieut. Metcalf, which was in position on a secondary ridge, about midway between Mott and Egan. . . . . Constant firing had been heard on my right, which was attributed to Crawford's (Fifth Corps) advance. Becoming uneasy, I ordered two regiments of Pierce's Brigade to advance well into the wood and ascertain what was there.

"Lieut. Stacy of my staff was sent to Gen. Crawford to inform him that I was about to assault the bridge, for which preparations were complete. A section of Granger's Battery had been advanced to cover the bridge; the artillery had already opened, and a small party of the One Hundred and Sixty-fourth New York, the advance of the storming party, had pushed across the bridge, capturing a 10-pound Parrott gun. Just at this time, about 4 o'clock P.M., a volley of musketry immediately on my right, which was followed by a continuous fire, left no doubt that the enemy was advancing. The small force of Pierce's Brigade in the woods was overrun by weight of numbers, and the enemy broke out of the woods just where Metcalf's section was placed. Metcalf changed front and fired a few rounds, and the part of Pierce's Brigade in support endeavored to change front, but was unable to do so successfully, and most of the brigade was driven back in confusion, rallying at the Plank Road,—the section falling into the hands of the enemy.

"At the first sound of the attack, I sent Maj. Mitchell . . . to

* Probably the bridge here referred to is the one crossed by the Claiborne Road, which leaves the White Oak Road about two miles west of Burgess' Tavern, and was in our prospective line of march.

† It must not be understood from this that there were but two brigades in this division. De Trobriand's brigade is located by Hancock in the report, but is omitted in the extract as having at this time no special bearing on the concerns of the Battery.

Gen. Egan, with orders for him to desist from his assault on the bridge."

Egan had already done so.

"I do not think the enemy comprehended the situation exactly. He pushed rapidly across the ridge, resting his right across the Boydton Plank Road, and, facing south, commenced firing. De Trobriand's Brigade was quickly formed just in front of the Dabney Mill Road, with Kerwin's brigade of dismounted cavalry on its left. Roder's (K) and Beck's batteries were opened on the enemy. Maj. Mitchell, in returning from Gen. Egan, found the enemy in possession of the road, and taking the first Minnesota of Rugg's Brigade, Second Division, opened fire on him. This was, perhaps, the earliest intimation he had of the presence of any considerable force in his rear, and he immediately directed a part of his fire in that direction.

"Gen. Egan swept down on the flank of the enemy, ... while the line formed along the Dabney Mill Road advanced at the same time. . . . . Some of the new troops faltered, but were speedily re-formed. The general advance of Egan was, however, irresistible, and the enemy was swept from the field with a loss of two colors and several hundred prisoners. . . . . The captured guns were retaken, and were soon afterwards drawn off the field. . . . . Almost simultaneously with this attack the enemy commenced pressing our left and rear heavily. . . . The enemy in front had hardly been repulsed, when the fire in rear became so brisk that I was obliged to send Gen. Gregg all of his force I had used to meet the attack in front as well as another of his brigades. The attack on Gregg was made by five brigades of Hampton's cavalry. . . . . Between 6 and 7 P.M. I received a despatch from Gen. Humphreys, stating that Ayres' Division of the Fifth Corps had been ordered to my support, but had halted at Armstrong's Mill, which was as far as it could get. The despatch also authorized me to withdraw that night if I thought proper; but stated that if I could attack successfully in the morning with the aid of Ayres' and Crawford's divisions, the Major-General commanding desired me to do so. Though these reinforcements were offered to me, the question of their getting to me in time, and of getting ammunition up in time to have my own command effective in the morning, was left for me to decide; and I understood that if the principal part of the fighting in the morning would be thrown upon these reinforcements, it was not desired that they should be ordered up. They would at least have been called upon to do the fighting until my own command

could have replenished their ammunition, which I was quite certain would not be in time to resist attack at an early hour in the morning. Reluctant as I was to leave the field, and by so doing lose some of the fruits of my victory, I felt compelled to order a withdrawal rather than risk a disaster by awaiting attack in the morning only partially prepared." *

MORNING REPORTS.

1864.

Oct. 25. One recruit received — Timothy Herlehy. Two horses shot by order E. L. Smith, Lieut. Battery K, 4th U. S. Ar'ty, A. A. I. G.

Oct. 26. Corp. G. A. Pease sent to general hospital.

Oct. 27. Lieut's Granger and Smith and Privates A. C. Billings and Farrell wounded and sent to hospital. McAuliffe, leg broken also sent to hospital. Lieut. E. L. Smith Battery K, 4th U. S. Art'y and Lieut. Deane, 6th Me. Art'y temporarily attached. Seven horses shot in action. Hiram Pike slightly wounded.

Oct. 28. Lieut. Asa Smith died at general hospital City Point, Va., from effects of wound received Oct. 27. Lieut. Granger sent to general hospital also Billings, Farrell and McAuliffe.

Oct. 29. Capt. Sleeper returned to duty from leave of absence since Aug. 25. Lieut. Wm. G. Rollins returned to duty from ammunition train.

Oct. 30. Private C. A. Mason dropped from the rolls Oct. 23 is taken up. Lieut. E. L. Smith returned to Battery K, 4th U. S. Art'y. One horse died—effects of wounds.

* Gen. Heth told Hancock since the war that they remained all night in the position they held when the fighting ceased, and during the night massed fifteen thousand infantry and Hampton's cavalry, with which they had intended to advance upon us at daylight of the 28th. — *Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

November 1, 1864, to March 25, 1865.

FORT STEVENSON — FORT WELCH — EXIT HANCOCK, ENTER HUMPHREYS — TO THE LEFT AND BACK — FORTS EMORY AND SIEBERT — SHINGLING A STABLE — BY THE LEFT FLANK — THE BATTLE OF ARMSTRONG'S FARM — THE FIFTH CORPS BADLY USED — THE SECOND CORPS HELPS THEM OUT — "BATTERY E" — RESIGNATION AND DEPARTURE OF MAJOR SLEEPER — "AT IT ON THE RIGHT" — FORT STEADMAN — ADVANCE AND CAPTURES OF THE SECOND CORPS.

Fort Stevenson, in which we were now located, was the largest fort in the rear line of works before Petersburg. In a day or two the left section of the Battery was detached to Fort Blaisdell, a smaller work in the same line further east. Captain (now Major) Sleeper * returned from leave of absence, and resumed command of the Battery. New quarters were built and the usual careful preparations made to stay.

On the 26th of November Lieut. Milbrey Green reported at the Battery for duty to succeed Lieut. Smith deceased. His military record was an unusual one and worthy extended notice.†

* He had been breveted Major by general orders for gallant and meritorious service.

† He was a member of the Roxbury Horse Guard from its beginning, and after the war began drilled under Col. Hodges regularly till the First Massachusetts Battery was organized under Captain Porter. In this he decided to enlist and was mustered into service Aug. 28, 1861. This battery was largely recruited from the old Bos-

MAJOR MILBREY GREEN
1863

It is a record of which to be proud and while some of the company believed the Captain was unjust to his own command in filling vacancies from outside yet, since he had chosen to do so, we were glad to adopt into our membership one every way so worthy.

Time passed monotonously enough at this station nothing occurring worthy of note for four weeks; but November 29th brought a change, when we were ordered down to the extreme left to take position in Fort Welch, relieving there a Ninth Corps

ton Light Artillery just back from three months' service. All its officers except Lieut. Sleeper and all its non-commissioned officers except Lieut. Green were old members of the Boston Light Artillery. The First went to Washington Oct. 3rd and was soon sent to join Franklin's Division at Fairfax Seminary, Virginia. Oct. 12, Lieut. Green was notified that Gov. Andrew was ready to issue a commission of second lieutenant for him in the First Massachusetts Cavalry and he might be discharged to receive it. But rumors of an advance of the Confederates were rife and the commission was declined, Lieut. Green being unwilling to leave the Battery under those circumstances.

He was soon detailed to the Signal Corps, remaining with it till the army went to Yorktown when he was made A. A. Q. M. and A. C. S. of the artillery brigade, first division, (Slocum's) Sixth Corps. This position he held till Sept. 21, 1862, when he was commissioned second lieutenant in the First Mass. Battery. As A. A. Q. M. he was always with the chief of artillery, in action or on the march. After the Seven Days Battles he was commended by his superior officers "for bravery under all circumstances and for efficient service in carrying orders and acting with great coolness under heavy fire." He was also commended by the chief of artillery for similar services at the battles of Second Bull Run, Crampton Pass and Antietam. His service was then with the First Battery from October, '62, till October, '64, when its term expired. In September, '64, he was recommended for the command of a battery by generals Sheridan, H. G. Wright (commander of Sixth Corps), James B. Ricketts, David A. Russell, and Albion P. Howe (who wrote of their personal knowledge of his services in their divisions), by Gen. George H. Getty, and Col. Tompkins, Chief of Artillery, Sixth Corps. He received a commission in the Fourth Mass. Heavy Artillery but declined it as the regiment was in the defences of Washington and he preferred active service, but accepted a commission later as second lieutenant in the Tenth at the request of Captain Sleeper.

He participated in twenty-six battles and received four wounds during the war, one a bullet in the thigh, still causes him suffering, another in the left ankle still gives constant pain and has completely disabled him for months at a time. He was breveted captain and major at the close of the war "for gallant and meritorious services."

battery.* Headquarters were with the caissons near Fort Wheaton. We were in the front line again, with the Rebel works in full view, but a truce existed between the opposing pickets, so that we walked unconcernedly both in and outside the works, the Rebels doing the same. The difference in this respect between the present position and that at Battery XIV, was due to the greater distance between the lines at this point, the opinion prevailing on both sides at the former position seeming to be that eternal vigilance was the price of safety.

On the 5th of December, Lieut. Adams returned to the Battery from detached service, and past Sergt. George H. Day, who had been commissioned Junior Second Lieutenant the 1st of November, reported for duty in that capacity.

November 26th Gen. Hancock was taken from his command and sent north to raise a new corps. This was a matter of much regret to us, for while we had seen hard service under him, had been "shoved," as the expressive army slang had it, we were none the less anxious for him to retain command of the old Second Corps, whose renown was so indissolubly connected with his name, till the end. But the "powers" had ordered otherwise, and the same day that he left us Major Gen. A. A. Humphreys, late Gen. Meade's chief-of-staff, took command of the corps.†

Thursday, December 8th, we were relieved by the Eleventh New York Battery, and ordered to take the position vacated by them in the rear line, about a mile distant, and south of Poplar Spring (Grove?)

* Jones' Eleventh Massachusetts.

† Brig. Gen. A. S. Webb succeeded Gen. Humphreys as Gen. Meade's chief-of-staff.

Church. This exchange was said to have been made to enable us to participate in a projected movement. So we took what we hoped was temporary possession of barn-like quarters left by our predecessors, to pass the night and await the next turn of the wheel. It came the ensuing day in the shape of orders to join the First Division of the Sixth Corps at dusk.* With the inception of this movement the weather changed from mild to stormy. We went perhaps two miles and a half and halted near an old hut in the woods, where having spent the night and a part of the subsequent day in the last degrees of wretchedness, shivering about a camp-fire in the cold and sleet, we returned to our starting-point Saturday afternoon. Not to Fort Welch as we had fondly desired, for we had left superior quarters there; and the hopes we had entertained of a return thither were soon dissipated by orders to place our guns in forts Emory and Siebert, near the extreme left of the rear line.

At headquarters camp, which had remained undisturbed by this brief movement, all was bustle and activity, for, in addition to remodelling the shabby stockade in which their lot was cast,† the men were engaged in building and shingling a stable for the horses—a work of considerable magnitude, and, as they felt, of questionable profit, considering the uneasy state in which the army then was.

* Our division (Third) moved to Hatcher's Run on the 9th, in a terrible storm of snow and rain, as a supporting column to Warren and Mott, who had gone still further to the left to destroy the Weldon Railroad. . . . . — *History of Tenth Regiment Vt. Vols.*

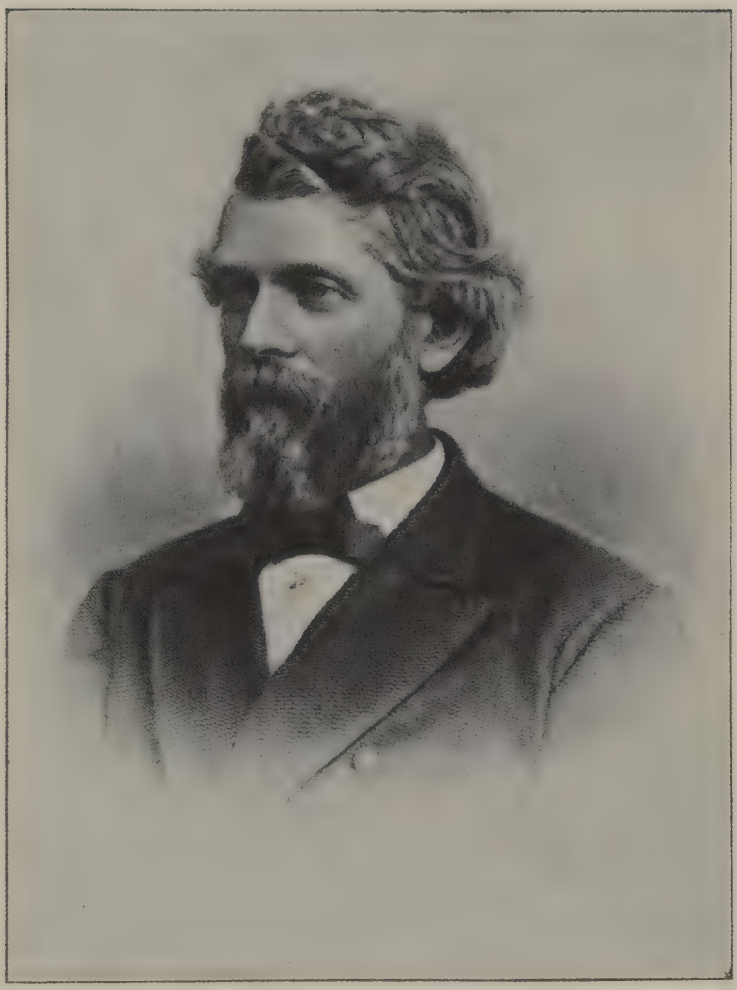
† If the reader is of the opinion that too frequent reference is made to building quarters, he must bear in mind that the best soldiers as a rule had the best quarters; that the Massachusetts troops as a whole were unusually tidy and ambitious in the character of their huts; and finally that they spent a great many days during the year in their construction, which fact may, perhaps, alone justify what reference is made to them. It was an interesting and important feature in army life.

The shingles were rifted from sections of huge pine logs, cut in the neighborhood, and sawed into three-foot lengths — all this by hand. After a month's labor the stable was about two-thirds covered with these, and would soon be ready for use, when marching orders were received, and shortly after daylight of Sunday the 5th (Has any one thought how many of the movements and battles of this army took place on the Sabbath?) we reported to the Second Division, now commanded by Gen. Smythe. The movement included but two divisions of our corps, the Second and Third, (Gen. Miles having been left in the intrenchments,) and two batteries, Battery K and the Tenth Massachusetts,* and was only another reaching out around the Confederate right, in the direction of the Southside Railroad, which, if we beat the enemy, we should advance upon. By mid-afternoon we halted, and were ordered into position; but let Lieut. Adams' report to the Adjutant-General give one view of the story:†

"I have the honor to report that on the 5th inst., at 6 A.M., I reported with the Battery to Brig. Gen. Smythe, commanding Second Division, Second Army Corps, and marched with that division on the Vaughan Road to near Hatcher's Run, and went into position; the Right Section, commanded by Lieut. Day, near the Tucker House, the Left Section, commanded by Lieut. Green, near young Armstrong's house, covering the front and right of Gen. Smythe's Division; and the Centre Section, commanded by First Sergeant Townsend, under my own immediate supervision, near Gen. Smythe's headquarters, covering a ford and Gen. Smythe's left flank. About 4.30 P.M., the enemy in strong force

* "Smythe's Division had been directed by me to diverge to the right from the Vaughan Road, near the Cummings House, secure the crossing at Armstrong's Mill, cover it, and extend to the right, past the R. Armstrong house, and rest his right upon the small swamp in that vicinity. Lieutenant Adams' Battery of rifled guns was sent with him." — *General Humphreys' Official Report.*

† Lieut. Adams was now in command of the Battery, Major Sleeper being away on leave of absence.



Milbrey Green.

attacked the right of Gen. Smythe's Division, and attempted to turn his flank. Lieut. Green changed the position of his section, and opened an enfilading fire within three hundred yards of the right of the enemy's line of battle. The centre section changed front and fired to the rear, having an oblique fire on the centre and left of the enemy's line of battle. After a hard fight of an hour or more, in which we expended nearly three hundred rounds of ammunition, doing good execution, the enemy withdrew. The right section was not engaged. . . . ."

That Lieut. Adams is modest in his statement of the part the Battery had in this action, further testimony will show. The following is an extract from a letter written by Gen. McAllister to a friend in New Jersey. The General commanded a brigade of Mott's (Third) Division, and took the brunt of the Rebel assault. He says:

"The distance now between my Brigade and Gen. Smythe's First Brigade on my left across the swamp, was at least three hundred yards; through this the enemy might sweep with their heavy columns. . . . To prevent the enemy from passing into and through the open space, Adams' Battery (centre section) crossed my Seventh New Jersey (infantry) fire at nearly right angles, while Lieut. Green's Battery (section) had considerably more of an enfilade. . . . The Rebels recoiled under our deadly fire, and the firing ceased in a measure. This gave our boys courage. In a few moments more the well-known Rebel yell rolled out on the evening breeze, and on rushed their massed columns. My line now opened a most destructive fire, . . . again the enemy were repulsed. The fire slackening some, I rode along the lines encouraging the men to stand firm and the day would be ours. They all struck up the song 'Rally around the Flag, Boys.' The Rebels replied, 'We will rally around your flag, boys!' The heavy firing had now ceased for the time being, but the pause was of short duration. The Rebel Mahone with his famous fighting division made a rush for the gap in our lines, . . . but our boys were ready for them, and as the darkness of the night had closed in upon us, the discharge of musketry and burning, flashing powder, illuminating the battle-scene, . . . and the loud thundering of the artillery, made the scene one of more than ordinary grandeur. We then rolled back the Rebel columns for the last time. . . . Cheer after cheer resounded along our lines. The battle was over, and victory perched on our banners."

Following is a short extract from Maj. Gen. McAllister's official report to Gen. Humphreys:

"Had it not been for this and the aid of the artillery commanded by Lieuts. Adams and Green of the Tenth Massachusetts Battery, who were throwing their fire across the swamp at a right angle with my enfilading fire, all would have been lost. These artillery officers deserve great credit, and I have the pleasure to mention them favorably."

I may preface the following extract from a letter written me by Gen. McAllister, by saying that Gen. Gordon, commander of the Rebel Second Corps, was in command of the enemy.

"In a conversation with Gen. Gordon, relative to this 5th of February Hatcher's Run battle, I asked him how many troops he had charging against us. 'Three divisions, and I was never more certain of victory. I expected to gobble you up, and don't know why I did not succeed,' was his answer. He then asked me, 'How many troops had you in the fight?' I replied, 'One brigade, assisted by a part of a Massachusetts battery on the other side of a swamp or low ground.' He was astonished when he learned this fact. He advanced in three lines, division-front, making three separate charges, each of which we rolled back as they came up.

"He expected the right of his divisions to turn my left, and was thus pushing for the gap between the Second Division and my Brigade. Lieuts. Adams and Green of your Tenth Massachusetts Battery, seeing this, turned their guns on the advancing Rebels; at the same time I ordered Col. Price, of the Seventh New Jersey Regiment, to oblique his fire, which he did handsomely, crossing your battery fire at right angles, and thus doing its deadly work. Some of your shots came up to our breastworks, but with no injury to us.

"You can now see what I owe to your officers and men who thus assisted me in that hard-fought and successful battle."

So much for official testimony. Little remains to be said except to tell the story in brief from a batteryman's standpoint.

Two sections of the Battery had taken position as

Lieut. Adams' report indicates, covering either flank of Gen. Smythe's (Second) Division, which was facing generally westward. Running nearly at right angles with this division, with a kind of swamp or marsh intervening, was Gen. McAllister's Brigade of the Third Division, facing northward. Our guns were on Smythe's side of the marsh, and had been engaging a Rebel battery, firing over his line, and anticipating an attack from that quarter, when, with hardly a premonition in the way of skirmishing, the enemy came out of the woods in McAllister's front, evidently having discovered the interval between his left and Smythe's right, and bent on penetrating it. The Tenth was the only battery on the field, and this was its opportunity. Lieut. Green at once directed his guns to fire to the rear, and being exactly on the Rebels' flank, every shot enfiladed their advancing lines. Lieut. Adams also turned his guns upon the triple line. His fire was oblique to the enemy's front and did great execution. Never did shells do more effective work than did those fired by these two sections. Their opportunity was a rare one, and most rarely did they improve it. The Rebel advance first appeared to view in a somewhat scattered tract of woods, mainly pines and oaks, and amid these the havoc was greatest. Five men were afterwards found lying dead near a tree, killed by a shell which, singularly enough, first passed completely through the trunk of the tree, exploding on the further side.

Our assistance was invaluable in rolling back the three successive charges made by the three Rebel divisions to break through our lines. The enemy had evidently maneuvered to bring about another such result as that which confused and demoralized

the corps on the Boydton Plank Road in October; but although the weight of numbers was on their side, the God of Battles was on ours, and in this the last important tilt between the old Second Corps and Lee's army before the final break-up, Victory perched on the Union banners.

At one time, owing to the peculiar situation of the lines, the shells from Lieut. Green's guns dropped among Ramsey's Brigade (4th, of First Division), which had taken post at the right of McAllister, whereat Ramsey at once sent word to headquarters that his line was being enfiladed by a Rebel battery.

At the conclusion of the battle Gen. Smythe rode up to the lieutenants and handsomely complimented the Battery for its services, stating that but for it his division must have been flanked or captured, perhaps both. Gen. McAllister, too, admitted his inability to have held his post unaided by our guns. We were also mentioned favorably by the Chief of Artillery and by Gen. Humphreys in his congratulatory order.

Our casualties were three horses shot. The total loss of the corps was one hundred and twenty-five men killed and wounded. This insignificant loss is due to the fact of our troops being, in the main, protected by intrenchments. It fairly illustrated the difference between charging earthworks as our army had done from the Wilderness to Petersburg, and defending them from assault. The Confederate loss was heavy, but is not known.

This battle is known both by the name of *Hatcher's Run* and *Armstrong's Farm*, though the former more properly belongs to the action of the Fifth Corps further to the left, the next day. We usually call it the *Second Hatcher's Run*.

The weather, so mild a few days before, now

INSIDE VIEW OF "BATTERY E," NEAR HATCHER'S RUN.

changed to piercing cold, and February 6th gave us a driving storm of sleet, which froze as it fell, covering everything with a coating of ice. Bivouacking under shelters of brush and tarpaulins stretched against the storm, we shivered through the day and night. During the afternoon the Fifth Corps, having connected with the left of the Second, was reaching forward with its left to strike the Boydton Plank Road. Everything was progressing finely, — Crawford, in command of the left, having advanced and driven the enemy from Dabney's Mill. But the Rebels putting into practice their old game of sending a force by a wide detour to the rear while they engaged attention in front, fell first upon Gregg's cavalry, driving it before them, then upon Ayres' Division of the Fifth Corps while in column going to Crawford's assistance, driving it back, and finally striking Crawford's Division, repulsing it with heavy loss. Here fell the Rebel General William J. Pegram, the "Boy Artillerist," as his Confederate associates called him.* The discomfited men of the Maltese Cross now fell back pell-mell upon the position held by the Second Corps on Hatcher's Run. Elated with their easy victory, the Rebels burst from the wood two hundred yards distant, eagerly following up, when Battery K, which seemed to possess the faculty of being in the right place at the right time, and the supporting infantry of Mott's (Third) Division (De Trobriand's Brigade), — both posted at the crossing of the Vaughan Road over the Run, — gave them such a warm reception that they hastily retired.

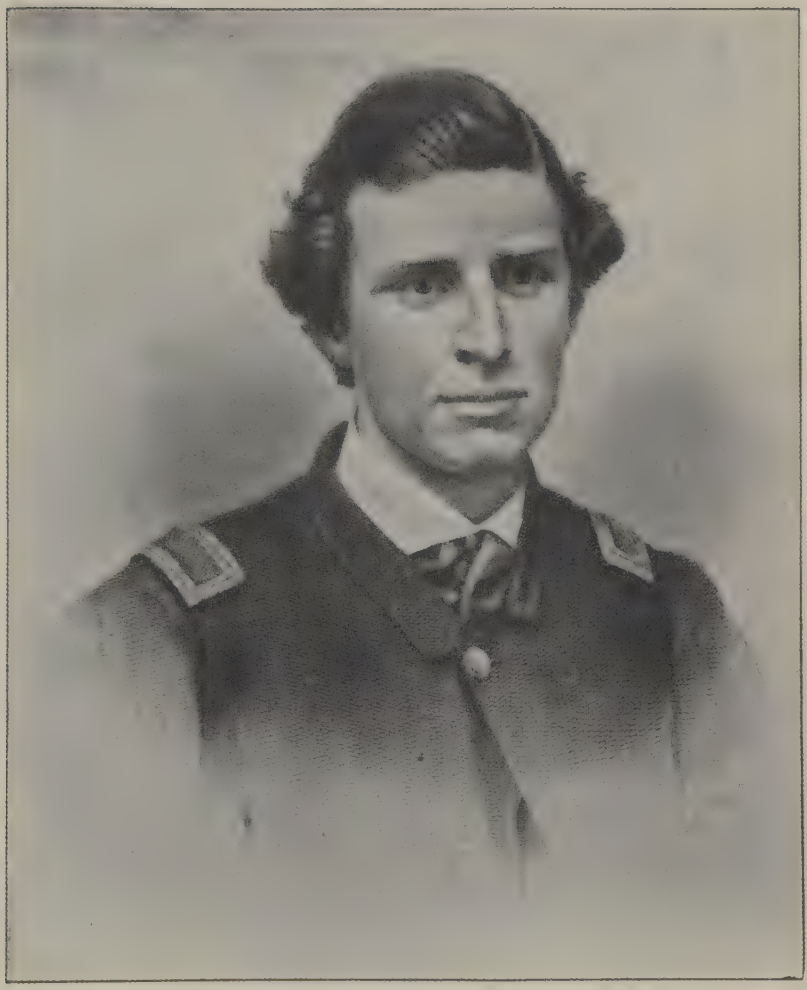
* "In the spring of '61, a youth of modest demeanor, he entered the military service as a private soldier; in the spring of '65, still a mere lad, he fell in action, Colonel of Artillery, mourned by an army. . . . . Such was William Johnson Pegram of the Third Corps, who, at the early age of twenty-two, died sword in hand at the head of his men." — *Capt. W. Gordon M'Cabe*, in *Army of Northern Virginia. Memorial Volume.*

Early next morning reconnoissances were sent out, which advanced some distance, finally coming upon the enemy's pickets and driving them into the main line.* There was some skirmishing during the day, and one section of our guns apparently silenced some Rebel guns, which had, at intervals, sent shells among us, killing one horse. But the fighting was now over, and preparations were making to hold the ground we had taken, by constructing a line of fortifications connecting with the former extreme left at Fort Gregg. As this position had been taken by the Second Corps, so now it was to retain it in possession, and "Battery E" was built for our guns,† some six hundred yards to the rear of the field on which we had shattered the Rebel line, and in it the pieces were placed on the morning of the 11th. Not much farther to the rear, in the edge of a piece of woods, Battery headquarters were established, where we applied all our previous experience in building the neatest and cosiest quarters we had ever erected, and all the longer to be remembered because the last of their kind. Thus the whole of this newly acquired territory was in a short time dotted with the white-roofed huts of the soldiery, and what we found a comparative solitude transformed into the stir and bustle of town life. Its sloughs were soon ribbed with corduroy, and in a few days Grant's modern marvel, the military railroad, was extended along the new lines, having its terminus a few rods in rear of our camp.

The truce already mentioned as existing between the lines at Fort Welch was unbroken here, and the only firing heard was that of Rebel pickets directed

* Gen. Humphreys' Report.

† In recognition of our service in the fight. It was the only battery posted along this part of the line. Lieut. Green was in command at the guns, and remained so during our stay here.



G. W. Townsend

at members of their own side deserting to the Union army. Every night especially dark, brought squads of these men in, whom we saw marched past to corps headquarters, but with whom we rarely had opportunity to converse.

Five or six weeks wore quietly away in this camp with little, save a call from the paymaster, to vary their monotony. On the 27th of February Maj. Sleeper severed his connection with the Company, and in a short speech, delivered with illy suppressed emotion, turned us over to Lieut. Adams. He told us that if we ever came to Boston he should feel slighted if we did not give him a call; that anything he could do for us would be cheerfully done, and concluded by wishing us all a safe return home. Lieut. Adams was at once promoted to the Captaincy, and first sergeant George M. Townsend was commissioned junior second lieutenant, to fill the vacancy created by promotions.

The following letter was received by the Major just after his discharge:

Head-Quarters Army of the Potomac, March 1st, 1865.

Brevet Maj. Sleeper, Mass. Batt.

Major,—Sincerely regretting that you should have been induced to resign the command of your Battery I hope that you will always remember that you carry with you the very best wishes of all with whom you have been connected for four years. Intimately acquainted with you for the whole period of your services I congratulate you upon your military record with the hope of seeing you at no distant day giving a practical helping hand to those who are still striving to put down the Rebellion.

Sincerely your friend,

ALEXR. S. WEBB,
Bv't Major General, Chief of Staff, A. P.

About the middle of March orders came to be ready to move at short notice, and to turn in one section of the Battery.

March 24th a corps review was held, and sutlers and non-combatants generally were ordered to City Point.

We were now on the tiptoe of expectation. Sherman was marching northward by rapid stages, and great events were discernible in the near future. We did not look forward to the opening of the spring campaign with so much dread as we felt a year before, for two reasons, — first, because we had since become thoroughly seasoned by what was indisputably the hardest year's campaigning of the war; and second, because we knew the terrible strait to which our foe had been reduced in numbers and *morale*. We did not expect any more hard fighting. Everything during the winter had betokened a rapid wasting away of the so-called Confederacy, and we felt the end to be near.

We were aroused from our slumbers one morning (March 25) by the roar of artillery from the front of Petersburg, and soon came orders to pack up and be ready to move at once. It was occasioned by the Rebels assaulting Fort Stedman at daylight, carrying it with almost no opposition; but not following up their success, they were served much as was the assaulting column at the Elliott Salient the memorable 30th of July previous. This fact we, of course, did not learn until later. We heard simply that Fort Stedman had been captured, but as the firing died away, and no enemy appeared sweeping down on our flank, and as preparations were now making for an attack in our front, we became convinced that their advantage must have been short-lived.

When everything was in readiness the infantry advanced along our front and captured the enemy's fortified picket line, during which we employed our

time at intervals in shelling what seemed vulnerable places, expending about ninety rounds in this operation.*

Several hundred prisoners and deserters were a part of the fruit of this move, and it was diverting to us to hear the conversation taking place among a somewhat jolly crowd of them confined in a "bull ring" (*i. e.* a cordon of sentries), as new accessions to their company were received; such as "Hallo! is that you, Sam?" "How are you, Old One-eye? How did you get away?" "Here's another of 'em, boys!" And at last one with stentorian voice bellows out, "Well, Cap'n, I guess you may as well call the roll of Company A." And, sure enough, here was one entire company of an Alabama regiment that had come in one by one, and seemed nothing loth to call their roll under the old flag.

MORNING REPORTS.

1864.

Nov. 1. Lieut. H. H. Granger died at City Point Hospital, Va., Oct. 30, of wounds received in action Oct. 27.

Nov. 2. Received notice of the following enlisted men missing since Aug. 25, being at Annapolis, Md.; Serg't A. B. Parker, Corp. F. M. Howes, privates J. S. Bailey, Jr., Richard Martin, O. F. Glidden, W. E. Endicott and John E. Mugford.

Nov. 3. Private P. A. Terbriggen sent to brigade hospital. Sergeant G. M. Townsend promoted First Sergeant. Corporals Parker and Currant promoted sergeants. Private Allard promoted ser-

* "During the day the Tenth Massachusetts, 'B,' First New Jersey, Eleventh New York, and First New Hampshire, fired on the enemy's position from their respective works, but the distance being so great it is doubtful if they rendered any material assistance." — *Official Report of Lieut. Col. John G. Hazard, Chief of Artillery, Second Corps.*

geant. Privates Goldsmith, John E. Mugford (?), O. F. Glidden (?), W. E. Endicott (?), Ellis (?) and Carr (?) promoted corporals (?). Private Estee Lance Corporal to date from Dec. 1.

[The above record is a sad jumble of fact and fancy. Mugford, Glidden, Endicott, Ellis (whoever this may mean) and Carr were *not* promoted. Estee, Leverett Pierce and John D. Billings were made Lance corporals.]

Nov. 4. Privates William Allen and Thomas Smith returned to duty from general hospital.

Nov. 6. Notice received of Corp. G. A. Smith and privates Wm. Rawson, Thos. Cusick, G. W. Stetson, L. W. Adams and J. P. Brown being at Camp Parole, Md., as paroled prisoners.

Nov. 7. Notice received of private C. D. Thompson at hospital, Annapolis, Md.

Nov. 8. Four horses turned over to Capt. Strang by order of Lieut. E. L. Smith Battery K, 4th U. S. Art'y, A. A. I. Officer.

Nov. 11. Private H. Orcutt reported to quarters.

Nov. 12. Private Baxter reported to quarters.

Nov. 13. Notice received of the death from wounds received in action on Aug. 25, 1864, of Private George K. Putnam Nov. 2, 1864. Private C. A. Mason dropped from the rolls having been mortally wounded and left on the field at Reams Station, Va., Aug. 25, '64. Private information received of his death.

Nov. 14. Private C. D. Thompson at Div. 1, U. S. General Hospital, Annapolis, Md. Notice received. One horse died — worn out.

Nov. 16. Notice received of the discharge of James Peach, private, by Maj. Gen. Augur, on surgeon's certificate of disability Nov. 10, 1864. Monthly inspection of Battery by C. A. Clark, 1st Lieut. and A. I. G., Artillery Brigade, 2nd Corps.

Nov. 18. John Maynard, a recruit received from Draft Rendezvous, Galloup's Island, Mass. Private Henry Murphy returned to duty from Galloup's Island, agreeably to a letter A. G. O.,Washington, D. C., Oct. 12, 1864.

Nov. 19. Privates Thayer and H. Orcutt excused from duty. Privates Terbriggen and Quimby in brigade hospital.

Nov. 20. Private H. Orcutt reported to duty. J. L. Thayer and J. F. Baxter excused from duty.

Nov. 21. One horse died — stoppage.

Nov. 23. One horse died — fit. Private Baxter reported to duty.

Nov. 24. Private Thayer reported to duty.

Nov. 25. One horse died -- Blind Staggers. Private Thayer excused from duty. Corp'ls J. H. Stevens and R. Goldsmith and Private J. L. Schwartz absent without leave. Milbrey Green reported for duty as 2nd Lieut., vice Smith deceased. Commissioned Oct. 28, 1864.

Nov. 26. Corp'ls J. H. Stevens and R. Goldsmith and Private Schwartz returned to duty from absence without leave. Private Thayer reported to quarters.

Nov. 27. Private Thayer reported to quarters.

Nov. 28. Private Thayer reported to quarters. Private M. M. Pierce returned to duty from general hospital.

Nov. 29. Eighteen horses received from Capt. Fisher. Received marching orders at 12.20 A.M. Moved out of camp at 9 A.M. and relieved the 11th Mass. Battery in Fort Welch at 2 P.M. Left Section occupies Fort Gregg.

Nov. 30. Moved the caisson camp to Fort Wheaton. Left section rejoins the Right and Centre in Fort Welch.

Dec. 1. Private Hiram B. Oliver injured in foot by axe. Sent to brigade hospital.

Dec. 2. Corp. Leverett Pierce reported to quarters.

Dec. 3. Notice received of the death of Private Henry L. Ewell at Lincoln General Hospitals, Washington, D. C., of Pyaemia, Nov. 21, 1864. Corp'l Pierce reported to duty. Private Thayer to quarters. Sixteen horses received from Capt. Fisher.

Dec. 4. Corp. Geo. A. Pease returned to duty from general hospital. Lieut. J. W. Adams returned to duty from detached service having been absent since Sept. 24, 1864.

Dec. 5. Corp. Pease and Private Thayer reported to quarters. Serg't George H. Day discharged the service, for promotion agreeably to Special Order 312 H'dq'rs 2nd Corps, Dec. 4, 1864, and mustered into service Dec. 5, 1864 as 2nd Lieut. 10th Mass. Battery. 2nd Lieut. Wm. G. Rollins commissioned 1st Lieut. and mustered as 1st Lieut. Dec. 4, 1864.

Dec. 6. Notice received of the discharge of Private Elisha T. Quimby for epilepsy, Nov. 11, 1864. Private S. H. Foster returned to duty from general hospital. Two horses shot by order Lieut. Clark, A. I. G. Art'y Brig. Second Corps. — Glanders and Lameness.

Dec. 7. Corp. G. A. Pease sent to Brigade Hospital. Lance Sergeant L. L. Estabrook promoted full Sergeant. Lance Corporal Estee full corporal. Corp. J. H. Stevens and Private W. S. Roundy promoted Lance Sergeant and Corporal respectively from Dec. 5, 1864.

Dec. 8. Right and Centre Sections placed in Fort Emory; Left Section in Fort Siebert. Private E. J. Wilson released from confinement and returned to duty as Orderly at H'dq'rs Art'y Brigade, 2nd Corps.

Dec. 9. Right and Centre sections march at 6 o'clock P.M. with 1st Division, Sixth Corps. Advanced to within one mile of Hatcher's Run and remained in park till next P.M.

Dec. 10. Notice received of transfer to general hospital of Corp. G. A. Pease, and Private H. B. Oliver. Private J. Edwards sick in quarters. Right and Centre Sections returned. Pieces of Right Section placed in Fort Emory at 4 P.M.

Dec. 11. Privates Jos. Edwards and J. L. W. Thayer reported to quarters.

Dec. 13. Private Jos. Edwards sent to brigade hospital. Privates J. T. Goodwin, C. E. Prince, Thomas Ellworth returned to duty from general hospital.

Dec. 14. Privates J. L. W. Thayer and Henry Orcutt reported to quarters. Private A. C. Billings returned to duty from general hospital. Monthly inspection by Lieut. Clark A. I. G. Art'y Brigade.

Dec. 15. One horse died — Stoppage. Thirteen (13) horses turned over to Capt. Strang by order of Lieut. Clark, A. I. G. Art'y Brig. Private information received of the death of Judson Stevens at East Boston while on furlough, Aug. 31, 1864. Lieut. Geo. H. Day on leave of absence of 15 days to Boston.

Dec. 16. Nine recruits received from Draft Rendezvous, Mass.; Wm. H. Clark, Francis A. Cook, Michael Foley, Joseph Lear, George Nichols, Chas. F. Clark, Patrick Foran, Samuel Otis, Moses Mercier.

Dec. 17. First Lieut. Wm. G. Rollins temporarily detailed on special service at Headquarters Art'y Brigade, Second Corps, agreeably to Special Orders 213, Headquarters Art'y Brigade.

Dec. 18. Private J. L. W. Thayer sent to brigade hospital. One horse died. — Glanders.

Dec. 19. Privates H. Orcutt, E. C. Jewell, T.

Herlehy, S. A. Atwood on detailed duty with Q. M. Dept. Art'y Brigade, agreeably to S. O. 215 H'dq'rs Art'y Brigade. Corp. G. A. Smith and Privates J. S. Bailey, Jr., J. P. Brown, J. Millett and Thos. Cusick returned to duty from Camp Parole, Md. Privates Pierce, Orcutt and Lucas reported to quarters.

Dec. 20. Brevet Major J. Henry Sleeper absent with leave on court-martial. Privates J. A. Lucas and Sam'l Otis reported to quarters.

Dec. 21. Major J. Henry Sleeper returned from absence with leave. Private Samuel Otis reported to quarters.

Dec. 22. Private M. M. Pierce reported to quarters. Private Samuel Otis returned to duty.

Dec. 23. Private Hiram Warburton returned to duty from general hospital. Private M. M. Pierce reported to quarters

Dec. 25. Privates F. A. Cook and M. M. Pierce reported to quarters.

Dec. 26. Private Jos. Edwards returned to light duty from brigade hospital. Private Pierce reported to quarters. Corp. A. F. Richardson (?) absent on furlough of fifteen days dated from Dec. 27. (The name is omitted in the Morning Report Book.)

Dec. 28. Notice received of the presence of Alvin Thompson, private, at general hospital, Annapolis, Md., as paroled prisoner; also of C. D. Thompson at same place. Private M. M. Pierce reported to quarters.

Dec. 29. Privates Ham, Pierce (?) and Gross excused from duty.

Dec. 30. Lieut. George H. Day returned to duty from 15 days leave of absence. Privates Ham and Pierce reported to quarters.

Dec. 31. Privates L. Ham and F. A. Cook sent to brigade hospital. Private M. M. Pierce reported to quarters.

1865.

Jan. 2. Serg't Stevens and privates Pierce and Mercier reported to quarters.

Jan. 3. Private M. Mercier sent to brigade hospital. Privates McAllister and Pierce (?) reported to quarters. Corp. G. A. Pease returned to duty from general hospital. Notice received of discharge of Private W. E. Hooper on surgeon's certificate of disability Dec. 30, 1864.

Jan. 4. Privates Ellsworth, (?) Southworth and McAllister reported to quarters. Corp. F. M. Howes and Private Richard Martin returned to duty from Camp Parole, Md., Paroled (exchanged?) prisoners.

Jan. 5. Corp. Geo. A. Pease excused from duty.

Jan. 6. Corp. Pease and privates McAllister and Campbell reported to quarters. Private F. A. Cook reported from brigade hospital. Privates J. P. Brown, T. Ellworth, D. C. Blackmer, M. Campbell, James A. Lucas, H. N. Bemis on detached duty at Q. M. Dept., Art'y Brig. 2nd Corps.

Jan. 7. Corp. Pease reported to quarters:

Jan. 8. Lieut. J. Webb Adams on furlough of 20 days. Corp. G. A. Pease reported to quarters.

Jan. 9. Corp. G. A. Pease reported to quarters.

Jan. 10. Corp. Pease, privates Floytrop and Otis reported to quarters. One horse died — farcy.

Jan. 11. Corp. Pease reported to quarters. Private L. Ham returned to duty from brigade hospital.

Jan. 12. Corp. A. F. Richardson absent without leave. Private Hiram P. Ring a furlough of 15 days to Millbury, Mass., and to Maine.

Jan. 13. Private M. Campbell returned to duty from Q. M. Dept. Corp. A. F. Richardson absent without leave.

Jan. 14. Corp. Pease and Private Ham reported

to quarters. Priv. Chas. D. Thompson returned to duty from absence with leave. Paroled prisoner.

Jan. 15. Private L. Ham reported to quarters; Corp. G. A. Pease and Private J. A. Lucas sent to brigade hospital from Q. M. Dept. Art'y Brig. 2nd Corps. Lieut. W. G. Rollins detached to Q. M. Dep't as A. A. Q. M., by S. O. No. 4, Jan. 6, '65, H'dq'r's Art'y Brig. 2nd Corps. Monthly inspection by Lieut. C. A. Cla * * A. A. G. Art'y Brig. 2nd Corps.

Jan. 16. Serg't Lewis R. Allard and Corp. Tobias Beck reduced to the ranks agreeably to Special Orders No. 1, H'dq'r's Tenth Mass. Battery, Privates James S. Bailey promoted sergeant and Corporal G. W. Blair, Gunner. Corporal W. B. Lemmon assigned to the Fifth Detachment. Private (?) L. Pierce * * * days furlough to Mass.

Jan. 17. Private Moses Mercier returned to duty from Brig. Hospital. Private L. Ham reported to quarters.

Jan. 18. Recruits John Riley, Daniel Keefe, Edwin A. Hill and James Gallagher joined the Battery. Private J. M. Ramsdell returned to duty from general hospital. Corporal B. C. Clark and L. Ham reported to quarters.

Jan. 19. Private L. Ham reported to quarters.

Jan. 20. Private Michael Campbell on furlough of 15 days to Boston, Mass. Private J. L. W. Thayer returned to duty from brigade hospital; Private E. A. Hill sent to brigade hospital; Corp. Clark and Private Ham excused. Private A. L. Gowell on pass of 48 hours to 54th (?) Corps.

Jan. 22. Two horses received from Capt. Ellsworth, A. Q. M. Art'y Brigade, 2nd Corps. Corp. B. C. Clark reported to quarters.

Jan. 23. Private J. L. W. Thayer sent to bri-

gade hospital. Private L. Ham reported to quarters. Private A. L. Gowell returned from absence with leave. Eight horses received from Capt. Ellsworth A. Q. M. Art'y Brig. 2nd Corps.

Jan. 25. Privates G. H. Nichols and L. E. Hunt reported to quarters.

Jan. 26. Corp. G. A. Pease reported to duty from brigade hospital. Privates Hunt, Cook and Woodis reported to quarters. One horse shot — order of Lieut. W. L. Bull, Ass't Inspector Art'y Brigade — Glanders.

Jan. 27. Privates Hunt and Woodis reported to quarters.

Jan. 28. Privates Hunt and Woodis reported to quarters.

Jan. 29. Private D. R. Stowell detailed as mechanic in Q. M. Dep't., Art'y Brigade. Private E. C. Jewell returned to duty from Art'y Brigade, Q. M. Dep't 2nd Corps. Privates Woodis, Hunt and Bacon and Serg't Bailey reported to quarters. Private Hiram P. Ring returned from furlough. Lieut. J. W. Adams absent without leave.

Jan. 30. Lieut. J. W. Adams returned from absence without leave. Unavoidable detention. Privates Bacon, Hunt and Woodis reported to quarters.

Jan. 31. Private Jas. L. Schwartz detailed as attendant at Art'y Brigade Hospital. Private Hunt reported to quarters.

Feb. 1. Maj. J. Henry Sleeper on leave and Private Joseph Cross on furlough of 20 days each.

Feb. 2. One recruit, Timothy Devine received. Private L. E. Hunt reported to quarters. Notice received of transfer to general hospital Feb. 1, 1863, of privates James A. Lucas, Edwin A. Hill, J. L. W. Thayer and P. Terbriggen.

Feb. 3. Private L. E. Hunt reported to quarters.

Feb. 4. Private L. W. Temple on furlough of 20 days to Boston, Mass.

Feb. 5. Corporal Leverett Pierce and Private John Campbell returned from furlough and reported for duty. Battery moved out of camp at 8 o'clock A.M., and arrived at Armstrong's Farm about four miles to the left where the left and centre sections were engaged, right section three-fourths of a mile on the right. One horse shot and killed and one wounded.

Feb. 6. Private Francis Mins on furlough of 20 days to Barre, Mass. One horse died of wounds.

Feb. 7. One horse died; exhaustion.

Feb. 9. Privates P. T. Hill and L. E. Hunt reported to quarters.

Feb. 10. Privates E. D. Thresher, J. D. Smith, P. Terbriggen and J. L. W. Thayer returned to duty from hospital. Privates L. E. Hunt and J. P. Allen reported to quarters.

Feb. 11. Private F. A. Cook sent to brigade hospital.

Feb. 13. Serg't Charles W. Doe sent to brigade hospital. Serg't James S. Bailey and Private Hunt reported to quarters.

Feb. 14. One horse died, worn out; 9 horses turned over to Capt. Ellsworth, A. Q. M. Art'y Brigade. Serg't Bailey, Corp. Pease, privates Hunt, Pierce, Hill and Handlin reported to quarters.

Feb. 15. Private D. C. Blackmer returned to duty from Q. M. Dept. Private Wm. B. Nichols temporarily detailed in Q. M. Dep't Art'y Brigade Second Corps, agreeably to Special Orders No. 30, H'dq'rs Art'y Brigade.

Feb. 16. Corporal Billings, Privates Jewell, Hunt, Handlin and Devine sick in quarters.

Feb. 17. Private Patrick E. Neagle absent with-

out leave since April 29, 1864, returned (under arrest) Feb. 6, '65. Serg't Chas. W. Doe to duty from brigade hospital. Corp. G. A. Pease reported to quarters.

Feb. 18. Monthly inspection (foot) by Lieut. W. S. Bull A. I. G. Art'y Brigade. Corp. G. A. Pease reported to quarters also James Lee.

Feb. 19. Private Charles Slack on furlough of 20 days to New York City. Private James Lee reported to quarters.

Feb. 20. Privates Wm. Rawson and Alvin Thompson from Camp Parole (Exchanged Prisoners). Private B. H. Phillips returned to duty from General Hospital.

Feb. 21. Private E. J. Wilson returned to duty from brigade headquarters. Private T. W. Strand detailed as orderly at brigade headquarters. Private Joseph Cross returned to duty from furlough. One horse died; exhaustion.

Feb. 22. Maj. J. Henry Sleeper returned to duty from leave of absence.

Feb. 23. Privates Harry Chase and Thresher sick in quarters.

Feb. 24. Privates H. Chase and Thresher sick in quarters. Second Lieut. Milbrey Green on leave and Private James Dwight on furlough to Mass. of 20 days each. Eight horses received from Q. M. D., Art'y Brigade 2nd Corps.

Feb. 25. Privates M. Orcutt and H. Chase, excused.

Feb. 26. Privates M. Orcutt and H. Chase reported to quarters. Private L. W. Temple returned from furlough. Brevet Major J. Henry Sleeper mustered out of United States service agreeably to provisions of circular 75, War Dep't, Sept. 22nd, 1864. Battery commanded by Lieut. J. Webb Adams.

Feb. 27. Lance Corporal Chas. E. Osborne promoted corporal vice Beck reduced, to date from Jan. 16, 1865. Privates Wilson, Orcutt and Chase reported to quarters; Private Francis Mins reported to duty from absence on furlough.

Feb. 28. Privates J. W. Wilson, M. Orcutt, H. Chase, and F. Mins, excused from duty. Notice received of the transfer to general hospital of Private J. A. Lucas.

March 1. Privates H. Chase, J. W. Wilson and M. Orcutt reported to quarters.

March 3. Privates F. Mins, M. Orcutt and J. M. Ramsdell reported to quarters. Q. M. Serg't W. H. Fitzpatrick and Private Timothy Nowell on furlough of 20 days each to Boston. One horse died, worn out.

March 4. Private James A. Lucas reported for duty from general hospital; F. Mins, H. Chase, M. Orcutt reported to quarters.

March 5. Serg't A. B. Parker and Bugler J. E. Mugford, exchanged prisoners, returned from absence with leave to duty.

March 6. Privates M. Orcutt, H. Chase, F. Mins and S. Otis reported to quarters.

March 7. Serg't B. F. Parker on furlough of 20 days to Mass. Privates H. Chase, F. Mins and M. Orcutt reported to quarters.

March 8. Private Ellis A. Friend returned from General Hospital. Artificer Gross and Privates H. Chase and Orcutt (?) reported to quarters.

March 9. Private Geo. H. Putnam on furlough of 20 days to Boston, Mass. Privates H. Chase, F. Mins and M. Orcutt reported to quarters.

March 10. Private Chas. Slack returned to duty from furlough. Privates Otis, Chase and Orcutt reported to quarters. Two horses died; glanders and worn out.

March 11. Privates H. B. Beal and H. P. Ring detailed in Brigade Q. M. Dep't. Notice received of absence on furlough of D. R. Stowell, mechanic in Brigade Q. M. train. Private Charles Fiske sent to Brigade Hospital. Privates Orcutt, Chase and Otis reported to quarters. Bugler J. T. Sullivan sick in quarters.

March 12. Private F. A. Chase detailed to Brigade Q. M. Dep't. Privates Chase and Orcutt (?) reported to quarters.

March 13. Private H. Chase reported to quarters. One horse died of exhaustion.

March 14. Private M. Orcutt reported to quarters.

March 15. Privates Orcutt and Fales reported to quarters.

March 16. Monthly inspection (mounted) by Lieut. W. S. Bull. One recruit, Thos. J. Pratt (?), received. Private M. Orcutt reported to quarters. Notice received of the transfer to General Hospital from brigade of Privates F. A. Cook and Charles Fiske.

March 17. First Lt. J. Webb Adams mustered out and re-mustered as Captain, agreeably to circular A. G. O., State of Mass. Private M. Orcutt reported to quarters. Two horses died; exhaustion.

March 18. Second Lt. Milbrey Green and Private James Dwight returned from leave of absence and furlough.

March 19. First Sergeant Geo. M. Townsend mustered out and mustered in as Second Lieutenant. Reviewed by Maj. Gen. Humphreys. Lieut. Green mustered in as 1st Lieut. Sergt. J. S. Bailey, Jr., promoted to Orderly Sergeant.

March 20. One horse died of exhaustion.

CHAPTER XIX.

LEE'S RETREAT AND SURRENDER.

March 20 to April 9, 1865.

THE LAST LEFT FLANK—AT BURGESS' TAVERN AGAIN — FIVE FORKS — PETERSBURG IS TAKEN — ATKINSON'S GRAVE — MARCHING IN THE REBEL REAR — WHAT THEY LEFT BEHIND — SAILOR'S CREEK — GRAVES THAT DID NOT HOLD DEFUNCT REBELS — HIGH BRIDGE — FARMVILLE — FALL OF GENERAL SMYTHE — OUR LAST STAND AND LAST SHOTS — RUMORS — WHY ARE WE GOING SO SLOWLY? — SKEPTICS — GENERAL MEADE TO THE FRONT — SUSPENSE — GENERAL MEADE RETURNS — "LEE HAS SURRENDERED" — HOW THE ARMY FELT.

"The Battery remained in this camp" [says Capt. Adams] "until the morning of March 29th, when, under orders, I reported to Gen. Hays,* commanding Second Division, Second Corps, with the Tenth Massachusetts Battery and Battery 'B,' First Rhode Island Light Artillery, both batteries having been placed under my command for the spring campaign, by order of Brevet Lieut. Col. Hazard, Chief of artillery of the Second Corps." †

In conformity with instructions issued from Gen. Grant's headquarters on the 24th, and thence promulgated, the Second Corps moved at 6 A.M. on the 29th, "crossed Hatcher's Run, and took position covering the Vaughan Road, with its right resting within supporting distance of the Twenty-fourth Corps, which had taken the place of the Second

* "I ordered Capt. J. Webb Adams, Tenth Massachusetts Battery, and Lieut. Wm. B. Wescott, 'B,' First Rhode Island Artillery, to report to Brig. Gen. Hays." — *Report of Col. John G. Hazard.*

† Adjutant General's Report, Massachusetts, 1865, p. 748.

Corps in the intrenchments."* Our guns, ordered into position in front of the camp, seemed to form the pivot on which the corps moved. The next day we were relieved by colored troops of the Twenty-fourth Corps, and moved up into a field near Dabney's Mill,† and parked, remaining here all night. But the rain, so frequently the accompaniment to the movements of this army, did not now forget us.

ROBERT CRAWFORD

JOSEPH F. SANDERSON

Strong working parties were busily engaged stretching corduroys along the miry places in old or new thoroughfares, as we toiled on in mud towards the front. There was little for the artillery to do this day, as the corps lay in dense woods from Hatcher's Run on the right, above our old position at Armstrong's, to the vicinity of the Boydton Road where it massed on that memorable 27th of October — the

* Report of Operations of Second Army Corps from March 29 to April 9, 1865.

† "Tenth Massachusetts Battery moved up in field near Dabney's Mill and parked." — *Col. Hazard.*

same woods and undergrowth that prevented connection being made between us and the Fifth Corps.

The clouds broke away in the afternoon, and we bivouacked anticipating a bright day on the morrow; but when morrow (the 31st) came we were wakened by the raindrops pattering in our faces, and found our beds already pools of water. It was about noon of this day that the gallant Miles and his First Division struck the enemy in flank and drove him back into his intrenchments with severe loss in killed and wounded and one flag and many prisoners captured, and occupied the White Oak Road. By dint of much exertion we succeeded in reaching a position assigned us, but were ordered elsewhere at night.*

Morning of April-fool day (Saturday) dawned bright and beautiful. It brought to the ear frequent crashes of musketry. These had been heard with greater or less frequency since the movement was initiated, but their authors were invisible to us for reasons already given.

On either side of the road at Burgess' Tavern the Rebels had constructed a strong fort, connecting the two by a heavy breastwork, and extending the same on their left to the Run, and on their right around to the mill-pond above the bridge. During this day Gen. Mott with his Third Division attempted to carry these works but without success.

Thus far we had taken no part in the fray,† and

* "Tenth Massachusetts Battery was moved from field near Dabney's Mill, and put in position on the right of 'B,' First Rhode Island, at Crow House. At dark this battery was withdrawn, and moved to extreme left of line, and parked near Rainey House." — *Col. Hazard's Report.*

Rainey House is on Boydton Road, just south of our last position, October 27th. See map of Hatcher's Run.

† "With the exception of 'B,' First Rhode Island Artillery, the batteries were not engaged." — *Col. Hazard's Report for April 1st.*

during the afternoon we lay listening to the rolling volleys at Five Forks, whose significance we did not then appreciate. But later, rumors were abundant and of a varied nature. First, Sheridan had been nearly surrounded, driven back, and badly beaten; then he had attacked a second time, and with the Fifth Corps overcome all opposition and reached the Southside Railroad.*

During the night we were aroused by the thunders of a cannonade up before Petersburg, rivalling that heard at the Mine disaster. It was ordered by Gen. Grant preliminary to an assault by the Sixth and Ninth corps upon the main lines, in order that the enemy should not concentrate against Sheridan.†

At early dawn (Sunday, April 2d) the Battery was ordered into position.‡ Our shells were directed at the artillery inside the forts, already alluded to as occupying our old battle-ground. The Rebels replied briskly for a time, but at 8.30 A.M. were re-

* It may be fairly cited as showing the opinion entertained of the Second Corps by Grant, that in his report he should say:

"Thus the operations of the day necessitated the sending of Warren, because of his accessibility, instead of Humphreys as was intended, and precipitated intended movements."

That the short record of the corps under Humphreys justified this good opinion is generally admitted, although its *personnel* had undergone almost an entire change within a year.

† "Some apprehensions filled my mind lest the enemy might desert his lines during the night, and by falling upon General Sheridan before assistance could reach him, drive him from his position, and open the way for retreat. To guard against this, Gen. Miles' Division of Humphreys' Corps was sent to reinforce him, and a bombardment was commenced and kept up until 4 o'clock in the morning (April 2), when an assault was ordered on the enemy's lines." — *Report of Lieut. Gen. Grant.*

‡ "At 4 A.M., Tenth Massachusetts Battery, Capt. Adams, took position on the Boydton Plank Road . . . . and at 7 A.M. engaged the enemy. About daylight the enemy opened upon Battery M, First New Hampshire Artillery. This fire was replied to by that Battery and the Tenth Massachusetts Battery until 9 A.M., when it was observed that the enemy was evacuating the works." — *Col. Hazard's Report.*

ported to be evacuating, whereupon Mott's Division was immediately pressed forward to the attack, and in a few moments the stars and stripes were seen waving over the forts.* About noon we drew out, limbered up, and followed the infantry columns through the Rebel works.† We marched in triumph over the road where five months before we had run that fearful gantlet of bullets, paused a few moments on the hill where we made our stand against the rear assault, and found a grave on the spot where Atkinson fell. Satisfied that it was his, there being no others near, we hastily inscribed his name, battery, and date of death on a rough board, with satisfaction at being thus able to mark his remains for future removal, before passing on with the column.

We camped that night without the city of Petersburg, having supplied ourselves with tents and other conveniences from the stores which the enemy in his haste to escape had left scattered behind in great confusion. When morning came we did not stop to enter the city. More important work was on hand, and the troops moved off on the "River Road," a thoroughfare running generally parallel with the Appomattox, and south of it. On we pressed through deserted camps left strewn with the evidences of panic and haste. All day and far into the night the march continued. Two or three hours of rest were taken just before morning of April 4th, when at 6 o'clock we were off again, fol-

* Lieut. Green had gone forward on his own initiative and was there when the infantry came up and so has been given credit for being first to enter this part of the line.

† "Mott and Hays were ordered to move on the Boydton Plank Road towards Petersburg." — *Gen. Humphreys' Report.*

"'B,' First Rhode Island Artillery, was brought up to Plank Road and ordered with Tenth Massachusetts Battery to report to Gen. Hays, Second Division." — *Col. Hazard's Report.*

lowing the Fifth Corps, which left nothing of consequence behind it except the road, and this so badly cut up that a brigade was detached to repair it in advance of our corps.

April 5th, the corps moved at 1 o'clock A.M., following the Namozine Road, a southern fork from the River Road. We were delayed several hours by the cavalry cutting in ahead, but after 8 A.M. the road was again clear. This day the pursuit began to grow interesting. By mid-afternoon we had reached Jetersville, where we found the Fifth Corps in line of battle, and our own taking a like formation on its right and left. While awaiting orders to take position we engaged in coversation with a crowd of Rebel prisoners, but shortly a rush and cheer announced some new capture. It was Gen. Lee's headquarters flag, one member of his staff, and a span-new battery that had been moving with headquarters guard, which our enterprising cavalry had cut out of the enemy's column. The battery was a curiosity. The guns were of an English breech-loading pattern unfamiliar to us. The harnesses were just from the arsenal at Richmond, and were doing duty on a sorry-looking collection of skin-and-bone horses and mules indiscriminately mingled. They depicted most pathetically the proximity of the Southern Confederacy to the historic "Last Ditch." Some expectations of a battle were had here for the possession of the Danville Road, across which our army had planted itself,* but the enemy did not see fit to attack, and the night passed quietly.

With early morning of the 6th the pursuit again

* "All the batteries were put in position on the line, except one section of the Tenth Massachusetts." — *Col. Hazard: Report of Operations.*

began, the corps moving towards Amelia C. H., with the design of attacking the enemy if found. We came within sight of his wagon train, and accelerated its speed in a most comical manner with a few shells.* It was not all holiday work, however, for the Rebels with their old-time doggedness, though fully realizing that the days of the Confederacy were few, seized upon every commanding position in their path to make a short stand, which necessitated bringing up artillery and deploying the infantry to drive them on. By the time this was done they were ready to renew the retreat, having delayed our advance long enough to permit their trains and main column to get a good start.

Other evidences of demoralization than those evinced by captured prisoners and artillery now became frequent along the route. These were abandoned wagons, forges, battery wagons, pots and kettles, in short every description of army traps not absolutely essential in battle that pulled back their hungry, jaded beasts, and, it may be added, the hungry, footsore, worn-out Confederates as well, so many of whom still rallied around their idolized leader.

"The misery of the famished troops during the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th of April, passes all experience of military anguish since the retreat from the banks of the Beresina," [says Swinton.†] "Towards evening of the 5th," [says one of their number,] "and all day long upon the 6th, hundreds of men dropped from exhaustion, and thousands let fall their muskets, from inability to carry them any further."

It was the lot of the Second Corps to follow sharply upon the heels of the enemy during his re-

* " 'M,' First New Hampshire Artillery, ... Capt. Roder's Battery, and Tenth Massachusetts Battery, shelled the train. These batteries continued moving with the advanced line, shelling the enemy every time he took position, until we came up to him in a strong position, trying to cover the crossing of his train over Sailor's Creek." — *Col. Hazard: Report of Operations.*

† *Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac.*

treat, pursuing the same route, and to it these evidences of the disintegration of that once proud and valiant army were strikingly interesting. So hot had been our pursuit that at Sailor's Creek (not Sheridan's battle of Sailor's Creek, for that "was fought beyond the stream, two miles away from Gen. Humphreys' troops,"*) a short, sharp contest gave us thirteen flags, three guns, several hundred prisoners, over two hundred wagons with their contents, and about seventy ambulances. "The whole result of the day's work, to the corps, was 13 flags, 4 guns, 1,700 prisoners, and over 300 wagons."† We camped near this place for the night and at 6.30 A.M. of the 7th moved down a long and quite steep hill to the creek, near whose banks stood the wagons already mentioned; and picketed near—they did not need this precaution — was a collection of the skinniest and boniest mules we ever set eyes upon; which, we believe, could not, in tandem, have pulled *one* wagon up the steep ascent opposite, much less the two hundred. The wagons, though now under guard, had been pretty thoroughly "inspected." The ground was strewn with clothing, good, bad, and indifferent, but mostly bad; tents, kettles, bacon, cornmeal, officers' desks, and official documents of most execrable paper. Near by was a bivouac-ground from which the poor Johnnies had been called while in the midst of preparations for a much-needed meal. Baking-pans and kettles filled with half cooked dough were about every fire, and near at hand stood a few bags of meal. As our supply train was far to the rear, and our rations drawing low, we were not altogether unwilling to interchange corn cakes with hard-tack for a time. But we move on.

* *With Gen. Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign.*

† *Gen. Humphreys: Official Report of Operations.*

Soon we began to come upon whole parks of wagons burned by the enemy as they stood, to prevent them falling into our hands; and then — the last thing to go — artillery ammunition was thickly strewn along the roadside, some partially destroyed, and some uninjured, left in cases as it was packed in Richmond. The caissons were found a short distance away, partially burned. Some of the guns were also secured, but few in comparison with the abandoned caissons and limbers. We supposed them holding on to these, until a squad of cavalry, scouting through the woods, came upon some newly made graves with head-boards set up and duly marked with the name and regiment of the slain Rebel heroes. Four gun-carriages, however, having been observed standing suspiciously near, gave something of a clue to the kind of stuff the defunct heroes were probably made of, and an inquisitive Yankee probing one grave found it to contain the remains of a lamented brass 12-pounder. Its three comrades were lying in adjacent graves, and were speedily exhumed to swell the captures. Others were said to have been found afterwards, which had been thus shrewdly concealed.

All these evidences of extreme demoralization induced the reflection as to how long an army thus wasting away could endure before surrendering or becoming a minus quantity. From early dawn till darkness the booming of cannon indicated that Lee's retreating columns were being harassed at some point of contact. Sheridan's men were everywhere, apparently, but really on his left flank, dashing in upon him by every highway or byway that gave opportunity, and when least expected. Our own corps pressed vigorously on, this Friday, April 7th. At High Bridge, where the Lynchburg

Railroad crosses the Appomattox on tall brick piers, Gen. Barlow, now in command of the Second Division, came upon the rear of the enemy just as they had fired the wagon-road bridge, and as the second span of the railroad bridge was burning. He at once secured the former, as the river was not fordable, and crossed his troops, preparing to move against the enemy who were stationed in a redoubt or bridge-head on the south bank. The artillery was also moved up into position* to cover the attack, but the enemy moved off without waiting longer, leaving behind them eighteen pieces of artillery. This body constituted only a rear guard, and the pursuit was again renewed to the westward, Barlow marching by the railroad, and the rest of the corps by the old stage road farther north. At Farmville, about six miles farther up the river, Barlow again came upon the enemy engaged in the work of bridge-burning, and covering a wagon train that was moving towards Lynchburg. "Gen. Barlow attacked and the enemy soon abandoned the town, burned about one hundred and thirty wagons, and joined the main body of Lee's army."†

In this attack the gallant Gen. Smythe fell mortally wounded, and a few of his brigade were captured.

The enemy was next met with four or five miles north of Farmville, at bay on a high ridge of land, which he had crowned with his intrenchments and batteries, commanding the open and gradually sloping ground over which his assailants must pass to reach him. The artillery was again ordered up, our

* "April 7th. Moved . . . . to High Bridge, where Tenth Massachusetts Battery . . . . was placed in position, and opened fire on the enemy's retreating columns, also upon a party who were trying to destroy High Bridge." — *Col. Hazard: Report of Artillery Operations.*

† *Gen. Humphreys: Report of Operations.*

battery taking its last position of the war on a low piece of ground in the edge of a strip of woods, where we were pretty well overlooked by the enemy. Here, with our accustomed celerity, and for prudential reasons, strengthened by what all seemed to feel as the near approach of the end, we erected breastworks for the last time. We were annoyed occasionally by a bullet, but from so great a distance that no one was injured; and in turn annoyed the enemy by occasional shelling. Towards night Miles attacked with three regiments, but was repulsed with a total loss of nearly six hundred men.

At sundown, we put two Rebel shells, which we had picked up, into our guns, and sent them whizzing back to their former friends. These were our last shots, and, it may be added, the last fired in the war by the Second Corps artillery. The next morning the enemy was gone, as was expected, and at 5.30 A.M. the corps moved on in pursuit.

Now indefinite rumors of flags of truce and negotiations for surrender began to circulate. Of course we scouted them. It seemed as reasonable to suppose that the rugged hills which contested our advance would melt down to a plain before us, as that the proud and well-nigh invincible old army of Lee was about to lay down its arms. At sunset we went into park, and had nearly unharnessed when the sound of distant firing, rapid and prolonged, told of sharp fighting in hand, and for this reason, as we supposed, orders were immediately received to hitch up and move on. In reality, however, the fighting had nothing whatever to do with the order, for it appears that Gen. Humphreys had ordered a halt at sunset, which continued two hours.* The march was then resumed in the hope

* See his *Report of Operations*, p. 12.

of coming up with the main body of the enemy, whose cavalry pickets had already been met with; but there seeming no probability of doing so, and the men being much exhausted from want of food and fatigue, a halt was ordered at midnight. The fighting we had heard was due to a dash made by the gallant Custer upon Prospect Station, where he seized four trains of supplies there awaiting Lee's army, and sent them puffing back towards Farmville for safe-keeping.*

As the artillery was marching in the rear of the corps, it was the last to pitch camp, which we did not do this night until into the small hours. It was now definitely affirmed that Grant had given Lee the choice of surrendering or receiving the shock of the whole Union army.†

Morning came at length, the bright, beautiful, and now historic morning of April 9th, 1865. The corps commander seemed in no hurry to move.

* *With Gen. Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign.*

† The actual correspondence in relation to the surrender was, in brief, as follows:

At Farmville, the 7th, Grant wrote, asking the surrender of Lee's army.

The same night Lee wrote asking the terms of surrender.

To this Grant immediately replied, stating generally the terms, and proposing to designate officers to meet Rebel officers named by Lee, to arrange definite terms of surrender.

On the 8th, still flying as he wrote, Lee sent a note, stating that he did not think the emergency had arisen to call for the surrender of his army but was ready to consider proposals tending to a restoration of peace, and appointed a meeting with Grant to that end.

Grant answered this on the morning of April 9th, stating that he had no authority to treat on the subject of peace, but that the South would hasten the end by laying down their arms, and closed by hoping that "all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life."

Before Lee received this, the time for parleying with him had passed, for Sheridan, followed by Ord's Army of the James and Fifth Corps, had cut him off from his only avenue of escape. He therefore sent a flag of truce, asking for a suspension of hostilities.

Then followed a note from Gen. Grant, detailing the conditions of surrender, succeeded by a note from Gen. Lee accepting the terms.

Everything was as serene as in an established camp. We leisurely watered and fed our horses, and then prepared our own breakfasts. Bands were playing merrily in all directions, men lay around at their ease, and the corps appeared more like a pleasure party than a host equipped for battle. What did it mean?

Towards 10 o'clock the corps began to move leisurely forward, literally "dragging its slow length along." At one time firing was heard in the distance, as if to disprove the rumors, now oft repeated and persistent, of coming surrender. About noon we came to a halt,* which was high-water mark for the Battery in its advance along the track of the retreating foe, and here we stood and waited, quizzing every orderly who passed the road either way. A staff officer from corps headquarters was heard to say that he had seen Gen. Lee this day. This was a straw in the right direction. It may seem to the casual reader that we were skeptical in the face of conclusive evidence. But "On to Richmond," the earliest rallying cry, perhaps, of the war, had long since been enrolled among the jests of the period, and no one thought of using it now except as such, or in irony; for when the number of campaigns having that end in view, and entered upon by the army with enthusiasm, is recounted, all of which, to date, had ended in failure or worse disaster, it cannot seem strange that we had lost faith in the speedy coming of the long looked-for and much desired end.

Suddenly a bugle call was heard from the rear.

* "The troops moved forward again at 8 A.M., and at 11 A.M. came up with the enemy's skirmishers about three miles from Appomattox Court House, where they remained during the day under the flags of truce." — *Gen. Humphreys: Report of Operations of Second Army Corps.*

We turned to discover its meaning. It was a warning to clear the road for a carriage drawn by four fine horses that were approaching at a gallop. Within sat Gen. Meade, yet pale with an illness that had confined him to his ambulance for some days, but now his face wore a smile, and he was looking eagerly forward, as if with joyful anticipation. Not long after this all hands were ordered to the front, which surely indicated that in that direction there had ceased to be the usual danger, and the story soon reached us that all hostilities had ceased, and that our advance guard were walking side by side with the rear guard of the Johnnies. Our faith was beginning to wax. Truly something *was* up, and it was beginning to dawn upon us, doubting souls! that the fighting was over. It could not be, and yet every moment strengthened that opinion.

JOHN D. BILLINGS. 1865

Now officers and orderlies began to come from the front. They had *seen* the Rebel army. It had stacked arms pending the terms of surrender. How the men chaffed each other between their hopes and fears, passing the long, anxious moments until all should be solved beyond doubt! At last the suspense was brought to an end. A wave of motion

made by swaying bodies and uplifted hands swinging or throwing caps and hats aloft, rolled along the dense masses drawn up by the roadside nearer and nearer until we were swept in with the rest, willy, nilly, as by a tempest. It is an ovation to Gen. Meade, who now appears in sight returning on horseback, galloping along the lines, cap in hand, his gray hair streaming in the wind, and his beaming countenance telling the whole story. It was entirely superfluous for the major riding just behind to announce that "Lee has surrendered," for the army understood its General, and straightway went beside itself. Such a throwing up of caps, such hugging and hand-shaking, such cheering, shouting and singing, such laughing, alternating with crying! In short, a general effervescing in all the boyish demonstrations of which old soldiers are peculiarly capable, and which could in any way give expression to the irrepressible emotions of the hour, was indulged in till nature cried out in protest. It was a rare occasion, the great day of a life-time, and one whose impressions will end only with life.

We saw nothing of the Rebel army during the truce pending the surrender, as a halt had been ordered less than three miles to their rear, but several squads of their men, who had previously been taken prisoners, marched past us. A natural curiosity to see how the vanquished veterans took the new order of things prompted some interchange of remarks, but we heard nothing insulting, nothing even of an exultant character. "Well, boys, it's all over at last;" "You can go home now," and other such expressions, evinced the kind feeling of the victors, while in return they received from the vanquished, "Bully for you, boys!" "We are glad it's over, any way," and other remarks of like character, showing

that these friendly feelings were reciprocated; but a more extended conversation with the members of the surrendered army showed some bitterness left still. There were men who denounced the surrender, and wished they could have been allowed to "fight it out to the bitter end." * Of course we felt bad for them to think they had not seen fighting enough, and could not repress a query as to whether they had always availed themselves of every opportunity to fight that was presented in the four years agone. Otherwise we felt no great sympathy for their pugnacious unrest. But these persons were the exceptions. The great mass of the Confederates were glad enough that the war was practically ended.†

MORNING REPORTS.

1865.

March 21. Lieut. Geo. M. Townsend on 20 days leave of absence to visit Boston.

* "After making my report, the General (Lee) said to me, 'Well, Colonel, what are we to do?'

In reply a fear was expressed that it would be necessary to abandon the trains, . . . and the hope was indulged that, relieved of this burden, the army could make good its escape.

'Yes,' said the General, 'perhaps we could; but I have had a conference with these gentlemen around me, and they agree that the time has come for capitulation.'

'Well, sir,' I said, 'I can only speak for myself; to me any other fate is preferable — '

'Such is my individual way of thinking,' interrupted the General." — *Col. W. H. Taylor,* in *Four Years with General Lee.*

† "Meanwhile there was a great stir in Gen. Lee's army, and they were still cheering wildly as we left McLean's house to find a camp for ourselves. Of course his intention to surrender had been noised abroad, and as he (Lee) returned from his interview with Gen. Grant, he was greeted with the applause we were now hearing. Cheer after cheer marked his progress through the old ranks that had supported him so gallantly." — *With Gen. Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign.*

March 22. Twenty horses received from Q. M. Dep't, Art'y Brigade, Second Corps.

March 23. Corps review by Maj. Gen. Humphreys. Private James Lee reported to quarters.

March 24. Private Edwin A. Hill returned from General Hospital.

March 25. Packed up at 8 A.M.; 89 rounds of ammunition expended in action near Hatcher's Run (77 rounds of Hotchkiss Case shell and 12 rounds of Hotchkiss Percussion).

March 26. Q. M. Serg't Wm. H. Fitzpatrick and Private Timothy Nowell returned from furloughs.

March 27. Private Charles Fiske returned from General Hospital at City Point.

March 28. Two guns turned over to J. P. Farley, eighteen horses to E. J. Strang. One corporal and nine men detailed for cattle guard. Two horses died of exhaustion.

March 29. Serg't B. F. Parker returned from 20 days furlough.

April 1. Private Geo. H. Putnam and D. R. Stowell returned from 20 days furlough.

April 2. Expended 97 rounds of ammunition. Delivered 120 rounds of Hotchkiss Percussion to First N. H. Battery.

April 3. Three horses died of exhaustion.

April 5. One horse died of exhaustion.

April 6. Two horses died of exhaustion. Expended 38 rounds of ammunition.

April 7. Two horses died of exhaustion. Corp. Geo. H. Smith reduced to the ranks. Expended 16 rounds of ammunition. Received 9 horses from Q. M. Dept.

April 8. Four horses died of exhaustion.

April 9. Two horses died of exhaustion.

CHAPTER XX.

April 10—May 31.

THE CRUEL WAR OVER — "LIMBER TO THE REAR" — ON SHORT RATIONS — HOW THE NEGROES FELT — BURKESVILLE JUNCTION — "ON TO RICHMOND" — RICHMOND AS WE SAW IT — TO FREDERICKSBURG AND BAILEY'S CROSS ROADS — WASHINGTON — HOMEWARD BOUND — PALACE CARS — BOSTON — COOL RECEPTION — GALLOUPE'S ISLAND — MUSTERED OUT AT LAST — ON TO BROOKLINE AND MARBLEHEAD — EXIT TENTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY.

By degrees — by very slow degrees, we began to realize the great fact of peace. No more rattling shots of the pickets fell upon the ear; no booming of cannon in the distance; and the discharges of artillery at headquarters, fired to signalize the triumph, had lost their sting even for our foes, for the report was followed by no screeching shell. They were firing blank cartridges — a discharge obsolete with the Tenth since February 22, 1863.

But now our advance was ended, and our footsteps must needs be retraced. Let an extract from Lieut. Col. Hazard's Report tell the story of the next few days in brief:

"April 9 : . . . Batteries halted in the road until 4 P.M., when the announcement was made that the army of Northern Virginia had surrendered. The Batteries then went into camp.

April 10th : Command remained in camp all day.

April 11th: Batteries moved together, under my command, back

on the same road. They advanced to New Store, and camped for the night.

April 12th : Command moved at 6 A.M. by a plantation, and from thence by the Plank Road to Farmville. Parked on the hills near Farmville.

April 13th : Started at 6 A.M., camped near Rice's Station on the Danville Railroad.

April 14th : Started at 6 A.M., and marched to Burkesville. Arrived at 2 P.M. Went into camp."

Our loss in horses on this move the Report puts at thirty-four. No other battery used up more than ten. I can assign no reason for the difference.

During this return march we were put on three-quarters rations, in order that the paroled army might be fed. The toil of the march, now made trebly difficult by the return of all varieties of army transportation over the same roads, was relieved by occasional sallies with the people white and black, the latter turning out in force from every house to see us pass. They danced, sang, and even prayed their satisfaction in the most fervent manner, when prompted by some of the more light-headed. It was a truly touching sight to see them give way to their extreme delight in their own quaint melodies, all more or less of a sacred nature (although that quality did not always appear in the rendering), or, dropping upon their knees, pour out with the utmost volubility their simple petition of thankfulness and glorification to the Almighty for delivering them from bondage — a deliverance which, we are assured, was appreciated by few, and fully understood by fewer. Many of them had Rebel money to dispose of for whatever sum they could get for it.

When we were about seventeen miles from Farmville our rations gave out, and no more could be had till we arrived at that place. On account of a

drizzling rain making worse roads for our tired and hungry horses, two days were consumed in reaching that point, there to learn that the rations had been sent seventeen miles further. We remedied this unpromising state of affairs by "borrowing" two or three boxes of hard-tack from the rear of some wagons bound for the Twenty-fourth Corps. These carried us through, but our poor horses were compelled to stagger on without forage, many, as the Report indicates, falling in their tracks, their places being filled, if at all, by picked-up animals almost equally exhausted. A deep stream, skirted with mud, at last compelled us to "expend" and bury much of our ammunition in order to cross. By nightfall we had made not over eight miles, but we met a train, sent back from Burkesville Junction, with rations and forage at this time, which comforted man and beast in great measure.

We reached the Junction next day, and went into camp on high ground, remaining two weeks awaiting the surrender of Johnston's army. Meanwhile the paroled Rebel soldiers streamed along the railroad at our feet, bound homeward. While here, our keen satisfaction at the closing of the war was turned into the deepest anguish by tidings of President Lincoln's assassination. I need not describe how the bravest men shed tears at the thought that this great soul, who had piloted the nation through its terrible travail for liberty and union so wisely, should now, just as he was about to enter into the enjoyment of the fruits of his labors, be laid low in so foul a manner; nor how, before full details were received, every man was fired with a disposition to continue the war till all vestiges of Rebellion were wiped from existence.

Death invaded our ranks here for the last time,

taking Elbridge D. Thresher, a young man much respected in the company. He died in the Brigade Hospital, April 26th.

Here, too, occurred (we believe) our last inspection, the whole artillery brigade being inspected; and we only mention the matter to state that the Battery received the credit of appearing the best of any in the corps. At last came orders to march to Washington, taking Richmond on the way. So, having loaded our ammunition chests upon the cars, May 2d we started in light marching order.

Richmond, sombre and blackened by the fire which had left in ruins much of the business part of the city, received us gloomily. Castle Thunder, marked by a conspicuous signboard nailed up by our troops, frowned upon us, a spectre of bygone days. From the bars of Libby Prison incarcerated Rebels looked out upon our column, ruminating, no doubt, upon the mutability of human affairs; while our boys, who had boarded there awhile, pointed out the windows through which they had looked for weeks with feelings akin to despair.

A corps of Union troops lined the streets as we passed, and few citizens were to be seen. The negroes, however, and a few whites, brought out pitchers of water for our comfort.

Leaving Richmond, we resumed the journey to Alexandria. Passing almost in sight of some of the bloody fields we had fought over the year before, leaving Bowling Green on our right, where we had hoped to stop and renew our acquaintance with those ladies who had so confidently predicted our discomfiture, we at last reached historic Fredericksburg. It looked seedy and crumbling, and with sufficient cause. Its streets were yet strewn with the shells thrown in '62. Few signs of life were visible.

It seemed, in truth, a deserted village. It was our last stopping-place before reaching Alexandria. Strict orders had been, very properly, issued against foraging, and pigs and roosters uttered their own peculiar music from the door-yards as we passed, unvexed by the Union blue, for they were now at peace with us, and we, perforce, with them.

Saturday afternoon, May 13th, we drew in sight of the dome of the Capitol, and felt as if we were almost home again. We pitched our camp near Bailey's Cross Roads, and remained about two weeks, living on the odds and ends of government rations, and speculating on the prospects of discharge. The grand review of Sherman's army and our own called us into the city in holiday attire, not because of the review, — we had had a surfeit of such, — but to see President Johnson, and the masses of people who had congregated there to witness the parade.

Washington seemed changed but little during our two years and five months absence from it. The dome of the Capitol which we had left unfinished had received its last block of cast-iron, and been surmounted by the Goddess of Liberty. But we missed none of the filth of former days. Vaunted Pennsylvania Avenue was as rough and dirty as ever. It may here very properly be added that the end of the war closed this era of the city's uncleanliness, and to-day it is probably, what it should be, the neatest and most comely city in the Union.

In a few days orders were received to turn in the Battery at the Arsenal in Washington, which we did, taking our farewell of the 3-inch Parrotts, to which we had become much attached, and which we should have been only too glad to take along to old Massachusetts with us, had such a plan been prac-

ticable. The horses, poor service-worn brutes, were turned in with the rest of the government property, and some one curious in such matters discovered that, out of the one hundred and ten animals brought from Massachusetts in '62, but a single horse remained. All the rest had fallen by bullet or disease. It also appears from the morning reports that the Battery had used up about 400 horses in all.

Henceforward preparations went actively on for departure, and everybody seemed happy. We celebrated the last night in camp by a grand illumination, furnished forth by the residue of candles left in the quartermaster's stores, for which we had no further use, decking each tent with a number. Orders were received Friday night, June 2d, to march in the morning, which we were ready to obey at an early hour. Having reached the city, we were shown a train of palace — pardon the slip — of *box* cars, passably clean but devoid of seats. These luxurious accommodations were shared with other batteries of our brigade, also homeward bound. About noon the train started, animate within and without with the army blue.

Our journey was one continued series of friendly greetings from people along the route, universally evincing feelings of the most cordial and heartfelt good-will to the returning soldiery. Even "Secesh" Baltimore extended a hospitable hand to us; all of which was in marked contrast to the pitiful "Lord help you! you'll be shot" kind of greetings they gave us on the way out.

At Baltimore we exchanged the luxuries of our cars, to which we had become somewhat attached (by means of splinters), for a train especially fitted up for the transportation of a victorious loyal sol-

diery, by the management of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad, a corporation which, probably having received more money from the general government than any other railroad in the country during the war, could well afford this mark of liberality. It is true, the cars had every semblance of box-cars, but did they not have elegant plank seats in them, and weren't the aforesaid plank seats thoughtfully left unplaned, so that the occupants should not slide off, and mayhap fall out of the car?

An all-night ride brought us to Philadelphia at 5 o'clock in the morning, before people were generally astir, but the booming of cannon announced our arrival, and we were soon marching on, under convoy, to the same Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon that had used us so generously before, and after purifying by water we were treated to a substantial breakfast. We loitered about until past noon, when, having been shown to a decent passenger train, we entered and were whirled away across the plains of New Jersey. We reached South Amboy about 4 o'clock, and embarked on the steamer "Transport" for New York, being greeted with many patriotic demonstrations as we skirted the shores of New York Bay. Changing steamers at the latter city, we spent a delightful moonlight night on the Sound, and arrived at New London, Connecticut, early Monday morning. We suffered a long and tedious wait here also, but at last the train moved on. Worcester was reached and passed soon after noon, and the familiar stations along the old Boston and Worcester road brought us to realize more vividly that home itself was not far away, and our spirits rose correspondingly. We answered by a waving of the handkerchief or the cap, the kindly

tokens of welcome home extended along the route. One man in his earnestness dropped his jacket from the car-window. Another was wildly swinging both cap and kerchief at what proved to be a scarecrow. At last the haze and distant spires and chimneys of dear old Boston came into view. Yes, there was no mistaking it. Oft, when surrounded by less peaceful scenes, had we visited it in our dreams; oft had we dwelt upon its attractions, and the enjoyment we had compassed within its limits, and wondered whether we were destined to see it again. But the reality was upon us, and the men broke forth into singing until the cars rang again. Bunker Hill Monument appeared in view, and the chorus poured forth a louder greeting. In this wild tumult of excitement, each breast swelling with rejoicing at the pleasures of the immediate future, the train ran into the depot, and we surged out upon the platform.

It was not far from 4 o'clock. We had expected to be accorded something of a reception, but not a familiar face was in sight, nor was there any sign of official recognition, either by the state or the city. This condition of affairs threw a wet blanket over our enthusiasm and lofty expectations of a warm welcome. We had entirely ignored the fact that the reception of war veterans had become a commonplace, every-day occurrence, and that returned soldiers were no longer the town or village heroes; that to accord to all returning organizations the token of official recognition they deserved, would, in this piping time of peace, with such arrivals a daily event, have taken a great deal of some one's time and attention. This may seem a weak defence of the case. We hope there is a stronger. But be that as it may, we had received such cordial attentions at every stopping-place, from ante-rebellious

Richmond forward, that it seemed somewhat singular, at least, not to be as warmly received by those on whose regard our claims were strongest; and when it further became known that our immediate destination was Galloupe's Island, the recent rendezvous of so many of that class of men known as bounty-jumpers, the country's shame, and that there we would be guarded as vigilantly as if we, too, were of that ilk, our indignation was insuppressible. It could not reasonably be expected that men who had been absent from their families nearly three years, were ready to be thus insulated when within sight of the smoke of their own chimneys; so when the column started, Capt. Adams kept his face steadfastly to the front, knowing that his ranks were being decimated at every street-corner. He knew his men better than the government did, and took no anxious thought for the consequences. Out of one hundred and eighty men who returned to the state, but *seventy-five* answered to roll-call on reaching the island. Had the men been dismissed to their homes, with orders to reassemble in twenty-four or forty-eight hours, or a week, to be paid off and mustered out, *not a man would have been missing.* We mention this matter as illustrating one of the many ways how not to do it, so often met with in military matters.

Having got fairly settled on the island, it was found that the muster rolls, made out with so much care at the Cross Roads under orders from the War Department, were pronounced worthless by the officials at this end of the route, thereby necessitating the making out of a new set. These were completed in four days and sent up for the inspection of the paymaster, Friday, June 9th, to be returned Monday morning by him in person; but they were

not received until Tuesday night, and then only through a vigorous stirring up of somebody by Capt. Adams. The signatures of the men were added the same night. Early Wednesday morning, June 14th, the paymaster appeared, our accounts with the government were settled, our discharges received, and all obligations to the United States were cancelled. We were citizens once more.

And now began those marks of appreciation from friends of the Company, which went far to remove the unkind feelings engendered by our cool reception. The town of Brookline, which had contributed nearly a score of men to the Battery, was waiting to give the entire organization a warm greeting. It had been appointed for Tuesday the 13th, but for obvious reasons was deferred. On arriving at the wharf in Boston we were met by a deputation from that honored town, which escorted us to the Worcester Depot. There we took the cars for Brookline, where we were tendered a grand ovation. The town was ablaze with the national colors. The schools were closed, business was generally suspended, and everybody was abroad. We were marched through the principal streets of this beautiful suburb, escorted by all the local organizations and the school children, after which we were shown to tables, under a mammoth tent, richly freighted with the best of rations. Brookline will always occupy a warm corner in the hearts of the Tenth Battery.

Marblehead contributed more than thirty men to the organization, and extended the Company a similar invitation to its hospitalities. The invitation was accepted, and the time set, Tuesday, June 20th. Our reception here was a repetition of the one at Brookline, evincing throughout in every possible

way the most cordial good-will and gratitude to the men who had fought the battles of freedom. Dinner was served in a tent on the common, and after the customary speech-making was over, followed by a social good time, the young ladies in attendance captured our flag, and falling into line, escorted us to the station. Amid a general hand-shaking the train moved away, reaching Boston in due time, when the men separated, and the Tenth Massachusetts Battery lived only in history.

That which I have undertaken to say of this Company is now completed, and its closing chapters have been written with sincere regret; for the task of tracing its history from the enlistment of its members to the close of the war has been one of unalloyed pleasure. During its progress my imagination has been peopled with the spirits and scenes of the conflict, and I have fought over again the old fights and lived over the old camp life so vividly, at times, as to regret the absence of the reality. That the Company was worthy of a better historian is beyond dispute, but that it could have had one more diligent in his researches for the truths of history or more conscientious in their expression, I am not willing to admit. It would have been possible to introduce into these pages some of the jealousies and feuds common, as we have reason to believe, to all military bodies, but no interest germane to the object sought in issuing the work could have been subserved by them, while their perpetuation would be undesirable in many respects.

The good deeds of the Battery have not been unduly magnified. The time has passed when either

party to the war can successfully claim the achievement of prodigies that never occurred. The systematic sifting and weighing processes and tests to which all claims are subjected by the earnest seekers after the truth lay bare all such attempts at deception. The relative strength of the contestants at different periods of the war is the only question yet unsettled, and even that is rapidly approaching adjustment.

Nor have I intended to underrate the calibre of our antagonists in writing up the Company, for, obviously, there must be at least two parties to a well contested field, and I firmly believe that no braver men were ever banded in an unrighteous cause than constituted the Rebel Army of Northern Virginia — unquestionably the flower of the Southern forces. They fought with a valor that would have insured success had the God of Battles been on their side. To defeat such an army was glory enough; to be defeated by them, no disgrace. But they were *not* invincible man for man. The men who entered the Army of the Potomac in 1861, '62, and '63 were every inch their peers. Whenever the circumstances indicated otherwise, the fault was not in the men but their leaders. Had the Union army been as well officered as the Confederate, the Rebellion would have gone down in Virginia in 1862. But my present purpose is not with this phase of the late conflict. I only wish to emphasize the good character and excellent fighting material of the Company as a whole, and cite as weighty evidence bearing on this position the incontrovertible statement that the men never turned their backs upon the foe, unless by order, whenever there was an available shot in the limber. Nor was the Battery ever driven from the field. Further, no man was ever accused of

leaving his post in time of danger. Skulking to the rear when duty called at the front was never charged against any member of the Battery, — a boast whose merit will be regarded as sufficient warrant for its making by those who know how general skulking was. At Reams Station our men were the last to leave the field, this being the cause of so many of them falling into the hands of the enemy.

If, with the assistance so kindly rendered me, I have succeeded in spreading upon the page of history an impartial record of the service of the Tenth Massachusetts Battery, of which it has always been my proudest boast that I was a member, I shall consider myself amply repaid for the many hours devoted to its preparation. The decision of this question I cheerfully leave to the judgment of my late comrades in arms, for whose gratification the labor was undertaken.

MORNING REPORTS.

1865.

April 10. Two horses died of exhaustion.

April 11. Five horses died of exhaustion.

April 12. Abandoned 202 rounds of ammunition. Five horses died of exhaustion.

April 13. Four horses died of exhaustion.

April 14. Four horses died of exhaustion. Lieut. George M. Townsend returned from 20 days leave of absence.

April 15. Two horses died of exhaustion. Received 29 horses from Q. M. Dep't. Turned in 24 horses to Q. M. Dep't.

April 17. Received 30 rounds of ammunition from Capt. Meade.

April 18. Two men, A. A. Blandin and T. Herlehy reported back for duty from the train.

April 20. Private E. D. Thresher reported to quarters.

April 21. Private E. D. Thresher reported to quarters.

April 22. Private E. D. Thresher reported to quarters.

April 23. Private E. D. Thresher reported to quarters.

April 24. Private E. D. Thresher and Thomas Smith reported to quarters. Received 300 rounds of ammunition, 70 of * * * 70 H. C., and 160 H. P. from Capt. Meade Q. M. (Ordnance)? Dept. Corporal Estee and seven privates returned to duty from Art'y Brigade Headquarters.

April 25. Private T. Smith reported to quarters. Private E. D. Thresher sent to Brigade Hospital. Private S. H. Johnson returned to duty from Ammunition Train.

April 26. Two horses died, Black Tongue. Private E. D. Thresher died in Art'y Brigade Hospital of Fever.

April 27. One horse died of Black Tongue. Private Thomas Smith reported to quarters. Private E. D. Thresher buried with military honors.

April 28. One horse died of Black Tongue. Private Thos. Smith reported to quarters.

April 30. Mustered (for pay)? by Capt. Roder, Battery K, 4th U. S. Light Art'y. Received 40 horses from Capt. Meade. Burned (?) * * *

May 2. Corporal Estee and Privates Wilson and Burroughs detailed to go to Alexandria with ammunition chests.

May 3. One horse died of exhaustion.

May 5. Serg't A. B. Parker and Privates Nesbitt,

Putnam, Fales, Handlin and Gowell transferred to hospital.

May 6. Passed through the city of Richmond.

May 8. One horse died — worn out.

May 9. One horse died — worn out.

May 10. Two horses died of exhaustion.

May 11. One horse died of exhaustion.

May 12. One horse died of exhaustion.

May 14. One horse died of exhaustion.

May 16. Private Waldo Pierce transferred to Invalid Corps. Serg't A. B. Parker and Privates Nesbitt, Gowell, Fales, Putnam, Handlin returned from hospital. Corporal Estee and Privates Wilson and Burroughs went to Alexandria and (got)? our ammunition chests.

May 18. One horse died — worn out.

May 19. Two spare caissons turned in to the Ordnance Department, Washington, D. C., with all equipments and ordnance belonging to it (them)? Corporal J. D. Billings and Private J. M. Ramsdell reported to quarters. Two horses died of exhaustion.

May 20. One horse died of farcy.

May 23. Grand Review of the Army of the Potomac.

May 26. Private T. W. Strand's horse taken up on Report Book.

May 27. One horse died — worn out.

May 29. Privates J. P. Brown and T. Elworth returned to duty from the train.

May 31. Turned over the Battery to the Ordnance Department, Washington, D. C. Horses, (84) to Q'r M. Department. Privates Northey, J. L. Schwartz and W. Moran returned to duty from Art'y Brigade Hospital, Second Corps. Received notice of the death of Private C. W. Green in * * *

APPENDIX.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTURE, IMPRISONMENT, AND RELEASE OF PRIVATES S. AUGUSTUS ALDEN, LEWIS R. ALLARD, ALVIN ABBOTT, AND FRANK A. CHASE, SUBSTANTIALLY AS RELATED BY MR. ALDEN.

We were with the Battery until July 19, 1863, when I received orders to select three good men, and with them return to Berlin, Md., for mules and harnesses. We were then some twenty miles into Virginia. Having selected comrades Allard, Abbott, and Chase, in the latter part of the afternoon we took our departure, mounted, for Berlin, all feeling in good spirits. On our arrival at Harper's Ferry we dismounted, fed our horses, ate our rations, and bivouacked. On the following morning early, after feeding once more and eating another frugal meal of hard-tack and coffee, we started for our destination, reaching it about the middle of the forenoon of the 20th. We could get the mules, but could obtain no harnesses; and as we could not procure both, agreeably with instructions, left the mules and set out on our return, crossing again at Harper's Ferry into Virginia.

We had ridden perhaps fifteen miles up Loudon Valley, when we were suddenly surprised by a band of Mosby's guerrillas, lying in ambush behind stone walls both sides of the road, their carbines covering us. Not a word passed between us, but they beckoned for us to approach and enter their lines

through an opening in the wall about large enough for a horse to pass, which we saw at a glance was the only wise thing left for us to do. Having complied with this requirement, we were ordered to dismount. They then searched us, taking all our valuables and what of our clothing they wished, putting their old worn-out garments upon us. Some of their number then mounted our horses and marched us to the summit of the Blue Ridge, where they guarded us and some twenty or thirty others whom they had captured previously. Here we bivouacked with nothing to eat.

On the following evening (Tuesday, 21st), having marched twenty or twenty-five miles, they filed us off into an open field to spend another night, with only a blanket to cover our half-clad forms, starvation staring us in the face, for we had eaten nothing since our capture. But our captors took no pity on us, nor heeded our applications for something to eat. All the satisfaction we got was, "Good enough for you. We have starved more than we have killed by the bullet." We resumed our march next morning, and at night brought up at Berryville, where they gave us a cup of flour, having nothing more, as they said, to give us. The most of us mixed it with water and then ate it, having no conveniences to cook it with.

Wednesday morning they again ordered us into line, and we marched through quite a number of settlements to Winchester, Va. After leaving Berryville, many of the prisoners became so footsore that they walked barefooted the rest of the journey. Many, too, began to be afflicted, first with constipation, and afterwards with chronic diarrhea, which ultimately caused the death of a large number.

At Winchester they put us into an old building

under a strong guard, where they issued a ration of wormy hard-tack to us, which we devoured, and then stretched ourselves upon the bare floor. From Winchester we were marched to Staunton, Va., and bivouacked on a high hill. Here they dealt us out a ration of mouldy hard-tack and a small piece of bacon, — a mite for starving men, but a God-send, small as it was, though crawling with animated nature.

We remained at Staunton two or three days, when they marched us to the railroad station and packed some five hundred of us so closely into box-cars that we could scarcely raise our arms. A guard stood at each door ready to shoot or bayonet the first man who should attempt to escape. After proceeding some distance they stopped the train in a long tunnel, owing to an accident ahead. We were in this dungeon nearly two hours. Meanwhile many of the men got out of the cars stealthily, and creeping alongside, and underneath them, secured whatever missiles they could lay hands on, and then returned to the inside. When the train got under way, bang! bang! bang! would go the stones, taking off boards from the sides of the car, and the guard would fire at random in the direction of the sound. Two or three men were wounded, but not mortally. When the train reached Richmond, which was early in the morning, there was not a whole box-car remaining, all having been more or less staved outward to obtain fresh air.

At Richmond they guarded us on the train some three or four hours, not allowing us to get off to obtain water to quench our thirst. Next we were ordered into line, where — weak as many were, so weak that their stronger comrades were obliged to give support, for not a man could leave the ranks

under penalty of being shot — we were kept standing in the broiling sun more than an hour. Two were shot while we were in line in front of Libby; they called us all sorts of abusive epithets. After they had thinned the prisoners out in Libby, intending to transfer some to Salisbury and Andersonville, they put a part of our squad into Libby and a part into Castle Thunder.

Constant siftings were taking place from these prisons to make room for fresh arrivals. We four were amongst a squad they transferred to Belle Isle — a Paradise to the places we had been in, though not much better than a hog-pen, and with the appearance of having long been inhabited by that animal. Like every rendezvous for prisoners, it was alive with vermin. On a hill near the stockade in which we were kept stood a number of cannon trained on the prisoners in case of any general attempt to escape. We were on this island some six weeks, during which time we got only one ration in two days, the same consisting of a pint of bean soup, or a small bit of half-boiled beef — more bone than beef. In a pint of this liquid, by brisk stirring, we could manage to arouse from one to six lonesome beans, which seemed as if trying to escape our search, — a forlorn and useless hope, however, for, half boiled and hard as they usually were, they were seized and swallowed.

One day we were lucky enough to work ourselves into a squad picked out for exchange. This we did by feigning sickness; and if ever we felt happy and grateful to our heavenly Father, it was when we were released from that sink of filthiness and fasting called Belle Isle. From there we were taken to Richmond, where we were confined for the night in Libby Prison. The next morning they packed us,

as at Staunton, in box-cars, like sardines, — I think there were three or four hundred of us, — and dispatched us to Petersburg. Thence we went by the exchange boat to City Point, where we saw for the first time since our capture the glorious old Stars and Stripes. They never meant so much to us before, and weak as we were we sent up a rousing cheer.

At City Point we were transferred to the steamer "City of New York," which soon cast off and started for Annapolis, where was located the camp for paroled and exchanged prisoners. Our feelings at this moment can possibly be imagined, but it was an ecstasy of joy I cannot describe. But so weak and shattered were many of the men released, that the reaction was too much for them, and several passed away before reaching their destination. The first "square meal" we had after our capture was obtined on board this steamer. It consisted of hardtack, bread, cheese, and coffee, but such was the condition of the digestive organs of some of the prisoners that death soon followed. The bodies of fifteen such lay on the bow of the steamer as she reached Annapolis. At this place the prisoners were distributed, some being sent to College Green Barracks, others to Parole Camp, to remain until they rallied, when they were returned to their respective regiments or companies. The writer remained here on detail until the close of the war.

THE EXPERIENCE OF THOSE WHO WERE TAKEN AT THE BATTLE OF REAMS STATION.

By William E. Endicott.

[The writer of this chapter was Number One man on the first piece, the one nearest the spot where the

enemy succeeded in entering our works. The first few lines of the following account are his own experience only, for no man could do more than look out for himself in that time of great confusion.]

When the ammunition of the first piece was exhausted, nothing remained to be done. The gun's crew, therefore, fell back to the next piece, and the next, — and so on, each gun firing its last round in turn. The other guns' crews fell back as we did. At one piece fought Isaac Burroughs and Frank Estee. The former had just time to insert the last round (canister), as a body of Rebels came down upon them. "This is my gun!" shouted the officer in command, coming straight in front of the piece. "Take it!" answered Estee, pulling the lanyard. These two cannoneers got safely off of the field. Those of us who fell back along the works kept on as far as the traverse which separated our left piece from the right one of the Rhode Island Battery. How many of the boys of the Tenth were at that spot I cannot say. I remember only one, beside myself, but there must have been many others. Looking toward the right, the scene was frightful. The ground was thickly strewn with the dead and wounded of both sides. Many of the infantry who had gathered courage enough to try a dash towards the rear, were seen to fall as they ran, and in the middle ground lay the gory heaps of our poor horses, who had stood with such unflinching firmness under the terrible tempest of shells and bullets which had swept the plain. The victorious Rebels were advancing, evidently in high spirits, as well they might be. Hundreds of the wretched fellows who had failed so miserably in their duty as support to the Battery, lay huddled under the works, too ter-

rified even to stand. It may be imagined that our feelings were bitter enough when we learned, some months afterward, that one of the New York papers, in its account of the battle, had stated that the Fourth New York Heavy Artillery had manned the guns of our Battery after we had fled. There was, however, one exception to the poltroonery which most of these poor creatures displayed: Major Frank Williams, of the above regiment, rallied about a score of his men, and charged upon the vastly superior force of the enemy with the utmost gallantry; but bravery was of no avail: all of his party were soon killed or captured.

The enemy continued firing as they bore down upon us, and it seemed to be their intention to kill us all; and, as we had no weapons, we could only stand up and take it. A Rebel, at the distance of fifty feet, drew his rifle to his shoulder and aimed in such a direction that I could look, as it seemed, directly into the muzzle. I was certain that my time had come to die. After a moment's pause he fired, and I was surprised to find myself unhurt; but a man at my side, and partly behind me, sunk down with a groan, shot in the head. The next minute I felt the cold muzzle of a Rebel lieutenant's pistol just behind my ear, and heard a command, in most abusive language, to get over the works and go to the Rebel lines; which I obeyed at once.

When we reached the open level field which lay behind the low ridge where their guns had been posted, we saw at least two brigades which they had not brought into the fight at all; so, very likely, the result might have been the same if our support had been a help instead of a hindrance.

It would be a natural supposition that the two thousand prisoners who met in that field were full

of sorrow and dreadful forebodings; but nothing could be farther from the truth. The flush and excitement of battle were still on us too strongly to allow us to think of what we should have to endure in Rebel prisons, and our conduct was more like that of victors than vanquished; as one after another of a regiment or battery met his fellows, the handshaking and loud salutations were renewed, and the air rang with our talk and laughter. Occasionally a shot from a Union gun would come obliquely over the field, and the prisoners shouted and jeered to see the Rebels dodge and break ranks.

They took our chaff very good-naturedly; indeed, to do them justice, their conduct towards us was very kind and friendly, with one or two exceptions. I had received a new felt hat from home that morning, which a ragged Rebel took possession of without much ceremony; and a few other instances occurred of similar seizures; but I feel bound to say, that, as our enemies had showed the most desperate courage in the battle, they proved themselves humane when the victory was assured. But when I speak of humanity, it must be remembered that I speak only of the actual fighting-men, as will be seen further on.

We remained in the field I have spoken of for perhaps an hour, and then took up the line of march for Petersburg, not by a direct course, for fear of recapture, but making a detour towards the south. Our exhilaration had by this time subsided, and the feelings naturally to be looked for had taken its place, and that evening's march was indeed a gloomy one. To add to our depression of spirits, it soon began to rain, and when we halted for the night, about 9 o'clock, the wet grass was our bed, and the pouring clouds our covering, until the

march was resumed at about four next morning. Most of us had been taken in our fighting costume of shoes, pantaloons, shirt, and hat. The only articles I took into Libby Prison, beside these pieces of clothing, were a towel and an old condensed-milk can, and few of us had much more.

This day's march was exceedingly severe, for the sun was unclouded, and shone down upon us with its full August fierceness. Water was scarce, and if it had been plentiful, we could have done no more than dip up a little in our hands as we passed along. The guards were changed twice, if my memory does not deceive me; but for us there was no relief, nothing but an incessant tramp. We sometimes met parties of Rebels on the way, who seemed much pleased at having taken so many of the Second Corps. "I reckon we have got about all of Hancock's Butterflies," they would say. "Go to Deep Bottom, and see!" was the bitter rejoinder. This generally put an end to their questions.

Several times we encountered officers who were looking for our gallant corps commander himself, the story having reached Petersburg that he was among the captives. "Where's Hancock? Where's Hancock?" they asked. "You'll hear from him within twenty-four hours," we replied. They took our retorts in perfectly good part, as if they could make allowance for our condition, and knew the dismal place we were going to. At about 3 o'clock we were allowed to rest in a thin grove of pines. At this place I had the exceedingly good fortune to find a condensed-milk can, which I used afterwards in Libby to hold my ration of pea-soup. Had I not found this I must have gone without my soup, in which case I might not have been now where I am.

It was a little before sunset when we reached Petersburg. I was surprised to see, in the outskirts, how every spot sheltered from the bombardment had been seized upon as a dwelling-place by those whose residences were in the more exposed part of the city. The citizens were living there in scores, in all kinds of habitations, — tents of cotton-duck; wigwams of poles tied together at the top, and covered with bed-quilts; booths of boughs of pine-trees; and now and then a log-cabin. As we filed through the streets we were pleased to see that many of the houses had great gaps in their walls, made by the passage of our shells. We were fortunate enough to pass the church by whose clock it was the fashion of our men to set their watches when we first came in sight of the town, so as to be able to give each other Petersburg time, until a three-inch shot tore through it, completely upsetting its internal economy. The citizens looked rather black as we pointed up to it, but our guard only laughed.

We passed the night on an island in the river, and in the morning we were counted, searched, and robbed. Everything of value was taken from us. The search was especially keen for money. Their own currency was exceedingly plentiful, and correspondingly worthless. We had been much surprised, the day before, when we were led through the town, to have little boys come to us to buy buttons from our blouses, offering four or five dollars a piece for them, and showing the money. Some of these boys tried to find a Yankee with a watch to sell, and went about with a handful of Confederate promises to pay, shouting that they would give two hundred dollars for a silver watch.

I had a little experience of my own in regard to the value of Rebel scrip. Glidden — my "partner,"

as we used to call it in those days — found a razor in the grass on this island, which he sold for twelve dollars; and we both felt considerably elated, for we thought that if provisions ran short in prison we could buy extras with all that money. This was Saturday forenoon. We had had nothing to eat since Thursday forenoon, — just before the fight, — so we thought it best to buy a little bread to break our long fast. It took the whole of the money to buy *three biscuits*, and the vender was by no means desirous to sell even at that.

By some inquiry and comparison we found that a dollar of our paper money was worth twenty of theirs, and considering the price of gold, the actual value of Rebel scrip must have been about the same as that of the old Gallipolis bank of which the story went that you could buy wood with it at the rate of cord for cord.

That afternoon they issued a ration to us: four mouldy hard-tack, to last us until we should reach Libby. A little before sunset we were started for the train of platform cars which were to take us to Richmond. To reach them we were obliged to march about three miles out, for the thirteen-inch mortar, the Dictator, which we had seen a month before on the City Point road as we came back from Deep Bottom, dropped its shells so neatly on the railroad just out of Petersburg that the track was impassable. We had watched the mortar practice at the Union end with pleasure and interest, and now, at the Rebel end, observed its effects.

We were crowded on the cars and very slightly guarded, as it seemed to me, for there were not more than four or six guards to a car, and perhaps some of us might have escaped by suddenly pushing them off. But the risk was certainly very great, and the

probability of reaching our own lines exceedingly small; so, though one or two of us whispered a suggestion to each other, nothing was done. The guards were the very soul of good-nature and treated us with great consideration. At Chesterfield Station the train halted for a few moments, and I asked an old man, a civilian, who stood by the track, what time it was. "Yankee time!" said the old fellow; not a very bad insult, but one of our keepers, who heard him, rated him soundly for his incivility. I mention the good feeling of the actual fighters because it was in such marked contrast with the conduct of the home guard and play-soldiers who took charge of us the moment we arrived in Richmond. With oaths and curses we were driven into the street, sometimes at the point of the bayonet, and were marched to Libby with jeers and execrations. The hunger we had endured we thought little of; similar experiences had not been unknown when wagon trains had failed to come up; but the brutality so suddenly showered upon us brought to us all the realization that we were indeed prisoners of war.

In Dante's "Inferno" the gates of Hell bore the inscription, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." The words came into my mind with frightful force that night; the street was just light enough to enable us to see the pale faces pressed up to the bars; the corpse of a newly slain prisoner lay in its blood on the pavement near the door; and the door-way itself was a great square mass of blackness, for nothing was visible within. They forced us in, closed and barred the door, posted the guard, and left us to our reflections. That it was an exceedingly miserable time for us I need not say. It was as dark as a pocket; there was no room to lie down or for many

even to sit; sleep was of course impossible, and we spent the rest of the night wondering what would be the end of all this. At about eight the next morning we were taken, two hundred or so at a time, up two flights of stairs, to the rooms which were to be our jails; and there DICK TURNER robbed us again. There was not much to reward his industry, — we had been too thoroughly searched by the Petersburg thieves for that, — and when he had stolen everything he could find he left us.

With the idea of humiliating us, a negro with a club was stationed at the door, but it may be imagined that he did us no harm. In the greenness of my soul I asked him what we were to keep our rations in when they were dealt out. "You won't be troubled with rations," he answered, and his words came true.

I have told the story in detail so far; but we were now fairly entered on our prison life, and one day was like another, so it will not be necessary to particularize. Our daily life was as follows. We got up off the floor at daybreak, cold and numb and lame, and when the sun rose and shone a little while into the two eastern windows, we gathered there to enjoy his rays as flies do when they begin to feel old and stiff in autumn. Then we would go to our own part of the room; for we formed little squads, and had our own territory which we never left by day. The Tenth Battery squad had, as I believe, the most eligible camping ground in the whole room, for it was on the side next the river and had two windows. Here we sat until the sweepers came, — three negroes with a broom and one with a half barrel, — whose business was to sweep the floor. They were under command of a tall, thin, and sour Georgian who made it his occupation to

see that we held no communication with the sweepers: a task quite out of his power to accomplish. A few would begin to argue with him about the war, and he would take fire at once and forget everything else, and while he was telling us for the twentieth time, "You uns had no business to come down here to fight we uns. If you uns had stayed where you belong there wouldn't have been any war," the others got all the news of the day from the negroes, and those who had money sent out by them to get things to eat. Sometimes the value of their money came back to them and sometimes not.

In this way we learned the news of the fall of Atlanta and taunted the Georgian with it. He denied it as long as he could, and ended by drawing a pistol and commanding silence. After the sweepers had gone, the next excitement was the entrance of pompous Major Turner, Dick's brother, by whose orders we were formed in two ranks up and down the room while he counted us. What he would have done if he had found his birds short in number I can neither tell nor imagine. This brought us to about half-past nine, when we devoted ourselves for the next half-hour to waiting for breakfast which was due at ten. Those whose territory lay at the street end of the room had the excitement of watching for the negroes who brought the rations in greasy tubs from the cook-house across the street. When we heard the joyous cry "Fall in" we gathered in our respective squads and waited for the welcome food. The bulk of meat and bread was divided into as many parts as there were squads, and the chief man of every squad divided these portions into as many parts as there were men in a squad; then one turned his back and was asked, "Who shall have this lot? this lot? this lot?" and so on until all were disposed of.

The next half-hour was always a time of great enjoyment. We ate slowly to prolong the pleasure, gathered up the smallest crumbs that had fallen, and picked every atom of meat from the bones; but the end of the feast would come at last.

I will describe these rations a little more fully. The bread was of the coarsest description, made of corn, ground cob and all, and not finely ground. I have lately read that chemists say there is a good deal of nourishment in cobs, but I think they do not look for it in the same way as we did, for we looked in vain. Of this bread, such as it was, we got about four ounces. The meat was of a character which made it a fitting companion for the bread, and, poor as it was, they gave us only about three ounces, including the bone. We liked to have a bone fall to our share because it took so long to pick it, and some bones, the ends of the ribs for example, had soft places in them which we could chew and try to think that we were eating. One day we had a fine lot of bones. General Early had captured a herd of cattle from the Union army, and the heads were boiled and sent in to us after the cheeks, brains and tongues had been removed.

The next meal — the *other* meal I should say — was not until four in the afternoon, and there was a great deal of time on our hands. We passed this in various ways. Somebody had managed to save a pack of cards, and those who liked played until so many of the cards were lost that no game could be carried on; others sat and talked the time away, telling all the adventures that never happened to them. One day I found a piece of laurel wood, and made a spoon which I still keep as a memento of that dismal time. I also marked my tin can with my name, and around the rim I cut Lovelace's lines,

"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," and thought as I did so that the poet did not know about these things. In some way or other, three books had escaped the clutches of the two sets of thieves who had robbed us. These were a Bible, which I read completely through; a copy of Miss Braddon's *Lady Audley's Secret*, which I also read, but without much enjoyment; and *The Arabian Nights*, a book whose absurdity and childishness were too much for me, even in prison. We used oftentimes to sit and gaze at a field of corn which grew on the south bank of the river, hardly a stone's throw away, and say to each other, "Oh, if I were only in that cornfield!" Other objects which whiled away the weary prison day were the occasional passage of a tug up or down the canal, or a group of turkey-buzzards hovering about some choice bit on the river bank. It was hazardous to approach the window near enough to be seen by the sentries, for it was at once their delight and their orders to shoot any one who did so. Yet we were never warned by any one in authority to keep back, nor did the sentry often take the trouble to give any orders. The sight of a musket being brought into position was generally the only intimation of danger before the discharge of the piece. We did sometimes venture, however, and it gave us unfeigned satisfaction to see how thickly the grass was growing between the paving-stones. One day — it was the 13th of September, I believe — we heard heavy cannonading down the river, and could even see Union shells exploding in the air. Pretty soon a string of fugitives appeared coming up the canal bank, among them an old lady in a high-wheeled chaise and with a lapful of silver ware, who was frantically urging on an old horse which was wholly

unable to satisfy her desire for rapid transit. We made sure that our side had gained some great advantage and saluted the shells with cheers, to the great disgust of the sentries.

Some of the prisoners managed, one day, to cut out a piece of the flooring so as to communicate with the prisoners on the floor below. The Rebel authorities suspected this, but they never could find the place. The negro sweepers must have known where it was, but they never told.

In these ways the wretched days dragged on. At four o'clock, each day, a shout from the northern end of the room gave notice that our luxurious supper was about to be served; this consisted of another piece of the apology for bread, which we by no means sneered at then, and bean, or rather pea broth, about one-third of a pint to each man. It was very galling to see those worthless negroes pour out some of it into the street when the tubs were a little heavy. This stuff was made of the cow-pea, raised as a forage crop at the South; and these peas, like others, were full of weevils to such an extent that their carcasses made a thick, black layer over the broth. This was of a dark-red color, and we thought the flavor excellent.

We were as long as possible in eating supper, and when it was over we soon went to bed; that is, we went in a body to our chosen spot near the centre of the room, as far from the window as possible, and lay down. There was no glass in the windows, and as the month was September, and the prison on the river bank, it always became very cold before morning; so we used to lie down as close together as we could get, and when one wanted to turn we all had to turn in concert. It took some time to get to sleep under such circumstances, and just as we were

getting into a doze the sentries were sure to wake us with their half-hourly cry, like this, "Post-number-seven-half-past-twelve-and-all's-well!" But no person born north of Mason and Dixon's line can reproduce the drawling whine of the Georgians who guarded us. One night one of them started out in full cry, "Post number two half — what time is it?" The effect was very ludicrous, and we jeered and shouted at him for some time. Late in September we had a piece of good news, which, however, turned out to be false. A crowd of prisoners arrived at midnight. Some one among them shouted, "Butler's got his machine to working." We supposed by this that the Dutch Gap Canal had proved successful, and felt quite happy over it. So we turned to and fro until daybreak, when we rose and tried to hobble to the east window to get a minute's sunshine.

Thus the time passed for five weeks. During this period we always stopped eating while still hungry, as we are often told we ought to do; but the result was not such as to cause us to continue in the same course when not obliged to. At the end of the third week any sudden change of position was followed by ringing in the ears, darkness before the eyes, and great dizziness; and when five weeks were over and they took us out, we found that to go down stairs even with our lightened bodies was a severe trial to the strength of our knee-joints. We were marched through the streets on that drizzly day to Belle Isle, and found it a far worse place than that which we had left, in most respects, although exposure to the sun was quite a luxury to us. The population of the island, at that time, must have been about six thousand. The area of the prison pen was laid out in about sixty streets,

branching out at right angles from a central avenue, thirty on a side; these streets were numbered, and on each were the quarters of a hundred prisoners, their covering a condemned tent, their bed the ground, sometimes wet, sometimes not, according to the weather. This camp was guarded by a strong line of sentries, and several pieces of cannon on a hill near at hand were trained upon the inclosure in case of a sudden outbreak. I strolled out to see the place on the first afternoon, and was suddenly accosted with, "Look out, dead line!" from a prisoner who was better acquainted with the premises. I looked up and saw the silent sentry just beginning to bring his rifle to position. I disappointed him of his expected reward — a furlough — by stepping back. "Where's the dead line?" I asked the prisoner. "Anywhere within three rods of the stockade," he said. "Sometimes nearer, sometimes not so near." And we soon found that "dead line" was wherever the sentry chose. Some of these guards were friendly and would warn us, but the majority were quite the other way.

There was a daily count as there had been in Libby. For this purpose we were all marched out of the stockade while our quarters were being searched, and were counted as we passed in again. Some spent their time while outside in digging witch-grass roots out of the sand, getting as much as could be clasped in one hand. I could not imagine what they did with this at first, but found that they dried the roots and then used them to heat their pea broth; making for the purpose a circular wall of earth just large enough to set a tin can upon, leaving a draught hole and a place for the escape of the smoke, thus saving nearly every particle of heat. Once or twice a man tried to escape by burying him-

self in the sand while outside and lying there all day, slipping into the river by night. One, I believe, got away while we were there. After dark it was exceedingly hazardous to move outside of the quarters. One night we heard the report of a musket, followed at once by shrieks of agony, and we knew that one more murder had been done.

One day cannonading was heard down the river, apparently at no great distance, and our hopes began to rise. The guards were doubled, the artillerists were posted at the guns on the hill, and an officer came in and gave us notice that if more than two men were seen talking together fire would be opened upon us. The cannonading continued, and feeling very little confidence in the forbearance of the guards we went into our tents, threw up breastworks and lay down behind them. That, however, passed over; the firing died away, and our position was no more hazardous than before.

In the second week of October the prisoners began to be sent to Andersonville and Salisbury, two or three hundred at a time. Some supposing that they would be better treated there exchanged themselves into the hundreds next in order; others, reasoning that it was best to stay as near our own lines as possible, made exchanges the other way. One morning, after we had come in from being counted, we found that three of our batterymen were missing; they had got separated from the rest of us, had been counted in with a lot to go South, and we never saw them again; they all died at Salisbury: Charles Green, Timothy G. Redfield, and Francis L. Macomber. One night, all of us that were left on the island, to the number of several hundred, were ordered out, and marched across the railroad bridge to where the cars bound South were standing.

Looking around I saw that not a guard was in sight; it seemed as if it would be almost flying in the face of Providence not to attempt to escape, but in a few minutes came the joyful news that we were to be paroled. It seemed too good to be true, but true it was. After having had rations furnished us for the journey to the South, and while we were standing by the cars that were to take us, the orders were changed, and we were sent North instead. We took up the line of march to Castle Thunder, and there took oath not to serve against the Confederate States (so called) until exchanged. This formality over, Major Turner asked if there was any one there who could write; hundreds at once stepped out. Two of us, Jas. S. Bailey and the present writer, were chosen, and we wrote all night long, taking names, rank, regiment, etc. In the morning early we got another ration of bread, and were packed on board a Rebel vessel, and taken down the James, past Fort Darling, to Varina Landing, where we went ashore. The river at this point makes a wide sweep and comes back again nearly to the same place, so it was a short walk acoss the neck of the peninsula. As we got to the top of the little hill which lay in our way we saw the most magnificent sight our eyes ever rested upon — the Star-spangled Banner at the mast-head of the flag-of-truce boat "New York," which was to take us to Annapolis. There is no need of spending fine words to express feelings which were beyond the power of words to express. If such feelings are not understood without words they never can be understood at all. In due time we reached Annapolis, and there several of us were detailed for duty under Capt. Davis, who had charge of College Green Barracks. I remained there several months, and when the general

exchange was declared, and the prisoners who had been twelve or eighteen months in Salisbury and Andersonville arrived, I saw sights which made me feel as if I had no right to say that I had ever been a prisoner at all.

EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY OF A VISIT TO OLD CAMPS AND BATTLEFIELDS IN 1888 BY JOHN D. BILLINGS.

BOYDTON PLANK ROAD.

With the morning's dawn I settled my bill at Hotel Gary in Petersburg and at 8 o'clock took seat in an open carriage and set out on a day's campaign. A pair of high-stepping grays took me along at a lively pace to the Boydton Plank Road and down that historic thoroughfare we proceeded. I had instructed the driver not to tell me when we arrived at Burgess' Mill, wishing to test the accuracy of my recollection. But when he drew up at Burgess' barn and asked me if this was the place I had to give it up. Yet here we were at Burgess' Tavern, wrongly so called, sure enough and I had just crossed Hatcher's Run. On this very ground stood the lines of the Second Corps Oct. 27, 1864. Had I approached the spot from the Union side I think I should have recognized it. Here is the White Oak Road which enters the Plank Road from the west. Burgess' old house was torn down by the Rebels after we left on that October day, and a heavy line of works was built across the road connecting with a strong fort a few rods away on either side. The old barn into which Lieut. Smith was carried wounded was destroyed at the same time and a new one stands in its place.

As I left the carriage a young man perhaps nineteen years old came out of the barn. He gave his name as Burgess and from him I learned that not his father but his grandfather it was who lived here in war time, and that said grandfather had been dead three years. An elderly man with full gray beard now appeared from the house. It was Clark Burgess, the present proprietor. I accosted him by saying that as I had not seen him for nearly twenty-five years I would give him a call. He retorted quickly that unless I was more friendly than when here last he did not care to see me. He regretted much that his father was not alive to talk with me. For himself he was in the north when the battle occurred and knew nothing of it save by hearsay. "The mill has disappeared and I have drained off the mill pond," he went on to say, in answer to my inquiries. "Right down there," he continued, pointing to the low ground back of his barn, "Gen. Hampton corralled those 3000 cattle he took from you. He turned them into our cornfield at night and in the morning not a leaf or stalk remained. There," pointing to a large tree perhaps half a mile away, and at some distance to the left of the White Oak Road, "was Hampton's headquarters during the fight of the 27th. Our house was used as a hospital during the battle, the surgeons throwing the amputated legs and arms out of the windows. My brother was up in Petersburg that day and on his return at night he said he found our hogs running about with these fragments of human kind in their mouths. He says he found our father perfectly demented by the excitement of the hour and engaged in collecting in one vast, unassorted pile, knapsacks, blankets, overcoats, muskets, shelter tents — in short all belongings abandoned by the soldiers.

Your departure from the field that night, my father has often said, was so sudden and stealthy he never could understand it. You see they all went to our well for water, and after awhile so many canteens, dippers and buckets had been dropped into it no one could get water. So father tells that he had gone down to the pond for some and when he returned a few minutes later you all had gone. After you were here our folks built two forts on our farm. Yonder is one of them. The other I levelled, also the line that ran between them."

Mr. Burgess answered all my inquiries as far as able and urged me to come again and stay longer. Nearly opposite the barn at the corner of the Plank and White Oak roads was a cotton field from which I plucked a few bolls as mementos.

Across this field and covering the White Oak Road stretched the left of Egan's division — Rugg's Brigade, as I remember. When the Johnnies came in upon our right flank that afternoon, Major W. G. Mitchell, an aid on Hancock's staff, was on this part of the field and had just started for the rear when he found the Rebels across his path. With that rare presence of mind and promptness to act in an emergency which was one of his distinguishing characteristics the Major rode back at full speed and ordered Rugg to take his brigade, charge down the road to the rear and clear the way once more, but Rugg lay cowering and immovable in his tracks. He was afterwards court-martialed and dismissed the service for neglect of duty and disobedience of orders. Major Mitchell told me since the war that Rugg's excuse was that Mitchell had no authority to order him but while that was literally true, the circumstances so fully justified it that Hancock stood loyally by his Aide. I well remember this bri-

gade as I saw them that day lying low behind a hastily improvised barricade of boards and fence rails which they had collected early in the fight. Right here opposite the opening of the White Oak Road and not six rods from it stood early in the fight Beck's Battery C & I, Fifth U. S. Art'y, relieved later by the Tenth Massachusetts Battery. Here our Lieut., Asa Smith, tumbled from his horse mortally wounded. Here fell Daniel W. Atkinson of my own gun's crew. Here fell Captain David A. Granger at the time in command of the Eleventh Mass. Infantry. Here David R. Stowell of the Battery seized hold of the staff of the regiment's colors as the men fell back through the guns and offered to lead them himself. Dave was no dress parade soldier and had little or no style about him, but when the crisis called for a *man* he easily sized up to the requirement. Here Lieut. Granger, then in command of the Battery, said as coolly as if on parade, on learning that our support had fallen back and that we had no canister left, "Fire whatever you have got into the woods. We can whip them alone!"

This is an enchanting spot, but much more remains to be seen. So getting into the carriage regretfully, and taking from Mr. Burgess his last 12-lb cannon ball which he generously disengaged from his mole-trap, I bade him a reluctant good bye, and the "army" moved on down the Boydton Road. Perhaps not as fast as the Battery went over the same ground when it ran the gantlet of the Rebel skirmish line that stirring afternoon.

We halt again at the Dabney's Mill Road. Into the field at my left, about 300 yards from Burgess', the Rebels came out of the woods and overran Gen. B. R. Pierce's brigade about 4 o'clock that after-

noon, and there 300 yards further along, Gen. P. Regis de Trobriand's men formed line, faced and headed them. What a fat, jolly Frenchman Trobriand was! What a funny figure he cut on horseback! His short, stubby body, rigidly perpendicular with short, stubby legs projecting stiffly at right angles with his body the whole decorated with his scarlet Zouave uniform made a figure decidedly picturesque. Yet he was a good soldier withal, and popular with his command.

Under this tree which stands in the angle of the Plank and Dabney roads, I saw Generals Grant, Meade, and Hancock holding a conference. It ought to be marked for the information of tourists. But no, that would ensure its destruction. Opposite the Dabney Road, in this clearing, was the second position taken by the Battery which Gen. Walker in his history of the Corps has omitted from his map of the field, presumably because it is not found on the memory sketch of Col. Morgan, Hancock's Chief-of-Staff. Yet here fell Lieut. Henry H. Granger mortally wounded, here privates Alfred C. Billings and Mike Farrell were wounded and here a piece-wheel was shattered by a Rebel shell. The Battery, however, did not fire.

At or near this very spot stood the guns of the First New Hampshire and Tenth Massachusetts, Sunday morning, April 2nd, 1865, and shelled the two forts on Burgess' farm; and later our hearts thrilled with joy inexpressible to see the flag going over the works in the hands of Mott's division of the Second Corps. The rifle pits thrown up by this corps along the eastern side of the Boydton Road are still visible, but the last one disappears as we speed along and soon after high noon we have reached Dinwiddie Court House.

OLD FORT STEVENSON.

The Williams House was one of the many which came in the way of the Union lines in the movements of the army before Petersburg. The Sixth Corps built high breastworks near it. These the 2nd Corps occupied for a time. On the high ground in its rear the engineers decided to locate a fort, and Fort Stevenson, the largest and strongest fort in the line, was built. As the Williams House screened its outlook it was pulled down. Seen in outline against the sky the fort suggests the battlements of a castle. It is a magnificent relic, nearly as perfect as in war time. In it our four Parrotts took position on retiring from Hatcher's Run. Here we lay when Capt. Sleeper returned from leave of absence on account of wounds. Here Lieut. Milbrey Green joined us on being commissioned into the Battery. Here we heard the sad announcement that Gen. Hancock was to leave us. Here Barney Oliver cut off three of his toes. Near it is the identical spot where the fragments of the company camped that survived the battle of Reams Station.

FORT MORTON AND BATTERY XIV.

I drive to Hotel Gary from the Crater, resolved after dinner to locate old Fort Morton if possible. On reaching the vicinity, I call at the house of a gentleman whose farm covers much of the Union line. His name is R. F. Taylor. "I am the fifth bearing that name to live on this spot," he informed me. "You ask where Fort Morton stood. I think it stood where we now are. When your army established their lines here, the main line ran by my fa-

ther's house, and a large fort was built enclosing our well in one corner. The house was then destroyed; and by the way, a house located on that spot has been destroyed in three different wars. This fort took up much valuable land so I set to work carting it away. Yonder is a small corner of it. I think this was Fort Morton." He was correct, and the massive old earthwork whose mortars and 32s made such merry music had been wiped out. From this I easily located old Battery XIV, now tumbled in ruins, and overgrown with bushes and briars. The parapet between Battery XIV and Fort Morton had also been removed.

ROSTER AND ROLL OF THE COMPANY.

Name and Rank.	Age.	Residence or Place credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service, and Cause thereof.
J. Henry Sleeper, Capt.,	25	Boston,	Sept. 22, 1862,	Wounded at Reams Station. Feb. 27, 1865, resigned. Brevet Major.
J. Webb Adams, Capt.,	41	Boston,	Feb. 27, 1865,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service. Brevet Major.
H. H. Granger, 1st Lieut.,	45	Boston,	Aug. 20, 1862,	Died of wounds, Oct. 30, 1864. Brevet Lieut. Col.
J. Webb Adams, 1st Lieut.,	39	Boston,	Aug. 20, 1862,	Captain, Feb. 27, 1865.
Wm. E. Rollins, 1st Lieut.,	37	Boston,	Nov. 1, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Milbrey Green, 1st Lieut.,	35	Dorchester,	Feb. 27, 1865,	" 9, 1865, " " Brevet Major.
Asa Smith, 2d Lieut.,	31	Ipswich,	Sept. 22, 1862,	Died of wounds rec'd at Boydton Road, Oct. 28, 1864.
Thos. R. Armitage, 2d Lieut.,	36	Charlestown,	Sept. 6, 1862,	Feb. 4, 1864, resigned.
Wm. E. Rollins, 2d Lieut.,	36	Boston,	Feb. 5, 1864,	First Lieut., Nov. 1, 1864.
Milbrey Green, 2d Lieut.,	34	Dorchester,	Oct. 28, 1864,	First Lieut., Feb. 27, 1865. Discharged June 9, '65.
George H. Day, 2d Lieut.,	22	Charlestown,	Nov. 1, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
G. M. Townsend, 2d Lieut.,	20	Boston,	Feb. 27, 1865,	" 9, 1865, " "
Bailey, J. S., Jr., 1st Sergt.,	21	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Harrington, O.N., 1st Sergt.,	25	Brookline,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Died July 30, 1863, Washington, D. C.
Pierce, Chas. E., 1st Sergt.,	21	Brookline,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Sept. 22, 1864, First Lieut. 4th Regt. H. A.
Townsend, G.M., 1st Sergt.,	18	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Second Lieut., Feb. 27, 1865.
Fitzpatrick, W.H., QM.Sergt.,	33	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Rollins, W. E., Q.M. Sergt.,	35	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Second Lieut., Feb. 5, 1864.
Currant, Joseph H., Sergt.,	30	E. Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Day, George H., Sergt.,	20	Charlestown.	Sept. 9, 1862,	Second Lieut., Nov. 1, 1864.
Doe, Charles W., Sergt.,	20	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Estabrook, L. L., Sergt.,	40	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Gould, Chandler, Sergt.,	34	E. Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Died Oct. 5, 1864, Beverly, N. J.
Gould, Geo. F., Sergt.,	33	E. Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Sept. 22, 1864, First Lieut. 29th Un. Co. H. A.
Parker, Adolphus B., Sergt.,	24	Southboro',	Sept. 9, 1862,	Prisoner Aug. 25, '64. June 9, 1865, exp. of service.
Parker, Benj. F., Sergt.,	26	S. Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Barnes, Hosea O.,	21	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Killed May 30, 1864, Tolopotomoy Creek, Va.

Woodfin, Philip T., Jr., Sergt.	22	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Mar. 10, 1864, 2d Lieut. 16th Battery.
Blair, George W., Corp.,	29	Roxbury,	Sept. 21, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Clark, Burnham C., Corp.,	28	Brookline,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Estee, Francis M., Corp.,	26	Charlestown,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Goldsmith, Richard, Corp.,	23	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Howes, Francis M., Corp.,	19	Canton,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Lemon, William B., Corp.,	21	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Osborne, Charles E., Corp.,	21	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Paine, Samuel, Corp.,	29	Truro,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Pease, George A., Corp.,	27	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Richardson, Asa F., Corp.,	28	Hardwick,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " " [July 8, 1865.
Shattuck, And. B., Jr., Corp.	24	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Transferred Jan. 21, 1864, V. R. Corps; discharged
Stevens, John H., Corp.,	22	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Reed, Joshua T., Bugler.	45	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 2, 1865, disability.
Mugford, John E., Bugler.	29	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Bacon, Amasa D., Artificer.	26	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Gross, Willard Y., Artificer.	32	Brookline,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Abbott, Alvin,	29	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Abell, Samuel,	39	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Oct. 25, 1862, disability.
Adams, Daniel D.,	28	Brookline,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Adams, Lyman W.,	31	Barre,	Jan. 5, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Alden, S. Augustus,	27	Cambridge,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Allard, Lewis R.,	26	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Allen, Joseph P.,	27	W. Boylston,	Sept. 7, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Allen, William,	21	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Amsden, Charles W.,	18	Barre,	Aug. 29, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Apthorp, John P.,	23	N.Bridgewater,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Ashcroft, Elias,	29	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Atkinson, Daniel W.,	27	Brookline,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Killed Oct. 27, 1864, Hatcher's Run, Va.
Atwood, Edwin T.,	25	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	May 13, 1863, disability.
Atwood, Sewell A.,	30	Lowell,	Aug. 8, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Bailey, John W.,	30	Canton,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Barker, Cornelius N.,	43	Cambridge,	Sept. 9, 1862,	May 27, 1863, disability.

Baxter, John F.,	30	Charlestown,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Beals, Horace B.,	23	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Beck, Tobias,	26	Charlestown,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Bemis, Herman N.,	23	Rutland,	Aug. 30, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Bemis, Roswell,	43	Rutland,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Bickford, William H.,	21	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Died July 5, 1864, Washington, D. C.
Billings, Alfred C.,	22	Canton,	Aug. 30, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Billings, John D.,	19	Canton,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Birmingham, Michael,	24	Abington,	Sept. 8, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Blandin, Arthur A.,	19	Charlestown,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Blackmer, Daniel C.,	37	Petersham,	Aug. 22, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Blaney, William T.,	21	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Bastable, William M.,	21	Marblehead,	Nov. 28, 1863,	Deserted, May 15, 1864.
Bradley, John,	36	Boston,	Jan. 18, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Bradlee, Samuel J.,	29	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Dec. 2, 1863, 1st Lieut. 14th Battery, Feb. 10, 1864.
Bright, Alonzo,	23	Canton,	Jan. 5, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Brooks, Joseph,	34	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	May 11, 1863, disability.
Brown, Frederick F.,	25	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Deserted, Jan. 2, 1863.
Brown, John P.,	22	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Brown, Orrin P.,	36	Boston,	Dec. 26, 1863,	" 9, 1865, " "
Browning, James W.,	19	Petersham,	Aug. 8, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Bruce, Charles E.,	30	E. Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Burroughs, Isaac N.,	28	Charlestown,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Butterfield, Norman H.,	22	Hardwick,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Campbell, Michael,	36	Boston,	Jan. 13, 1863,	" 9, 1865, " "
Carr, John H.,	30	Charlestown,	Jan. 1, 1864,	Discharged from V. R. C., July 10, 1865.
Carr, Patrick,	25	Canton,	Sept. 20, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Carter, Theodore A.,	18	Barre,	Dec. 29, 1863,	" 9, 1865, " "
Chase, Charles L.,	28	Charlestown,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Chase, Frank A.,	26	Charlestown,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Prisoner July 19, '63. June 9, 1865, exp. of service.
Chase, Harrison,	36	Southboro',	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Childs, Jonathan E.,	19	Rutland,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Died Nov. 15, 1862, Washington, D. C.
Church, Edwin H.,	30	Lynn,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Clark, Charles F.,	22	Worcester,	Nov. 11, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Clark, George L.,	26	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Clark, William H.,	21	Marlboro',	Nov. 30, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "

Roster and Roll of the Company—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Age.	Residence or Place credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service, and Cause thereof.
Colbath, Charles G.,	44	Brookline,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Conners, Charles,	18	Stockbridge,	Aug. 26, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Cook, Francis A.,	22	Worcester,	Nov. 12, 1864,	May 20, 1865, disability.
Corlew, Benjamin E.,	31	Brookline,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Transferred, V. R. C., Dec. 5, '63. Dis. Jan. 11, '65.
Cranston, George T.,	20	Canton,	Sept. 15, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Crawford, Robert,	19	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Critchett, Moses G.,	35	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Deserted from Poolsville, Md., May 23, 1863.
Cross, Joseph,	24	Charlestown,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Cusick, Thomas,	18	Brookline,	Feb. 18, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Damrell, Edwin F.,	18	Charlestown,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Wounded May 12, '64. June 9, 1865, exp. of service.
Devereaux, George N.,	21	Charlestown,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Died of wound received Aug. 27, '64, Reams Sta., Va.
Devine, Timothy,	22	Boston,	Oct. 22, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Dixon, George M.,	25	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Jan. 21, 1863, disability.
Donnelly, William G.,	20	S. Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Dwight, James,	28	Charlestown,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Edwards, Joseph,	21	Charlestown,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Edwards, William,	28	Charlestown,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Ellsworth, James,	44	Boston,	Jan. 29, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Ellsworth, Thomas,	21	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Endicott, William E.,	20	Canton,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Prisoner Aug. 25, '64. June 9, 1865, exp. of service.
Ewell, Henry L.,	20	Cambridge,	Jan. 4, 1864,	Wounded Aug. 25, '64. D. Nov. 2, '64, Wash'ton,D.C.
Fales, Edward A.,	23	Barre,	Dec. 28, 1863,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Farrell, Michael,	25	Canton,	Sept. 8, 1864,	July 5, 1865, " "
Fay, Asa W.,	25	Barre,	Jan. 4, 1864,	June 9, 1865, " "
Fisher, Alvan B.,	24	Rutland,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Fiske, Charles,	19	Millbury,	Dec. 26, 1863,	" 9, 1865, " "
Floytrop, Emil C.,	27	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Foley, Michael,	29	Raynham,	Nov. 22, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Follett, Algernon P.,	33	Oxford,	Sept. 5, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "

Folley, Patrick,	26	Abington,	Sept. 8, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Foran, Patrick,	19	Rehoboth,	Nov. 22, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Foster, Samuel H.,	19	Barre,	Jan. 4, 1864,	Wounded Aug. 25, '64. June 9, 1865, exp. of service.
French, John W.,	23	So. Danvers,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Feb. 5, 1863, disability.
Friend, Ellis A.,	18	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Frost, John C.,	19	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Sept. 25, 1863, disability.
Gallagher, James,	23	Boston,	Oct. 25, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Gallagher, Patrick,	20	Brookline,	Feb. 18, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Gilley, Richard G.,	26	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Glidden, Oscar F.,	20	Brookline,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Prisoner Aug. 25, '64. June 9, 1865, exp. of service.
Goodwin, John T.,	22	Brookline,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Wounded May 10 and Aug. 25, '64. June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Gowell, Asa L.,	27	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Green, Charles W.,	21	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Prisoner Aug. 25, '64. Died Jan. 13, 1865, prisoner, Salisbury, N. C.
Haley, Michael,	18	Swampscott,	Feb. 12, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Ham, Lewellyn,	21	Brookline,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Handlin, John,	36	Charlestown,	Jan. 7, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Hanson, Samuel A.,	23	Charlestown,	Sept. 9, 1862,	May 23, 1863, disability.
Hayden, Joseph W.,	44	Boston,	Jan. 15, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Herlehy, Timothy,	18	Abington,	Oct. 3, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Herring, William,	33	Needham,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Hill, Edwin A.,	18	Worcester,	Dec. 5, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Hill, Pierce T.,	44	Marblehead,	Dec. 21, 1863,	" 9, 1865, " "
Holbrook, Alex. W.,	21	Charlestown,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Died Aug. 16, 1864, Brattleboro, Vt.
Hooper, Benjamin G.,	20	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Hooper, Joseph A.,	23	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	March 4, '64, discharged for wound rec'd Oct. 13, '63.
Hooper, William E.,	21	Charlestown,	Jan. 2, 1864,	Dec. 30, 1864, disability.
Horrigan, Richard,	19	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Jan. 2, 1864, disability.
Hunt, Leroy E.,	18	Rutland,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Innis, George H.,	21	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Jewell, Edwin C.,	22	Canton,	Aug. 30, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Johnson, Stephen H.,	26	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Jones, Henry,	40	Chelsea,	Jan. 5, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Kay, James,	29	Northbridge,	Dec. 10, 1863,	Missing in action, Aug. 25, 1864.
Keefe, Daniel.	26	Canton,	Dec. 5, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.

Roster and Roll of the Company—Continued.

Name and Rank.	Age.	Residence or Place credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service, and Cause thereof.
Killoran, Hugh,	28	E. Boston,	Dec. 30, 1863,	Deserted from Lincoln Hospitals, Jan. 31, 1865.
Knowland, John H.,	22	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	May 18, 1865, disability.
Lear, Joseph,	35	Millbury,	Nov. 12, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Leavitt, Moses,	22	Boston,	Mar. 8, 1864,	Transferred Mar. 30, '64, to Battery K, 4th U.S.Art.
Lee, James,	26	Abington,	Sept. 8, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Loham, Francis,	21	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Lucas, James A.,	18	Dorchester,	Aug. 9, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Macomber, Francis L.,	28	W. Roxbury,	Mar. 8, 1864,	Died Dec. 28, 1864, Salisbury, N. C.
Martin, Richard,	23	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Prisoner Aug. 25, '64. June 9, 1865, exp. of service.
Martin, William H.,	23	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	April 22, 1863, disability.
Mason, Charles A.,	18	Northbridge,	Dec. 21, 1863,	Mortally wounded Aug. 25, 1864, Reams Station, Va.
Maxwell, Albert N. A.,	21	E. Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Died Feb. 20, 1864, Washington, D. C.
Maynard, John C.,	28	Taunton,	Oct. 28, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
McAuliffe, Cornelius,	39	N.Bridgewater,	Sept. 2, 1864,	June 17, 1865, disability.
McAllister, Daniel,	30	Cambridge,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Merrill, Alonzo N.,	29	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Mercier, Moses,	20	Taunton,	Nov. 21, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Millett, John,	28	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Prisoner Aug. 25, '64. June 9, 1865, exp. of service.
Mins, Francis,	32	Barre,	Dec. 28, 1863,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Monroe, Frank A.,	21	Worcester,	Jan. 5, 1864,	Transf'd '64, V.R.C.; discharged June 30, '65, disabil.
Montague, Francis,	21	Chelsea,	June 11, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Moran, William,	20	Charlestown,	Feb. 8, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Mullett, Emerson B.,	19	Barre,	Jan. 4, 1864,	Killed May 10, 1864, Po River, Va.
Murphy, Henry,	18	Dorchester,	Aug. 9, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Neagle, Patrick E.,	32	Charlestown,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Nelson, John,	24	N. Brookfield,	June 21, 1864,	Never joined the Battery.
Nesbitt, John,	37	Boston,	Dec. 26, 1863,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Newton, Harmon,	31	Hardwick,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Died Sept. 18, 1864, Washington, D. C.
Nichols, George,	25	Worcester,	Nov. 11, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.

Nichols, George H.,	21	S. Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Nichols, William B.,	29	S. Boston,	Feb. 2, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Norton, John,	24	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	May 11, 1863, disability.
Northey, William E.,	22	Charlestown,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Nowell, Timothy,	30	Cambridge,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
O'Conner, Daniel A.,	21	Canton,	Aug. 31, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
O'Connell, Jeremiah,	23	Springfield,	Sept. 10, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Oliver, Hiram B.,	25	Rutland,	Sept. 9, 1862,	July 15, 1865, for disability.
O'Neil, Michael B.,	25	E. Boston,	Nov. 27, 1863,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Orcutt, Henry,	42	Brookline,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Orcutt, Mears,	36	Brookline,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Osborne, William,	22	Boston,	Sept. 27, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Otis, Samuel,	32	Palmer,	Nov. 22, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Packard, Charles N.,	23	N.Bridgewater,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Parks, George W.,	18	Hardwick,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Peach, James,	22	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Nov. 10, 1864, disability.
Pedrick, Benjamin G.,	19	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Pedrick, John,	24	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Phillips, Benjamin H.,	21	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Pierce, George H.,	18	Northbridge,	Dec. 21, 1863,	Died March 5, 1864, Brandy Station, Va.
Pierce, Leverett,	26	Hardwick,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Pierce, Marcus M.,	21	Northbridge,	Dec. 21, 1863,	" 9, 1865, " "
Pierce, Waldo,	24	Hardwick,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Trans'fd V.R.C. Jan. 1,'65; disch'd May 5,'65, disabil.
Pike, Hiram,	37	Salisbury,	Dec. 26, 1863,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Prince, Charles E.,	18	Cambridge,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Proul, Thomas J.,	34	Millbury,	Nov. 12, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Putnam, George H.,	28	S. Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Putnam, George K.,	28	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Died Nov. 21, 1864, Annapolis, Md., of wound received at Reams, Aug. 25.
Quimby, Elisha T.,	37	Stoneham,	Aug. 11, 1864,	Nov. 11, 1864, disability.
Quinn, George W.,	21	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Quint, Louis E.,	18	Canton,	Sept. 20, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Ramsdell, John M.,	29	Hardwick,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Rawson, William,	29	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Prisoner Aug. 25, '64. June 9, 1865, exp. of service.
Redfield, Timothy G.,	34	Hardwick,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Taken prisoner Aug. 25, 1864. Admitted to hospital, Salisbury, N. C., Feb. 15, 1865. Transferred to hospital in Richmond, 1865, where he died.

Roster and Roll of the Company—Concluded.

Name and Rank.	Age.	Residence or Place credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service, and Cause thereof.
Rice, Albert E.,	19	Lowell,	Aug. 5, 1864,	May 17, 1865, expiration of service.
Richardson, Simeon G.,	21	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, " "
Riley, John,	28	Boston,	Oct. 25, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Ring, Hiram P.,	23	Brookline,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Rising, Justus J.,	26	Barre,	Jan. 5, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Rooney, Francis,	27	N.Bridgewater,	Sept. 8, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Roundy, William S.,	21	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Sanderson, Joseph F.,	18	Barre,	Jan. 4, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Sawyer, Michael,	21	E. Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Schwartz, James L.,	18	Charlestown,	Jan. 4, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Sheridan, Joseph,	43	Barre,	Dec. 29, 1863,	" 9, 1865, " "
Slack, Charles,	30	Charlestown,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Smith, Albert W.,	20	Charlestown,	Jan. 5, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Smith, George A.,	22	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Prisoner Aug. 25, '64. June 9, 1865, exp. of service.
Smith, James D.,	18	Rutland,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Smith, Thomas,	39	Dennis,	Jan. 14, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Snelling, John F.,	19	Millbury,	Dec. 26, 1863,	" 9, 1865, " "
Southworth, Alvah F.,	19	Hardwick,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Spooner, Albert B.,	19	Barre,	Jan. 5, 1864,	Died Aug. 20, 1864, Brattleboro, Vt.
Starkweather, William H.,	21	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Wounded Aug. 25, '64. June 9, 1865, exp. of service.
Stetson, George W.,	21	Barre,	Jan. 6, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Stevens, Judson,	22	E. Boston,	Dec. 24, 1863,	Died Aug. 31, 1864, East Boston, Mass.
Stowell, David R.,	39	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Strout, Jonas W.,	27	Charlestown,	Jan. 9, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Strand, Thomas W.,	18	Charlestown,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Sulham, Jacob,	28	Cambridge,	Jan. 4, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Temple, Lyman W.,	25	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Terbriggen, Peter A.,	39	Springfield,	Sept. 23, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Thayer, James L. W.,	25	Hardwick,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "

Thompson, Alvin,	23	Barnstable,	Jan. 21, 1864,	Prisoner Aug. 25, '64. June 9, 1865, exp. of service.
Thompson, Charles D.,	21	Barnstable,	Jan. 21, 1864,	Prisoner Aug. 25, '64. June 9, 1865, exp. of service.
Thresher, Elbridge D.,	21	Barre,	Jan. 5, 1864,	Died April 26, 1865, Burkesville, Va.
Towle, Matthew,	18	Brookline,	Feb. 18, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Trefry, William A.,	21	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 16, 1865, general order from War Dept.
Ward, Franklin,	38	N.Bridgewater,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Died Sept. 20, 1863, N. Bridgewater, Mass.
Warburton, Hiram,	22	Ware,	Sept. 9, 1862,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Wendall, Reuben B.,	32	E. Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Feb. 24, 1863, disability.
Whalon, Daniel,	21	Canton,	Aug. 30, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Wheelock, Oliver W.,	18	Barre,	Jan. 4, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " " [of service.
White, Augustus C.,	19	Boston,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Wounded Po River, May 10, '64. June 9, '65, exp.
White, John D.,	22	W. Boylston,	Sept. 7, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.
Whiting, Edwin S.,	27	Petersham,	Dec. 22, 1863,	" 9, 1865, " "
Wilson, Everett J.,	23	Boston,	Jan. 4, 1864,	" 9, 1865, " "
Wilson, Jonas W.,	27	Charlestown,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Winslow, Henry B., 2d,	18	Marblehead,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Woodis, Charles E.,	18	Rutland,	Sept. 9, 1862,	" 9, 1865, " "
Woodward, Jonas J.,	25	Prescott,	Sept. 9, 1862,	Deserted Nov. 9, '62, Camp Barry, Washington, D.C.
Wright, Rufus C.,	27	Charlestown,	Jan. 5, 1864,	June 9, 1865, expiration of service.

RECAPITULATION.

	Killed in action.	Died of wounds, diseases, &c.	Deserted.	Transferred.	Missing.	Unaccounted for.	DISCHARGED.					Totals.
							Promoted.	Honorably.	Dishonorably.	Disability.	Expiration of Service.	
Commissioned officers, . . .	–	2	–	–	–	–	3	2	–	–	5	12
Non-commissioned officers, . .	–	2	–	1	–	–	3	4	–	–	17	27
Privates, ...	4	15	5	5	2	1	–	5	–	20	178	235
Totals, ...	4	19	5	6	2	1	6	11	–	20	200	274

The above recapitulation counts men who were promoted more than once. The exact number of different men in the Company was two hundred and sixty-four.

THE TENTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY ASSOCIATION

Shortly after the close of the war, an attempt was made to inaugurate the plan of holding an annual reunion of the Company. The first one was held at the home of Comrade Augustus C. White, No. 2 Bowdoin Street, Boston, Oct. 24, 1866, and one or two supplementary ones for perfecting the organization at the rooms of the First Massachusetts Infantry Association, corner of Essex and Washington streets; for various reasons they proved only partial successes. But Feb. 4, 1879, in answer to a call issued by a self-constituted committee consisting of comrades George M. Townsend, Charles E. Pierce, William E. Endicott, G Fred. Gould, Joseph H. Currant, and John D. Billings, forty-four comrades met at Young's Hotel, Boston, and formed the present Association.

Soon after 7 o'clock the assembly was called to order by Comrade Pierce, who briefly stated the object of the gathering. Comrade William E. Endicott was chosen temporary chairman.

A committee was appointed, who reported the following, which was unanimously adopted by the Association as its

Constitution and By-Laws.

Preamble.

We, honorably discharged members of the Tenth Massachusetts Battery, wishing to hold stated meetings of that organization for the purpose of renewing old associations and extending fraternal greetings to comrades in arms, adopt the following simple articles of government.

Name.

Article I. This organization shall be known as the Tenth Massachusetts Battery Association.

Membership.

Art. II. (1) All honorably discharged members of the Tenth Massachusetts Battery shall be entitled to membership, except

such as have been or may be convicted of any gross violation of law.

(2) Relatives of deceased members may attend the meetings.

Officers.

Art. III. The officers of the organization shall be a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Secretary (who shall also be Treasurer), and an Executive Board of five members.

Election of Officers.

Art. IV. The officers shall be elected annually, or as often as the Association meets, in such manner as a majority of those present at the meeting may determine. Their term of office shall begin with the close of the meeting at which they are elected.

Duties of Officers.

Art. V. (1) The President and Vice-President shall perform the duties usually devolving on such officers in similar positions.

(2) The Secretary shall notify members of meetings, call meetings of the Executive Board, and do such other duties as properly pertain to his office. As Treasurer, he shall receive and disburse moneys under the direction of the Executive Board.

(3) The Executive Board shall make arrangements for meetings, and in general deliberate upon matters of interest to the organization. The President and Secretary shall be *ex-officiis* members of the Board, the President acting as Chairman of the Board.

Time and Place of Meeting.

Art. VI. The time and place of meeting, when not decided upon by the Association, shall be appointed by the Executive Board.

How Amended.

Art. VII. These articles may be amended by a two-thirds vote of members present at a regular meeting.

Order of Business.

Roll Call.
Report of Secretary.
Report of Treasurer.
Report of Committees.
New Business.
Election of Officers.
Dinner Call.
After-dinner Exercises.
Adjournment.

A committee to nominate officers for permanent organization reported for President, Maj. J. Henry Sleeper; for Secretary and

Treasurer, Lieut. Charles E. Pierce; and a list of two vice-presidents, and an Executive Committee of five,—all of whom were unanimously elected.

The Association has met annually ever since, usually at Young's Hotel, Boston, and now regularly on Patriots' Day, April 19.

One very pleasant episode of the first meeting was an act of generosity on the part of Comrade A. E. Rice, which gave full possession of the battle-flag to the Association.

A large amount of time and labor has been devoted by the Secretary to making the records of the Company complete; and every comrade even though he may not always be able to attend the meetings, can confer a great favor upon his fellow-comrades and himself by notifying the Secretary of any change in his own address or that of others, or of the death of a comrade, and its date, place of death, and cause. By doing this the Secretary will be enabled to keep the records complete, and at all times be ready to impart desired information in relation to any individual of the Battery.

MORTUARY LIST TO DATE, 1909

Abell, Samuel	April 5, 1881
Adams, Capt. J. Webb	Jan. 5, 1890
Apthorp, John P.	Oct. 19, 1908
Atkinson, Daniel W.	Oct. 27, 1864
Atwood, Edwin T.	May 24, 1881
Armitage, Lieut. Thomas R.	Dec. 25, 1887
Allen, Joseph P.	June —, 1892
Adams, Daniel D.	Mar. 20, 1893
Ashcroft, Elias	Feb. 13, 1905
Amsden, Charles W.	Dec. 30, 1905
Bickford, William H.	July 5, 1864
Barnes, Hosea O.	May 30, 1864
Bailey, James S., Jr.	Jan. 7, 1873
Bailey, John W.	Sept. 29, 1874
Bradley, John	——, 1886
Barker, Cornelius N.	Jan. 21, 1864
Brooks, Joseph	Aug. 13, 1872
Brown, Orrin P.	——, 1882
Baxter, John F.	Feb. 16, 1880
Brown, John Perry	Sept. 5, 1885
Bemis, Roswell	Jan. 18, 1888
Blaney, William T.	Feb. 16, 1892
Beals, Horace B.	April 1, 1889
Bruce, Charles E.	Aug. 6, 1890
Billings, Alfred C.	Dec. 9, 1893
Bacon, Amasa D.	Nov. 4, 1902
Butterfield, Norman H.	——, 1905
Browning, James W.	Mar. 28, 1907
Childs, Jonathan E.	Nov. 15, 1862
Chase, Harrison	Sept. 6, 1867

Clark, George L.	April 8, 1868
Colbath, Charles G.	Dec. 13, 1883
Cross, Joseph	April 1, 1893
Crawford, Robert	Oct. 25, 1894
Cranston, George T.	——, 1894
Carter, Theodore A.	——, 1898
Chase, Charles L.	Nov. 23, 1899
Chase, Frank A.	June 15, 1908
Clark, Burnham C.	Nov. 21, 1900
Carr, Patrick	Dec. 10, 1901
Doe, Charles W.	Oct. 17, 1888
Day, Lieut. George H.	Sept. 6, 1907
Devereaux, George N.	Aug. 27, 1864
Dixon, George M.	Jan. 7, 1864
Donnelly, William G.	Dec. 29, 1872
Damrell, Edwin F.	June 25, 1904
Ewell, Henry L.	Nov. 2, 1864
Edwards, Joseph	Jan. 11, 1876
Edwards, William	Dec. 27, 1872
Ellsworth, James	Jan. 9, 1877
Ellsworth, Thomas	Sept. 7, 1903
Estabrook, Luther L.	Dec. 8, 1893
Endicott, William E.	June 2, 1903
Estee, Francis M.	May 22, 1906
French, John W.	April 3, 1868
Friend, Ellis A.	Nov. —, 1879
Floytrop, Emil C.	Feb. 1, 1873
Foley, Patrick	May 1, 1873
Frost, John C.	Oct. 15, 1871
Farrell, Michael	Nov. 6, 1893
Follett, Algernon P.	——, 1893
Granger, Lieut. Col. Henry H.	Oct. 31, 1864
Gould, Chandler	Oct. 5, 1864
Gould, George F.	Mar. 24, 1889
Green, Charles W.	Jan. 13, 1865
Goodwin, John T.	Nov. 29, 1880
Gallagher, James	———

Gowell, Asa L.	Dec. —, 1902
Holbrook, Alexander W.	Aug. 16, 1864
Harrington, Serg't Otis N.	July 30, 1863
Hanson, Samuel A.	May 23, 1863
Herlehy, Timothy	———
Hooper, Joseph A.	Sept. 22, 1866
Herring, William	Mar. 12, 1873
Horrigan, Richard	Jan. 2, 1864
Hill, Pierce T.	Oct. 8, 1888
Handlin, John	April 6, 1906
Innis, George H.	July 19, 1907
Jewell, Edwin C.	———
Jones, Henry	April —, 1896
Johnson, Stephen H.	May 1, 1907
Kay, James (?)	Aug. 25, 1864
Killoran, Hugh	July 22, 1881
Knowland, John H.	April 7, 1891
Lee, James	———
Loham, Francis	March 14, 1895
Maxwell, Albert N. A.	Feb. 20, 1864
Mullett, Emerson B.	May 10, 1864
Mason, Charles A.	Aug. 26, 1864
Macomber, Francis L.	Dec. 28, 1864
Mugford, John E.	———
Martin, William H.	May 19, 1889
Millett, John	June 28, 1895
Monroe, Frank A.	Nov. 19, 1891
McAuliffe, Cornelius	———
McAllister, Daniel	July 29, 1906
Newton, Harmon	Sept. 18, 1864
Nesbitt, John	———
Northey, William E.	Jan. 3, 1879
Nichols, George H.	April 8, 1892
Nichols, Wm. B.	———
Nowell, Timothy	July 23, 1893
Neagle, Patrick E.	— — —
Orcutt, Henry	Sept. 28, 1879

Oliver, Hiram B.	Jan. —, 1897
O'Connell, Jeremiah	May 5, 1905
Pierce, George H.	Mar. 15, 1864
Pierce, Waldo	April 16, 1881
Pierce, Leverett	———
Putnam, George K.	Nov. 21, 1864
Putnam, George H.	April 8, 1906
Peach, James	Feb. 6, 1865
Packard, Charles N.	Feb. 13, 1887
Parker, Adolphus B.	June 13, 1889
Parker, Benjamin F.	Feb. 20, 1907
Pike, Hiram	Aug. —, 1892
Pease, George A.	April 17, 1895
Paine, Samuel	April 10, 1900
Pedrick, John	Nov. 7, 1901
Rawson, William	Aug. 23, 1906
Redfield, Timothy G.	——, 1865
Reed, Joshua T.	Aug. 21, 1886
Riley, John	Dec. 25, 1874
Rollins, Lieut. William E.	Nov. 15, 1901
Rice, Albert E.	Nov. 15, 1902
Rising, Justus J.	Mar. 31, 1906
Richardson, Asa F.	Feb. 18, 1908
Sleeper, Maj. J. Henry	Aug. 10, 1891
Smith, Lieut. Asa	Oct. 28, 1864
Smith, James D.	Mar. 28, 1880
Smith, Albert W.	Nov. 2, 1896
Smith, George A.	June 24, 1906
Spooner, Albert B.	Aug. 20, 1864
Stevens, Judson	Aug. 30, 1864
Stevens, John Henry	Feb. 18, 1897
Sheridan, Joseph	Mar. 23, 1873
Southworth, Alvah F.	Feb. 10, 1869
Strand, Thomas W.	Jan. 16, 1897
Slack, Charles	June 27, 1908
Starkweather, William H.	———
Thresher, Elbridge D.	April 26, 1865

Trefry, William A.	Aug. 31, 1865
Terbriggen, Peter A.	April 19, 1883
Thompson, Alvin	July 2, 1897
Thompson, Charles D.	July 2, 1897
Townsend, Lieut. George M.	Jan. 1, 1907
Temple, Lyman W.	Jan. 7, 1902
Woodfin, Lieut. Philip T.	Aug. 24, 1901
Ward, Franklin	Sept. 20, 1863
Whiting, Edwin S.	July 8, 1865
White, John D.	Dec. 22, 1875
Wright, Rufus C.	March 29, 1900
Winslow, Henry B.	Feb. 11, 1905
Woodis, Charles E.	Mar. 31, 1906
Warburton, Hiram	Jan. 9, 1907

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